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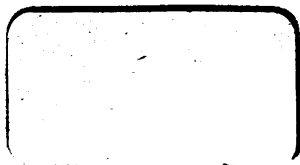
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HOURS WITH MY LYRE

EDWIN REES RUSH

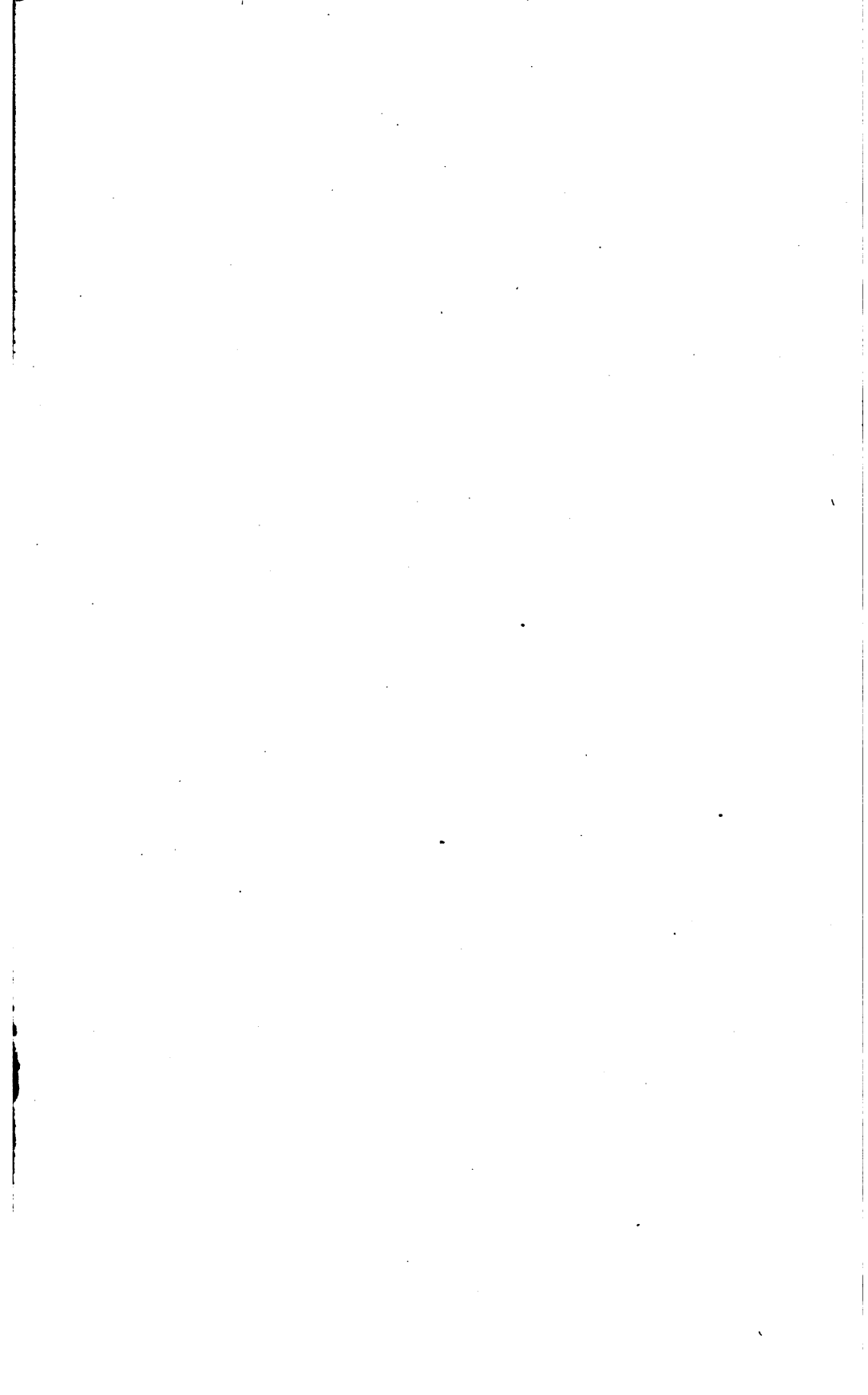


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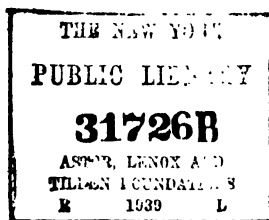
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WITH
MY LYRE.

BY
EDWIN REES RUSH.

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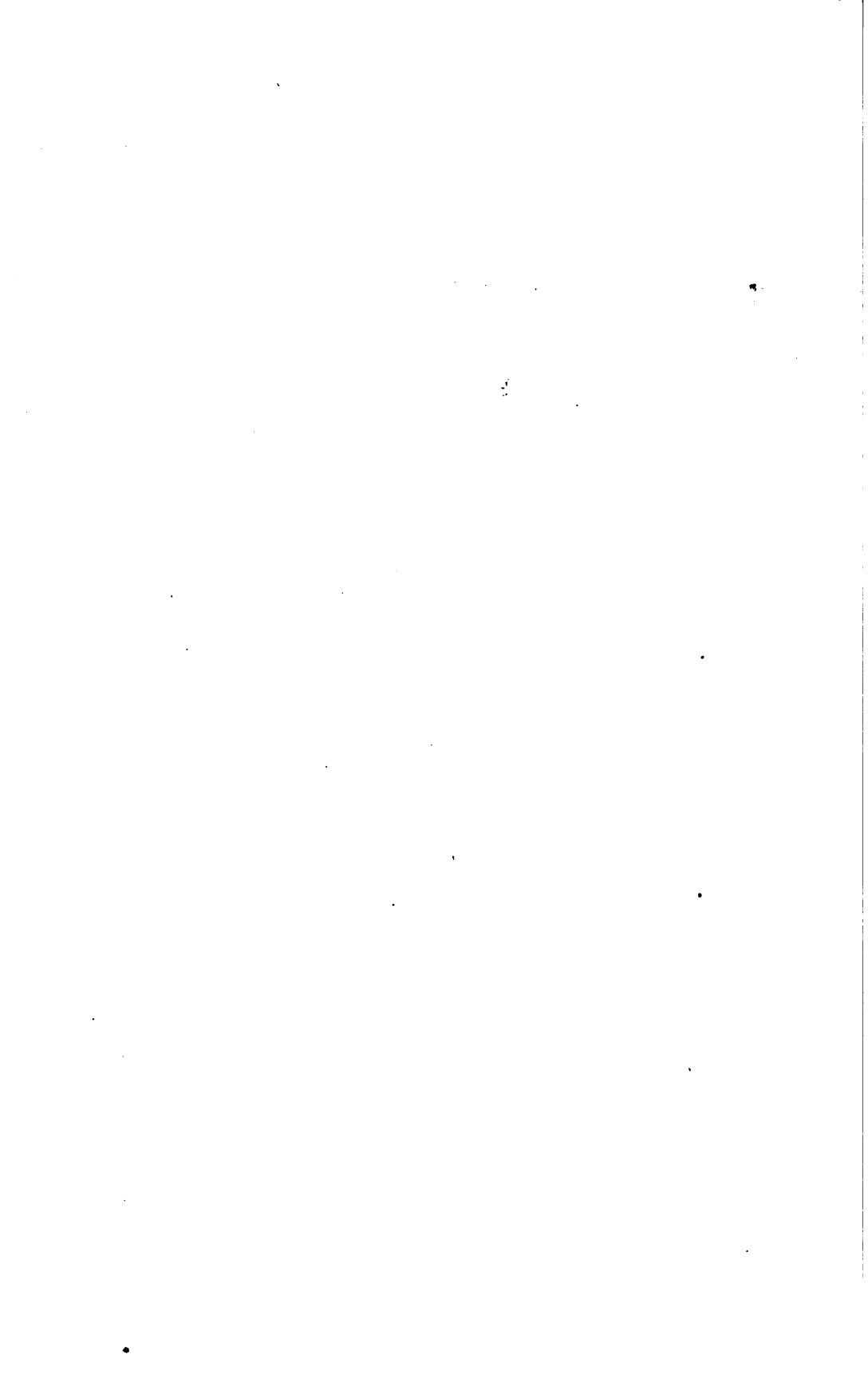
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

R 1939 L

DEDICATION

TO MY EARLY FRIENDS AND PATRONS WHO KINDLY AIDED ME IN THE
PRODUCTION OF A FORMER WORK, WHEN I MOST STOOD
IN NEED OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP AND ESTEEM,
THE LYRE
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY THE
AUTHOR.

WQR 19 FEB 36



SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES, WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

IN presenting this volume to the public, a few words may not be out of place, as it regards the history of the author. Suffice it to say that he was born in Philadelphia, was a son of Samuel W. Rush, who was educated at the University of Pennsylvania for the legal profession, his mother being the accomplished daughter of the late Hon. Edwin Rees, of Mississippi; and grandfather of the author, William Rush, the first American sculptor.

The author does not refer to these facts in the way of any vain boast, nor for the purpose of ingratiating himself into public favor upon the celebrity of others; on the contrary, he thinks and believes that every man should be judged by his own personal merits, and the good opinion of the world in his case be founded entirely on the man's own good behavior in life.

The *Lyre* is a collection of miscellaneous poems, divided into two departments—prose and poetry—consisting of odes, sonnets, celebrated characters, places of general interest, and historical sketches.

The book is also comprehensive, replete with interest, embracing the charm of a novel without its deleterious influence, romance or fiction.

The *Lyre* is devoted to truth, simplicity and cultivated reading. It cannot fail to please the most capricious fancy, and is adapted to suit the taste of all kind of readers.

We should encourage the works of an author where some substantial good is done, and select such books that ennoble and elevate the mind? The most works of fiction and light literature are only exciting and sensational at the best, with their imaginary griefs and sorrows and overdrawn pictures of human life. Not so with real, true, genuine poetry or any other kind of select reading, where the

sentiment is religious, and where the teachings and principles of an author are lasting, eternal and that never tire. Such is the case with one of the purest and best of teachers of poetic literature. We allude to Longfellow, with his heavenly carol and his graceful harp.

There is a vein of the happiest feeling blended with the works of the immortal poet, where he sings the purest and the loftiest hymns, and where the music of his lyre is almost celestial. We may truly say that we live in a world with him radiant with the splendor of his genius, and where the rich treasures of intellect and soul are showered about us like the sparks that fall from the golden orb of day.

The chief aim of the author has been to gratify and please, and to impress favorably the mind of the reader by expressing such ideas and thoughts that are in keeping with the most refined, delicate sense. There is nothing in this world but what is imperfect, and nothing faultless but God himself.

The greatest achievements of men in the arts and sciences and in literature are far from being infallible, but finite and faulty are we all when compared to the wisdom, perfection and knowledge of the great Creator. As it is, we are all capable of saying something to make another happy, to express a word of cheer and comfort to some poor, languid heart, and in so doing soften down the woes of our fellow-creatures. A flower dropped here and there along the great highway of life, may gladden the eye of the friendless pilgrim as he wanders over the rough way of human existence.

With the sincere hope of having said something to amuse and entertain the reader, and with a grateful remembrance of the friendship and favors of the many kind friends who contributed so generously towards the publication of "Early Youth,"

I respectfully remain,

Yours truly,

EDWIN REES RUSH.

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ODE.

Dedicated to my Muse.

HAIL to the Muse! whose heavenly power
I feel as in my youth again;
Where she like summer's sunny flower,
And like my boyhood's happy hour,
First taught to me the melting strain.

When o'er the field and meadow green,
I wandered free from care and strife
Where my sweet mother sought the scene,
And she, with her wild harp had been,
The day dream of my early life!

When at her side a careless boy—
I sought with her the blooming dell;
Where wild flowers did my Muse employ
And I roved on, in youthful joy,
With her whom I had loved so well.

Celestial Muse! oh, queenly guest!
She did my boyish life pursue,
Where I with a poetic breast—
And at the fount of posie blest,
The draughts of inspiration drew.

The brooklet and the rippling streams
 I heard upon the sunny air ;
 Beneath the morning's rosy beams,
 Awoke me to Elysian dreams,
 Lulling the soul to thought and prayer.

The music of the warbling bird,
 He, twittering on the balmy breeze ;
 A pensive joy within me stirred,
 Where his melodious lay I heard,
 The intellectual soul to please.

Companion of my golden hours !
 How doubly dear, how sweet to me ;
 Though some are dead—gone like the flowers,
 Whom palsying Time and Death devours,
 The flowers of dread eternity !

Let the sublimer opera be
 The comfort of the giddy throng ;
 Where festive joy and noisy glee,
 And sounds of wildest revelry,
 The clamor of the world prolong.

And let the sacred anthem swell
 Along the consecrated isle ;
 Where peace and prayer and quiet dwell,
 And holiness too pure to tell,
 Pervades the hallowed church the while.

But give me yet my simple lyre,
 Emblem of blest simplicity !
 More lovely far than earthly choir,
 That does with joy my soul inspire
 And intellectuality.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE time-honored City of Brotherly Love is a monument to the memory of its illustrious founder, William Penn. The city lies upon a gentle eminence of ground, healthy and dry, extending from the shores of the noble Delaware to the blooming banks of the traditionary Schuylkill. She, above all others, is the most lovely, the most beautiful, and, we may even say, the most sacred! The citizens of Philadelphia are proverbial for their culture and refinement—the men for their noble, manly characters and the women for their beauty. Nor are we behind any other city in manufactories and mills and foundries. We have received orders from foreign countries time and again for the most complicated pieces of machinery made nowhere else. The workmanship of our skilled mechanics has been the admiration of the world. A noticeable feature of the city is the very plain way in which the buildings have been erected; the most of the houses are without show or ostentation. Within these plain and unassuming dwellings reside families not only noted for their education, intelligence and their benevolence, but in some cases the descendants of the early fathers themselves of our splendid country.

The celebrated Baldwin Locomotive Works have been the boast and the pride of the city ever since their erection. Mr. Baldwin himself has left the scene of his earthly labors, but another firm of intelligent, educated business men have taken the place of their honored predecessor. We can justly pride ourselves on our achievements in the arts and sciences in the city. We excel also in churches, in religious

societies and in colleges of medicine and law. Other cities may surpass us in some other respect—in commerce, or in regard to magnificent architecture, but they cannot vie with us so far as the greatness of a truly noble people is concerned.

Philadelphia is the very heart of the nation's glory, and we honor and love the proud laurels that overshadow the beloved city. Philadelphia was the early residence of Washington, the great soldier and patriot. He preferred it to all other places to live in. He contracted friendships and affections during the Revolution with men who resided here, and his intercourse with them continued until death. He was frequently with them in their beautiful homes upon the banks of the River Schuylkill, and there are many living now in the city whose ancestors were the personal friends of the illustrious hero. Be sure he spent his last days at Mount Vernon and died amid its peaceful shades, but he always loved Philadelphia. It was not surprising, for the city is now—as it was then—proverbial for just such men as a man like Washington would mingle and sympathize with.

Philadelphia has the honor of being the birthplace of American Independence. The venerable edifice, is still standing in all its ancient glory and renown, and as a monument to the memory of those pure, self-sacrificing men who signed within its sacred portals the memorable instrument—the Declaration of Independence. The trophied old Hall is replete with thrilling interest; the signers, soldiers and other historical characters cluster around the walls, and awaken within the soul precious memories of the Revolution. The National Museum is immediately opposite and contains the relics of the historic past, principal among which is the old Liberty Bell that first proclaimed liberty throughout all the land.

Philadelphia has been more highly honored than any other city in the Union, in having in her citizens the most distinguished classes of men that ever lived in this country—the most noted physicians, the most celebrated lawyers, and the most famous men in all professions of life who have passed away from earth, and where time has scattered over their peaceful graves a lustre as unfading as is their immortal existence beyond a world of mutability and decay.

WILLIAM RUSH.

WILLIAM RUSH, whose history dates back to the Revolution in the service of General Washington, and as one of the committee of forty-three which met in Carpenter's Hall on the expediency of convoking a Continental Congress, may without impropriety be introduced in this volume. Besides being frequently engaged in the service of the city, he was especially distinguished as an artist in wood statuary.

He was one of the committee on the organization and building of The Academy of the Fine Arts. The first Custom House in Philadelphia contained the fine statue of *Commerce*, remembered by our older inhabitants. It would be in vain to recall the number of his beautiful artistic creations. The following sketch of some of these and his eminent position as a sculptor, is copied from the recent valuable and exhaustive history of Philadelphia by *Scharf & Westcott*.

"One name figures in the annals of Art in Philadelphia from the time of the Revolution until far into the present century at the head of the list of sculptors. William Rush was the creator of his art in America * * * Ben-

jamin H. Latrobe, in an oration before the Society of Artists, in 1811, said, speaking of Rush's figures for the head of the prows of vessels, 'There is a motion in his figures that is inconceivable. They seem rather to draw the ship after them than to be impelled by the vessel. Many are of exquisite beauty. I have not seen one on which there is not the stamp of genius.'

"Among the most admired ship-carvings executed by Rush were the emblematic statues, 9 feet high, adorning the prows of the American frigates "*United States*" and "*Constellation*;" the "Genius of the United States," a female form in classic drapery, graced the prow of the frigate "*United States*." A life-like bust of John Adams was cut by Rush for the sloop of war bearing that name. Busts and figures of Rousseau, Voltaire, and other French philosophers, for the vessels of Stephen Girard, full-length figures of William Penn and Benjamin Franklin, a figure of an Indian orator, and a statue of Montezuma in the Aztec costume, gave evidence of the artist's skill in reproducing the peculiar characteristics of the different races in features and expression, as well as his creative genius in purely imaginary subjects.

"The number of busts which he modeled in clay of William Bartram in 1812, and others ending with that of Lafayette in 1824, is quite large. * * * * But the most famous statue executed by him was the full-length figure of Washington, which was at first shown at the exhibition of The Academy of the Fine Arts in 1815. This work alone would have sufficed to establish the reputation of the sculptor. This statue was put up in Independence Hall, on the occasion of the reception of General Lafayette in 1824, and was greatly praised by Washington's faithful friend and ally. City Councils purchased it from the artist in 1831 for five hundred dollars."

SKETCH UPON THE POET BURNS.

IT has justly been said of Burns, the universally admired Scottish bard, that he was the greatest untaught poet since Shakespeare. When we consider his limited means of acquiring knowledge, and his meagre opportunities of getting access to libraries, the fact proves that his Muse was one of original genius. Byron, with his classical attainments, and others of the same school had the most sublime models to follow, and where they had it in their power to cull the flowers of the richest literature.

Not so with the illustrious Scotchman, the poetic peasant; he had to grope his way along the best he could, and along the rugged and dangerous clefts of his poetical aspirations. He had no guide, no teacher; he drank purely and wholly from the fountain of inspiration, and was taught only from the book of nature, where the teachings of nature and God had inspired his youthful soul. To him belonged the most splendid flights of fancy, and original thought and ideas; but the greater part of the life of the distinguished poet is remembered only with sadness. His own lyre is a sad one from beginning to end. Being of an extremely proud and sensitive nature, and endowed by the Creator with an intellect superior to ordinary men, without the means of putting himself upon an equality with those who courted his Muse but who refused to associate with him as an equal, he sank beneath the pall of wretchedness and sorrow. Disappointed in his early affections with her who was the object of his youthful choice, he cared very little about anything else after her death. Highland Mary, to whom he so feelingly refers in the beautiful ode, entitled "Mary in Heaven," the Scottish lassie. She lies buried in Greenorch church-

yard, on the river Clyde, and where her grave is visited by pilgrims from every land. She died and left behind her a name that is without spot or blemish. The harp, too, that gave her such celebrity and renown, is silent and unstrung. But his fame is immortal, and like the reflection of a glorious sunset after the darkness has set in, will Highland Mary and himself linger long in the hearts of his beloved countrymen.

BURNS.

AMONG old Scotia's wilds and haunts of green,
 A poet born, and with a lofty mien ;
 Where the Creator had his mind endowed
 With intellect where he the soil had plowed ;
 Where genius had his early way bestrewed
 With richest garlands and whom she pursued.
 Where he had breathed and with poetic fire
 The sweetest music of his rustic lyre ;
 Ballads and songs and quaint old-fashioned lays,
 He dedicated to his youthful days.

A peasant boy, born in a lowly cot,
 Contented with his rough and humbler lot,
 Where agriculture and the noble art,
 One of the Muses was of him a part ;
 Where his young life was spent in peaceful toil
 With nature, and companion of the soil ;
 Where early toil inscribed on history's page,
 And poverty were his sad heritage.
 He blighted, too, in his bright hopes of one
 He deeply loved and cherished as his own,

Where Highland Mary trod with him along
 His happy way, queen of his tuneful song—
 His youthful choice and whom he loved the best,
 And kept forever in his faithful breast ;
 Where life without her seemed a desert waste,
 And her sweet smile had fled in rapid haste.

Inured to hardship and laborious years,
 His hapless youth a sad remembrance bears :
 No kindly mother, and no gentle smile—
 To cheer his childhood or his griefs beguile ;
 Where he the smiles of fortune never knew,
 No smiling hope, no sky of sunny blue.

He toiled all day incessant in the field,
 That did but little comfort to him yield,
 Save where he lingered in his boyish hours
 By babbling brooklet or the woody bowers,
 Gathered the flowers that around him spread
 Their fragrant bloom in days forever fled,
 Or turned to listen to the melody
 Of wild bird, as he twittered in the tree ;
 Where he first learned to worship at the shrine
 Of poesy, and in days of youthful prime,
 In the young morning of his happy years
 With Highland Mary and whom memory bears.

Where Scotland wept for her poetic dead,
 And woodland deep had echoed with his tread ;
 Where bright blue skies had pierced the forest deep,
 And zephyr lulled the dreamy tree to sleep.
 Where he had sung of birds and rustic flowers,
 Scattered around him in his joyful hours ;
 Where he repaired with his poetic lyre,

Laden with joy and with celestial fire ;
 Where he depicted with exquisite grace
 The charms that had within its heart a place.

He paints the chambers of the glowing west
 With crimson beauty and in glory drest,
 Unveils the flower as it scents the air,
 And whispers of the blooming meadow near.
 He sings, too, of the rainbow in the blue
 Celestial arch that breaks upon the view ;
 Depicts the storm, and tells us of the blast,
 Where desolation is around him cast.

Such were the joys of his eventful life,
 Where fancy blest him, and allayed his strife,
 Sooth'd the lone hours that he learned to bear
 His early sorrow and his orphan tear.
 A poet born, created to command,
 Beloved and cherished by his native land.—
 Whom Kings and Queens had flattered for a while,
 And fawned around him with deceitful smile,
 Courted his favor and his lyre blest
 Ere yet he sank away to peace and rest.

His brief career is full of grief and tears,
 Of saddest sorrow and of orphan years ;
 Where bitter were the tears his childhood shed,
 And lay around him the material dead ;
 Where he himself wrapt in death's cold embrace,
 Lay in the tomb—our final resting place.

STANZAS.

To the Evening Star Venus.

WHERE God has made the dark blue vault afar,
 She, Venus, gilds the sky—celestial star!
 Majestic orb! where she a halo throws,
 And she, in her pure silver lustre glows,
 Expanding o'er the world with softer light,
 And to allay the silent gloom of night.
 Shepherds have gazed upon the splendid orb,
 That did their meditative thoughts absorb,
 While keeping watch upon their flocks at night,
 Cheered by her presence and her lustre bright.

Eclipsing all her sister stars where they
 Grow faint and pale before her brilliant ray,
 She, foremost in the nightly throng that throw
 Their heavenly radiance on a world of woe;
 Day scarce has faded ere she sails above,
 Celestial queen! and of diviner love.

No one can tell us why she gilds the sky,
 Pouring her floods of splendor on the eye,
 Where God has with the distant planet fraught
 Wisdom and skill and intellectual thought;
 Made for an end, not merely there to shine,
 But breathing of intelligence divine,
 A glorious object in the sky above,
 Emblem of purity and stainless love.

Millions of planets like her take their place,
 And traverse the immensity of space—

Beyond the power of man to contemplate
 The Maker's purpose, or to know their fate—
 Ceaseless forever. And where they obey
 The will of God, and in their orbits play;
 Harmonious systems of eternal light,
 The glorious orbs and lanterns of the night,
 Burning afar as systems pass away
 Unnoticed—and, to God, as but a day.

SPRING.

To Mabel.

DELICIOUS Spring—where the soft, rosy skies
 Come ushering in the bright and vernal dyes;
 The sun he climbs the early sky again,
 To deck the meadow, and the hill and plain;
 Like life's young spring, and with its promise fair
 I hail thy smile, and genial breath I hear,
 Where the rich blossoms of the trees bestrew
 The woodland walks and groves I turn to view,
 Now like the cheek of beauty ere she dies
 And sinks away upon our languid eyes,
 Emblem of love and joy, and where the Spring
 Goes hastening on and smiles on blooming wing,
 Where the rich flowers of returning bloom
 Dispel the wintry cloud and lowering gloom.

FALLING LEAVES.

A Fragment.

SCATTERED around and on the cheerless blast,
 The falling leaves tell of the fleeting past;
 Of Spring's departure and her hasty bloom—
 Tells us of lowering clouds and skies of gloom,
 Where Summer follows in the gloomy train,
 Stripped of her smiling bloom and sunny reign.
 Sombre and sad all things appear to be,
 Where Nature, clothed in dread solemnity—
 Where chill November, with its leaden sway,
 Has scattered every tint of bloom away;
 Where the poor heart in silence and alone,
 May ponder on the joys forever flown;
 May meditate within the silent grove,
 Forsaken too—bereft of joy and love;
 Where the deep woodland glade and lone retreat
 The ravages of Winter does repeat.

Here may I rest wrapt in poetic mood,
 And hold sweet converse with the lonely wood;
 Deplore the absence of the cheerful flowers,
 The faded foliage and sunny bowers,
 The bird-forsaken tree, oh! where I heard
 His thrilling music—the melodious bird;
 Look on the withered field, and where the storm
 Has left a blight, the cheerless meadow on.

Yet even here, amid the wintry blast,
 I look back on the Spring and Summer pass'd;
 I muse in silence on the fleeting bloom

Of flowers that repose within the tomb.
 The advent of the Spring shall wake again
 The bird's sweet music and his warbling strain,
 When cloth'd with beauty and a richer birth,
 The genial skies smile on the withered earth;
 When we forget all else, and only know
 The burst of sunshine and its heavenly glow.

THE POET LONGFELLOW.

Lines Commemorative of the Life of.

QH! let the Muse unveil its simplest charms—
 A requiem sing where that great poet lies,
 Sleeping beneath his own fair native skies,
 Rescued from earth's tumult and rude alarms;
 How pure, how chaste, how like a stainless flower,
 Were all the fancies with the poet fraught,
 Fragrant with purity and holiest thought,
 The lyre lent to him its pleasing power.
 Where he, accomplished and refined and blest,
 Had breath'd the purest hymns of Poetry,
 Where sweetest culture and simplicity,
 Had dwelt within his intellectual breast.
 Singing his songs with an exalted mind,
 Divinely pure, and cultured and refined.

MAJESTIC TREES.

BEAUTIFUL grove of noble trees,
 I hear your music on the breeze,
 Where I repair to muse awhile
 And freed from worldly care and guile.
 Majestic trees! so proudly given,
 To beauty towering up to heaven,
 Like great tall spires on the air,
 And glistening softly, gently, near;
 O'erspreading grove and underwood,
 And where I muse in pensive mood,
 Hold converse with the rustic flowers
 That blossom in secluded bowers.
 Then murmur on, ye stately trees,
 The melancholy soul to please.

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY.

Inscribed to the Hon. William B. Smith.

FAIL to the flag! whose glorious name
 Is filled with everlasting fame;
 Where its unsullied hues are given
 To it like stars that shine in heaven;
 Where tyrants quake before it now
 And despotism bends the brow.
 More lovely far than fairest flowers
 Is that illustrious flag of ours,
 Where freedom wears a smiling wreath
 Its undulating folds beneath.

Washed in the blood of honored sires
 Who kindled freedom's blazing fires,
 Where patriotic mothers shed
 Their tears upon the fallen dead;
 Where Washington had led the way
 To victory in a brighter day,
 With violets and wreaths replete,
 His country showered at his feet.

The hero sleeps! in yonder grave
 It did with thrilling joy enslave;
 Where slavery and bondage flee
 Before the flag of liberty,
 Revered and honored everywhere
 To every heart and bosom dear.

Whose noble record bears us back
 To tented field and bivouac,
 Where soldier with his mirth and song
 The social hour did prolong;
 Where gallant hero did await
 The fight, and for his country's sake
 Nerved for the conflict and the storm
 Of battle, as it hastened on.

The sentinel on the watch had blest
 The stars and stripes he loved the best;
 There where he watched the foe the most
 Nor slept upon his faithful post,
 A solitary guest and pale
 Within the lonely forest dale,
 Where nature's deepest solitude
 He meditated on and viewed.

Where memory with her cheering powers
 Came breathing back departed hours;
 Mementos of the golden past—
 Of loved ones cherished to the last,
 Where they for whom the flag he loved
 To him their faithful love had proved.

Emblem of purest liberty!
 The watchword of the brave and free;
 The battle cry of those who sleep
 In endless silence, long and deep,
 The martyred dead who by it stood
 And bathed it in their precious blood,
 Who on the bloody battle plain
 Laid down their lives—but not in vain,
 Where the victorious flag had shed
 A lustre on the honored dead!

But see! a glorious canopy
 Of silken stars waves o'er the free;
 Where the fierce conflict does abound
 And serried columns surge around;
 Where cannon and artillery
 Beat back the flying enemy;
 Where foremost in the deadly fight
 The flag revealed its colors bright,
 Where deafening roar of musketry
 Tells of their brilliant victory,
 Where shot and shell and glistening steel
 Has made the quaking foeman feel,
 Where victory survives the blast
 Of battle and the shock at last,
 Where peace like Spring's returning flowers
 Smiles on this genial land of ours.

Oh, blessed flag! untarnished still,
 And honored, wander where we will;
 Where freedom with her heavenly powers,
 Has scattered o'er this land of ours
 The choicest gifts of liberty,
 Where tyranny can never be!

Triumphant o'er the world afar
 How bright is every glittering star;
 An ornament on every sea
 Dear to the brave and to the free;
 Where exile nestling at the shrine
 Of freedom loves our native clime,
 Where he unto our shores may come
 And find a welcome and a home.

Wherever human heart can beat
 With hopes of liberty replete,
 Let that historic flag of old
 All manly, noble hearts enfold;
 Unfurled above the weak and sad
 Their lone imprisonment to glad,
 Breathing away the ceaseless woes
 That bondage and oppression knows.
 Oh! like the star-bespangled skies
 That burst on our enraptured eyes,
 Pure as the stars that shine in heaven
 To us in silvery radiance given.

Guarding the soldier where he lies,
 Dear freedom's son with palsied eyes;
 Sleeping the starry flag beneath,
 Sleeping beneath a funeral wreath!
 Oh! wrapped within a soldier's shroud

Like snowflake or the silver cloud,
 The silent dead where we bewail
 His placid brow so cold and pale;
 Where his fond heart has ceased to beat
 Save where the grave's deep lone retreat,
 Has spread the mournful cypress on
 His speechless breast and icy form.

Waving aloft where eagle soars
 Victorious flag! the world adores
 To proffer to humanity
 The priceless boon of liberty!
 Where sunshine falls upon the gloom
 Of ignorance, and like the tomb
 Where darkness does enthrall the world,
 The spotless flag is still unfurled,
 Piercing the bright blue sky above
 In splendor and diviner love!

A funeral pall! where Lincoln slept
 He to his silent reverie left;
 Where wrapt in his mysterious trance
 He wore no more his genial glance,
 No longer dreaming of the fight
 Nor of the foeman's rapid flight;
 The truest and the noblest breast
 That ever beat or freedom blest,
 Where liberty had spurned defeat,
 And he lay in death's cold retreat.

As on the memorable field
 Of battle where it was his shield,
 Where veterans died and warriors fought
 Is with our homes and altars fraught,

The prayer of virtue and of peace
 Where war and strife and clamor cease,
 Where tottering age and little child
 Have on the flag in rapture smiled,
 Where education has its birth
 Around the polished sons of earth,
 Where learning's lamp burns pure and bright
 Beneath the flag's unsullied light,
 Encircling every strip of land
 From mountain to the ocean strand.

The harbinger of brighter years
 Of peace, and that the future bears
 The hope of blest futurity,
 And of remote posterity!
 To scatter on our blessed clime
 Its precious treasures and divine,
 As centuries come hastening on
 And they reveal their smiling form.

ON THE BIBLE.

Lines to Emma.

SACRED is the Book of Peace,
 That allays our earthly woe;
 Bidding every sorrow cease,
 Where God's choicest blessings flow.

Where our fathers taught our childhood
 To revere its sacred page,
 When our life was like the green wood,
 And our happy youthful age—

Holy Bible!—like the flowers
 Where our boyhood feet have trod,
 Where no wordly sin devours
 Golden truths that flow from God.

It gives us what the world can never
 Yet bestow upon the soul:
 Peace and happy life, forever,
 At the pure celestial goal!

When life's sorrow all is ended,
 And we lay, alas! in death;
 When with our frail life is blended
 The destroyer's blighting breath—

Then its golden precepts cherish
 In thy young and careless life,
 For its joys can never perish,
 Never know a grief nor strife.

TO A LEAF.

ONLY a simple leaf upon a tree,
 Wearing the signature of Deity!
 Graceful and lovely does it haunt the air,
 Laden with beauty and with blossoms fair;
 Breathing a lesson to the musing heart,
 How green our life is when of youth a part.
 When we begin life's early pilgrimage,
 And hope has smiled upon our youthful age,
 Life's morn, replete with rosebuds and with bloom,
 And we yet strangers to a world of gloom—

So leaves are emblems of our blooming hours
 When we first cull life's opening rosy flowers,
 When the gay heart has felt no bitter sting,
 But hope, unfettered, soars on halcyon wing.

A WISH.

A Tribute Dedicated to a Lady Friend.

WHILE play'd the twilight's lingering beam
 On Crum's meandering sparkling stream,
 Or leafy canopy,
 I sought the charms whose home is there,
 And to the listening stilly air
 I breath'd a wish for thee.

That thou might'st cull life's choicest flowers
 Through sunny scenes and fairest bowers,
 Without one piercing thorn;
 Sweet as the days our thoughts engage
 In childhood's bright and joyous age,
 Sweet as the breath of morn.

Be thine the gift true friendship bears,
 To glad thy heart, to dry the tears
 That flow from sorrow's eye;
 When silent time is stealing on,
 Each loving smile, each cherished form
 Thou would'st not think could die.

While youth is thine with native grace,
 To crown each fair yet flitting trace
 Of beauty's peerless form,


Like birds that soar on heavenly wing,
 And sing away the hours of spring
 Ere they are hushed and gone.

But let not earth thy thoughts beguile,
 Tho' fortune glows with Eden smile
 Upon thy happy hours;
 But let them woo the hopes that give
 The home where angels love to live,
 Where blooms undying flowers.

Then, when the hour of death has come,
 May angels waft thy spirit home,
 Where pleasures never die;
 Upon whose sky no cloud is viewed,
 And where no sorrows dare intrude
 To blast its promised joy.

Tho' thou art doomed to bid adieu
 To all that loved and cherished you,
 In sorrow and in glee;
 Tho' earthly flowers may bloom in vain,
 Perennial spring shall be thy gain,
 Eternal love to thee.

TO GERTRUDE.

H, Gertrude! loveliest, fairest of thy kind,
 Within the poet's ardent Muse enshrined,
 For thou to me art like the flowery year,
 Graceful and lovely and forever fair.

Oh! like the blessed and celestial star
 That shines upon us from its home afar.
 Attractive and poetic, and where I
 Pensive behold its pathway in the sky.

But let no flattering tongue with thee endure,
 Nor thy pure heart to this base world illure;
 Fleeting and vain the joys that we pursue,
 There's nothing lasting here and nothing true—
 Tho' youth may smile and beauty linger near,
 Scatter for us their blossoms on the air,
 Tho' smiling hope exerts her pleasing powers
 Upon us to assuage our lonely hours.

Come listen to the teacher of my youth!
 Oh! learn to prize her ways of heavenly truth;
 Blest piety! where she, like dreams of heaven,
 To the rent heart a priceless boon has given;
 The sweetest wish that I can breathe for thee
 Is that, that life and immortality
 May deck thy pure brow with eternal flowers,
 At last within those brighter, purer bowers.

Oh! let thy soul dwell on serenest skies,
 And on that better home in Paradise;
 Where heavenly joy and peace is on the wing,
 And all is fadeless and eternal spring;
 Where we may meet and rove with kindred on
 Throughout eternity and endless morn.

DECLINING YEARS.

SILVERED with age, the snows of lengthened years
 Beating around him as he hastens on,
 I saw him struggling with life's beating storm;
 His pilgrimage was one of change and tears,
 His childhood spent, the hopes and smiling flowers
 O'ermantling his departed youth had gone;
 He, tottering, deplored the faded morn
 Of his young life and youth and blooming hours,
 Awaiting the inevitable tomb;
 Where meek content had nestled in his breast,
 He dreaming of a world of ceaseless rest,
 Where youth is known and perpetual bloom—
 No weary step, no aged brow; in heaven
 Is there, where fadeless hope is never riven.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

BENEATH the stormy, restless sea
 And in his ocean grave,
 He lies in blest tranquility
 And sleeps within the wave.
 Where coral reefs around him bend
 And in the seagirt isle;
 A sailor's life's sad hapless end,
 Where he is laid the while.
 Unsung, uncared for and unknown,
 Within the pathless sea,
 Sleeping within the surf alone
 In deep solemnity.

Yet memory lingers on the deep
 And keeps him in the breast;
 Tho' he is wrapt in leaden sleep
 And lies down to his rest.

A father and a husband kind
 Doomed from his home to rove,
 Where he, his loved ones has resigned
 To God's care and His love.

His home can never smile again
 For him as in the past;
 They only wait for him in vain,
 Who loved him to the last.

The sun goes down in yonder west,
 Where murky cloud appears;
 It whispers of his place of rest
 To them in streaming tears.

In vain they listen for the dead,
 And with a trembling heart;
 Allied to years forever fled
 Of home and love a part.

'Tis years since they have with him met
 The ocean's dead afar,
 But cherished in remembrance, yet
 A bright, but faded star.

The ocean's rough and stormy blast
 Seems to recall the day
 They met him in the golden past,
 Upon his homeward way.

The wild sea bird she cries aloud,
 Where he in ocean sleeps—
 Where the rough billow is his shroud
 And painful memory weeps.

Where wailing on the lonely shore
 His wife and children weep—
 They listen to the ocean's roar,
 The tear-drop on their cheek.

Alas! the same desponding tale
 Told to the heart in vain,
 Of one, so senseless and so pale,
 Within the breakers lain.

So we thus, one by one, decay
 And wither like a flower;
 Where life's bleak storms upon us prey,
 And our bright hopes devour.

The clustering flowers of the past,
 Of wedded peace and love,
 Soon cease amid time's beating blast
 The buoyant heart to move.

So sailors die and seek the tomb
 Where sailors' children weep,
 And where in silence and in gloom
 Father and mother sleep.

AUTUMN RAIN.

THE rain is pouring down upon the field,
 I listen to it as it beats around;
 I hear it where it falls upon the ground,
 That does a pensive pleasure to me yield,
 The autumn rain, and where the gathering storm
 Whispers of desolation and decay;
 Where summer's sunny reign has passed away
 And she has ceased the green earth to adorn.
 Autumn in childhood was as sad as now—
 Season of fading wreaths and dying flowers,
 Lonely and drear even in gayer hours;
 To me like death and the cold, pallid brow,
 The autumn rain obscures the sunny glee
 Of blooming nature and the smiling tree.

TO THE HARP OF COWPER.

SWEET was the lyre that he loved to tune
 In happy childhood and in early life;
 Where poesy's self with joy and rapture rife
 Did with the poet's pensive soul commune;
 The chords that he had touched were full of fire
 That he awoke with thrilling melody,
 Awakened to sublimest reverie;
 His was the best, the purest, sweetest lyre.
 Of stainless virtue did he love to sing,
 For he was pure, like to the spotless flowers,
 Scattered around him in the woodland bowers,
 Where nature's glories did around him cling,
 Oh, hallowed Muse! within his youthful breast,
 Forever queenly and divinely blest.

CHRIST CHURCH EDIFICE.

THE venerable pile is an object of peculiar interest, in-
 somuch as Washington and other celebrated heroes
 assembled within its consecrated walls for divine worship.

The sacred edifice was erected before the Revolution, and
 is perhaps the oldest Episcopalian church to be seen in the
 city that is associated with so much Revolutionary fame
 and celebrity.

CHRIST CHURCH.

WHERE Washington and Lafayette had been
 Seated beneath the consecrated scene;
 Where silent time a mellowing hue has shed
 Upon the solitary, quiet dead!
 Sire and son repose in endless sleep,
 Like flowers that shut their leaves at twilight deep.
 The stately dame, with her imperious brow
 And queenly tread, sleeps there in silence now.
 Where soldier rests his plume within the shade
 Of cloistered isle, in funeral pomp array'd;
 Where honored statesmen, in their day of prime,
 Had knelt the knee before the holy shrine;
 And where the bell, within the antique towers,
 Had often chimed upon the Sabbath hours.

A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

AT evening, when the sunset hue
 Had crimsoned all the world around,
 I lingered near the mournful view,
 And sought a brother's narrow mound.

Where he lay, in the sleep of death !
 And hope had winged her flight away ;
 Where he resigned his fleeting breath,
 And sank to premature decay.

At dewy eve, when flowers sleep
 And sink away to wonted rest,
 His welcome memory I keep
 And cherish in my ardent breast.

At morning, when the sun has spread
 His crimson splendor o'er the sky,
 How sweet to seek his lowly bed,
 And o'er his buried form to sigh.

When, bathed within the pearly dew,
 I hail the rosebud on his grave,
 Blushing beneath the sky of blue
 That did his manly heart enslave.

When hope, with her endearing lay—
 Like his eternal home above—
 Had smiled upon his youthful way,
 And filled his soul with joy and love.

How happy were his vanished hours,
 How bright his days of fleeting bloom ;

Forgetful of the chilling powers
 Of death and the untimely tomb !
 When in the morning time of life—
 Companion of my better days—
 He trod a path with virtue rife,
 And shunned the world's base, evil ways.
 In Paradise his spirit dwells,
 Beyond a world of blight and gloom ;
 Where heavenly joy and rapture tells
 Of him, and in perpetual bloom.

REST.

Lay at the Grave of an Unknown Soldier.

HE sleeps upon the shore,
 Within his martial tomb ;
 Where grateful hearts for him deplore,
 Allied to days of sweet no more ;
 In sorrow and in glee,
 A gallant soldier he,
 Whose brilliant victory
 Shall crown his name with immortality.
 Bind round his honored bier
 The wreaths of deathless fame ;
 Let youth and beauty linger near,
 With tearful eye tread softly there,
 And whisper his beloved name ;
 For he, in happier hours,
 Among the birds and flowers,
 Came lingering near these consecrated bowers.

The river, gliding on,
 Shall guard his place of rest;
 And where, with his heroic form,
 Shall rest his sword and uniform
 And flag he loved the best;
 The first sweet bird of spring,
 Upon his gladsome wing,
 Shall over that unknown soldier sing.

PEACE.

To the Hon. William A. Porter.

COME, gentle peace, abide with me awhile,
 A violet plucked from the calmer shades of life;
 I love thy presence, and I woo thy smile;
 With thee is hushed discord and jarring strife!
 Allay my lyre, and my heart assuage,
 Soothe me and bless me with thy hallowed power.
 Oh! tranquilize, as in my youthful age,
 The sorrow of the soul and angry hour!
 Oh! gentle mistress of the world serene,
 Be ever blest thy heaven-born holier mien.


War, tumult and the bloody battle plain,
 Sweet peace! can never know her tranquil reign;
 Where wounded soldiers and the dying sleep,
 And lay in death with their cold, pallid cheek;
 Where earth groans to behold the speechless dead
 Arrayed in all the horror of the grave;
 Where the unhallowed scene of gloom has spread
 Even around the gallant and the brave;
 Where deeper gloom of battle and the fight
 Obscures the dawn of peace and genial light.

Where the bright happy rural plain is fraught
 With peace ! the choicest blessing of the earth ;
 Chief of the peasant's joys—oh ! blessed thought,
 Where peaceful toil and labor has its birth ;
 Forgetful of the worldling's haunts of woe,
 He does his simple rustic life pursue ;
 No angry strife nor worldly care to know,
 Dwelling beneath the quiet skies of blue,
 His peace is found within an humble cot ;
 Where meek content is his—his earthly lot.

Peace is a plant that seldom blooms beneath
 The sky, where busy care is felt and known ;
 Not everyone can wear her rosy wreath,
 Or feel the sweet calm that is round her thrown.
 The dreams of wealth, ambition and of power
 Scatter away the blessing that she knows.
 She, angel peace, like a celestial flower,
 Falls on the soul like dew upon the rose.
 Oh ! guard the treasure, keep her in the breast,
 Enshrined within the soul—a queenly guest.

POWER OF POETRY.

To Emily.

ROWNED with her blossoms of exquisite bloom,
 And stealing like enchantment on the soul,
 She, poesy, does our holiest thoughts control,
 A goddess dwelling in a world of gloom ;
 Where she reveals to the enraptured breast
 The richest gems of literature and art ;
 Where her sweet voice to soothe the languid heart,
 Is heard like low, soft vesper hymns and blest.

What is the world without the heavenly power
 That the celestial queen and naiad knows?
 Where she upon the soul a magic throws,
 Like sunshine to the Spring's soft opening flower,
 Smiling among the haunts of learned thought;
 She, poesy, soothes the mind of polished man,
 Through fancy's secret depths to lead the van,
 And with unutterable rapture fraught.

The cream of literature—the richest flowers
 That blossom for the sons of cultured life,
 Where poesy cheers collegiate toil and strife,
 And education pours her golden showers;
 The student bending at the cloistered shrine
 Of studious thought has felt her pleasing sway,
 And where the charms that did around him play,
 Had steeped his soul in reverie divine.

She is conspicuous for the power she knows,
 Where cultivated circles cluster near
 The intellectual, learned and the fair;
 To them her choicest blessings she bestows.
 Even the lowly in their humbler life
 And journey through life's weary pilgrimage,
 She does delight, and does their care assuage,
 The world for them is with her treasures rife.

She had her votaries in garrets born—
 Nurtured among the lowly sons of men,
 Where intellect controlled their gifted pen,
 And genius did their earthly path adorn;
 Whom no collegiate laurels had adorned,
 Whom academic lore had never blest,
 Save where they sunk to their eternal rest,
 And Science self deplored for them and mourned.

Where Milton had his classic lyre fraught,
 Majestic with the power of Deity,
 Where on the wings of ideality,
 He soared through regions of sublimest thought,
 Forever blest, inviolate and pure,
 Breathing the soul away to worlds divine ;
 Where he has told us of a better clime,
 And does the trembling soul to God allure.

Yet keen her woes and like a funeral train,
 The gifted sons of poesy round us throng,
 Where they had breathed their sad and pensive song,
 Seeming to live within the world in vain ;
 The world to them was full of strife and woes,
 Tho' earth was drest for them in green attire,
 Where they had strung a sweet, melodious lyre,
 Only to weep and droop like faded rose.

Where Byron has endeavored to persuade
 Our souls to linger at his chosen shrine ;
 His was a tuneful harp, if not divine,
 And tho' he loved to muse in gloomy shade.
 And Cowper's harp, the sweetest ever strung,
 Charming the world with its exquisite lays,
 He, too, has won the well earn'd meed of praise,
 For he a speechless charm has round us flung.

Where Chatterton, who never urged a plea,
 Nor heaved a plaint from his submissive breast,
 Where poverty and want his soul depressed,
 He, musing at the shrine of Poetry ;
 Oh, hapless youth ! in sorrow's sunless vale,
 He pined away within her secret bowers,
 A pensive boy ! where in his orphan hours,
 He breathed to God alone his mournful tale.

Bereft of hope, and in his lone retreat,
 The flowers of youthful fancy passed away,
 Where grief beset him in a hopeful day,
 Awful to contemplate and to repeat;
 Unnoticed, and uncared for, and unsung,
 He nerved himself for his impending doom,
 A suicide, in his bright years of bloom—
 Alas! an awful fate for one so young.

And Ferguson, the most unhappy yet!
 He plodded on, along his thorny way,
 He too, bereft of hope's propitious lay,
 And where her star in silent darkness set—
 Where genius sparkled like a brilliant gem
 Around him and in his obscurity,
 A wreath of intellectuality
 He wore, more pure than kingly diadem.

And who, while in the morning of his life
 Courted the Muse—waked by celestial fire;
 He told us, too, with his prophetic lyre,
 The woes of genius and the rankling strife—
 A life embittered by the ruthless storm,
 In happier days he felt the bitter blast;
 Too prematurely did he sink at last—
 Oh! youthful pilgrim, and to sorrow born.

A funeral wreath lies on the leaden breast
 That genius, intellect and culture sought—
 For he was by the Muse and fancy blest;
 A flower himself of intellectual thought,
 Too rudely severed from this world of ours,
 Where poetry allayed his earthly woes,
 That did its charm and smiling grace disclose,
 And lingering cheered his solitary hours.

But there were lights that a superior sky
 Of intellectual greatness had revealed,
 Tho' ruthless fate their early doom had sealed,
 Bright glittering on, and in resplendence by
 Encircling earth for a few fleeting years,
 Shining in splendor where they lived and died;
 Leaving behind a sad and gloomy void,
 Whose deathless fame the page of history bears.

Nature is dead without the power of song—
 Cheerless and sere, like to the pallid cheek,
 Where death has wrapt the soul in endless sleep,
 And where the plaint is heard the grave along.
 Without the poet's Muse the flowers decay,
 The green fields wither on the languid view,
 The sunshine sinks within the sky of blue,
 And darkling night usurps the light of day.

The poet he adorns with matchless grace,
 The beauty of creation and of God!
 And where none else has ever soared or trod,
 Throughout the blue expanse of endless space,
 Where he depicts the mountain and the sea,
 With his blest fancy and sublimer thought,
 Depict the sun and stars with splendor fraught,
 Wafting the soul away to Deity.

He paints the woodland, sings of silent wood,
 Delineates the rose and blooming tree,
 In rapture whispers of the melody
 Of Spring bird singing on in solitude;
 Where he allays and lightens with the lyre,
 The cares and hardships of our earthly life,
 Where we pursue the paths of toil and strife,
 Yet sooth'd by fancy and poetic fire.

Companion of the most exalted mind,
 Soaring above a world of endless woe,
 None but the poet's soul can feel and know,
 The power of fancy and of thought refined;
 Gilding the walks of intellectual life,
 She hovers o'er life's calm, serener ways,
 Soothing the soul like music's blessed lays,
 With every joy and every pleasure rife.

GRIEF.

To Annie.

OH, Grief! whose haggard and dejected mien,
 Along life's cheerless, desert waste is seen,
 Trembling beneath a weight of dumb despair—
 A burden greater than the soul can bear.
 Where earthly peace has winged her flight away,
 And Hope no more repeats her cheerful lay;
 Where grief has bid within her sunless vale,
 Farewell to peace, and with a lonely wail—
 Secluded and uncheered and like the dead,
 Her secret pang within the heart I keep.
 And where the unavailing tear I weep,
 For Hope's bright blooming smiles forever fled,
 I saw my mother weeping at the shrine
 Of silent grief—and in a day of prime.

TO THE SUN.

HE climbing the eternal, orient sky,
 Dispelling clouds and murky vapors near,
 Careering on, in fiery glory there,
 Majesty orb ! bright, glittering lamp on high.
 He tells a tale that all must love to hear—
 August and grand, and a celestial light,
 Scattering away the silent gloom of night,
 When evening does her sable mantle wear.
 He is the king of day, the lamp of heaven,
 Burning forever in the vaulted skies,
 Where he reveals his lucid, radiant dyes,
 And to the earth its warmth and cheer has given.
 Gorgeous and lovely and as pure as snow,
 Regilding earth and with his genial glow.

MEMORY OF A BELOVED SISTER.

A Tribute to Miss Julia Rees Rush.

AS the zephyr kissed her cheek,
 She passed away like summer's changing sky ;
 Our sister wrapt in dreamless sleep,
 Where they in whom she centered all her love,
 Droop o'er her flower encircled tomb,
 And bend in sweet seclusion there.

 The birds come warbling near,
 Where they repeat their echoed melody,
 Tho' Julia cannot hear,
 Where Schuylkill's laughing waves meet not her eye,
 But only whisper as they seek her grave,
 Her requiem on the air.

Yet oft with tearful eyes,
 Shall we behold her green and grassy tomb
 Beneath the summer's brighter skies ;
 And oft bestrew while sadly lingering there
 With love, affection's purest varied flowers,
 The grave, where our beloved sister lies.

For she was kind and true,
 Pure in her friendship as her heart was pure,
 To all she loved, and knew ;
 Where in her home, whose sunbeam now is flown,
 Her presence cheered us like some angel one,
 Like flower glittering in the morning dew.

We miss her, but we hear
 Her sweet voice like the breath of early morn ;
 And where the balmy air
 Echoes her name, bears back her sainted form.
 She comes to us in all her youthful bloom,
 With all her wealth of love, and fond caress
 A brother's and a sister's heart to bless—
 A mother's guileless kiss to share.

Sweet sister, lingering near,
 I seem to feel thy presence everywhere
 With soft blue eye, and braided hair ;
 Where hope with her eternal, ceaseless powers
 Now seems to bid me not to grieve for thee,
 Breathing of worlds of immortality
 Where thou art gone ; and in those blessed bowers
 Art happy now in Paradise,
 Beyond a world of sorrow and of care.

Oh, no ! I would not mourn,
 Julia, for thee, now laid within the tomb.

I think of that blest home where thou art gone,
 Where in that brighter, purer, better land
 Thine is the hymn of endless melody ;
 Where on that shore of everlasting bloom
 Peace dawns, and flowers that never fade nor die,
 Blossom for thee in that celestial sky,
 Beyond all earthy woe and storm.

SABBATH BELLS.

Saint Mark's Episcopal Church.

AS the sweet music of my youthful years
 Fell like a charm upon my passing hours,
 Or like the dewdrop to the languid flowers,
 When summer her gay, smiling mantle wears—
 So thy melodious bells swell on the air
 Where distance echos with the thrilling lay,
 A charm extending o'er the sabbath day,
 Breathing away the soul to thought and prayer.
 I hail the belfry where I hear the chime,
 'Tis laden with sublimest melody,
 Lulling to sweet repose the scene and me,
 Breathing of that eternal holier clime ;
 Breathing of visions of celestial skies
 Of music's liquid strains in Paradise.

CAPTIVITY.

INURED within the lonely prison cell
 Weary of life and of his gloomy hours;
 Robbed of the sunshine, and where smiling flowers
 No longer of his blessed freedom tell;
 The sky of blue his dungeon never knows,
 A hapless captive and companionless,
 Where misery and the pall of wretchedness,
 A dire calamity around him throws;
 A prisoner chained, his grated bars behind,
 The spring bird singing in the distant skies,
 Chirps not for him where he forsaken lies—
 Shut out from freedom and from human kind;
 Yet mercy may with a beseeching plea,
 Unlock his prison door and set him free.

MILTON.

FATHER of grandest and sublimest song!
 Breathing in thought and language more profound;
 Thy sacred verse the raptured soul around,
 Leading the mind Arcadian scenes among,
 Where man had sinned and his sad fate had come
 Whom the Creator had from Eden sent—
 A lonely wanderer and in banishment,
 Elsewhere to find a refuge and a home.
 Blest be the art that did thy Muse inspire,
 Wak'd by the fancies that none felt before;
 The hallowed ground that none had wandered o'er,
 The loftiest thought had wak'd thy sacred lyre.
 Majestic, beautiful! a Muse divine,
 Wafting away the soul to worlds sublime.

DEATH.

A SOLEMN, silent, melancholy calm
 Broods o'er the house in awful gloom profound;
 Peace to the restless soul a soothing balm,
 But dumb despair to those who weep around,
 Where the destroyer, with tyrannic sway
 And poisoned dart, awaits his feeble prey.

Scattering the rose that decked the blooming cheek
 Before the blast; the grave in horror knows
 Where the untroubled dreamer's placid sleep
 Outlasts the world's vain fleeting joy and woes.
 The grave may never be a place of glee,
 But peace dwells there and blest tranquility.

Sunshine is gone; the heart has ceased to beat—
 The springs of earthly life are all unstrung;
 Mantling the dead the grave seems to repeat,
 A solemn lesson to the old and young—
 Where dread oblivion and the loathsome tomb
 Moulders upon our fleeting life and bloom.

Oh! flying sunbeams of a summer day,
 Flowers that blossom in life's desert wild;
 Where we pursue our happy, gladsome way,
 And hope's bright cheering skies have on us smiled;
 But drooping, withering, dying like the flowers,
 The solitary tomb at last is ours.

Peace may await the young and buoyant heart,
 Scatter her blessings on the brow of youth;
 Where childhood of blest purity a part,
 Is kneeling at the shrine of love and truth,

Where the pure fragrance of a mother's love
Is sent to us, like angels, from above.

And where within the soft blue tranquil eye,
Beauty and youth and loveliness may shine;
Life seems like to the peaceful, quiet sky,
Shining upon us and from worlds divine,
As we rove on, upon our careless way,
Culling the flowers of a brighter day.

Yet reckless of the hopes and joys of youth—
Death scatters on the soul a chilling blight,
And breathes around the sad and mournful truth
Where life has winged away its rapid flight;
Where the cold, dreary and unhappy grave,
Does all our hopeful lives and hearts enslave.

STEAM ENGINE.

DARTING along upon the iron rail,
Fearless of danger and unawed and grand;
Sweeping across the prairie and the land,
Through mountain ranges and through quiet vale,
With heart of fire and with limbs of steel,
With clarion whistle and with smutty eye,
The curling smoke ascending to the sky.
Does the proud triumphs of the age reveal,
Where intellect and scientific skill
Has clothed the engine with a power divine,
Like one endowed with faculties sublime,
Gifted with speech and with a mortal will.
Oh! blest invention that our souls admire,
Sweeping along the track with steaming fire.

CONSUMPTION.

THE hectic flush upon the bloodless cheek,
 And like the hue of health upon the brow;
 Unmindful of the helpless victim now,
 Consumption whispers of death's awful sleep!
 Wan, thin and sad, emaciated, pale,
 And in the springtime of life's opening years,
 In days of prime where fell disease appears,
 And she repeats her melancholy tale.
 How the fair rose is blighted and destroyed,
 That whispered once of better years to come;
 As desolation fills the earthly home,
 Devouring the peace that we enjoyed,
 Consumption like a withering, piercing dart,
 Steals like a thief on the unconscious heart.

OCTOBER.

SUMMER resigns her bloom—the changing sky
 A farewell whispers to the blooming queen;
 Where bright October decks the vernal scene
 With rich and heavenly dyes that cheer the eye,
 The solemn, pensive view seems to repeat
 The funeral anthem of the dying year;
 Where the rich, crimson, golden leaves appear,
 And auburn tints within the lone retreat.
 Season of mildew and of hastening blight,
 Emblem of life's frail, perishable things;
 Tho' its green opening spring around us clings,
 And emblem of youth's wreaths of promise bright:
 All whispering at last of palsying death,
 Where we decay beneath his rankling breath.

To the Memory of

CONSTANTINE HERING, M.D.

FEW men have risen to such eminence and distinction as the subject of this memoir. The late Doctor Constantine Hering, the eminent medical practitioner, was well and widely known, not only in this community, but throughout the entire world. He had no superior in his profession as a writer and author, and his valuable works upon the science of medicine have conferred a lasting benefit upon mankind. In his death the world has suffered an irreparable loss, his profession an ornament, and the poor a valued friend. He was not only well known for his warm social qualities and manly virtues, but conspicuous for his brilliant intellectual attainments and for his skill and successful treatment of disease. His entire life was devoted to the cause of suffering humanity, and his paramount object was the amelioration of the woes of his fellow-creatures. But he has passed away to his eternal rest. The sunlight of his presence, that gave cheer and comfort to the hearts of his numerous friends and admirers, has gone out forever, and the narrow sod is the only trace of the learned dead. Science mourns the death of her favorite son, and weeps in sorrow over the silent void that his death has left behind.

DOCTOR HERING.

WITHIN the quiet and secluded vale
 Of studious life he spent his peaceful years,
 Till, wrapt in death and its mysterious fears,
 Shrouded, he lay beneath a funeral veil;

Yet, crowned with laurels of enduring fame,
 He sleeps among the intellectual dead,
 Where death a speechless gloom has o'er him spread,
 And has extinguished life's vain fleeting flame.
 But sickness did not plead to him in vain,
 The lonely plaint of one about to die;
 Where his deep, searching, scrutinizing eye
 Had power to trace disease and cancel pain;
 Where he had stayed the fleet, expiring breath
 Of those he rescued from the jaws of death.

BLIND ASYLUM.

*Inscribed to my Esteemed Friend, Professor William Chapin, Principal of
 the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind.*

THIS noble institution is situated on the corner of Twentieth and Race Streets, and is conspicuous for the estimable blessings conferred upon that suffering class—the helpless blind. The literary department, as well as the useful branch of handicraft taught at the asylum, is under the immediate control of Professor William Chapin, the honored and beloved principal of the institution, who has had many long years of experience with the blind. Weekly entertainments are held here, consisting principally of music, that department being under the direction of Professor Hahn, the most efficient teacher of music the institution has ever had. Experience has proven him to be the one best adapted to the arduous task of imparting music to the blind, and under such unfavorable circumstances. The exhibition hall is large and comfortable, a magnificent organ being a promi-

nent feature of these instructive entertainments, and which is to be seen upon the platform at the end of the hall. Upon the walls are placed memorial tablets of those who have taken a deep interest in the welfare of the unfortunate blind, and who have also generously contributed towards this institution. The bust of Bishop White, Homer and others are also to be seen erected upon pedestals. The mode of instruction is explained by Professor Battles, an esteemed officer of the asylum. Mr. Battles explains to the audience the progress the blind are capable of making in the various branches of study. The asylum is a happy, pleasant home to those whom God has seen fit to afflict and deprive of their sight. Mr. Chapin, happy in his duty, and ever faithful to the instincts of a noble nature, has been to the poor blind an unfailing friend, and during his long life has manifested the deepest interest in their welfare and comfort. We may truly say of him that he ranks among the noblest benefactors of this asylum, some of whom have gone down to their graves, but whose virtues blossom around us like the fragrance of the scented flowers. Everything is done to contribute towards the happiness of the blind here. Literary amusements, lyceums, games and out-door exercises are at their command. The visitor is struck, on entering the institution, with the neat, cleanly appearance of the place, everything being in perfect order and denoting the good discipline of the officers. The home, which is happy and without blight or gloom, is controlled by a board of directors, who, too, have given their time towards the amelioration of the suffering of their fellow-creatures, and have identified themselves with this good and noble work—Dr. Alfred L. Elwyn, recently deceased, well known also for his acts of benevolence and charity, being president of the board. One of the most remarkable instances of

blindness referred to in the annual report of the institution by Prof. Chapin, is that of the Rev. Dr. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, who made the greatest proficiency in the classics and attained the greatest eminence, who lost his sight when six months old, but who possessed all the brilliant faculties of seeing men; a poet and author, who could describe with his splendid imagination in a masterly manner, the charms and beauties of nature. Mr. David D. Wood, the musical director of Saint Stephen's Episcopal Church, in this city, was a pupil at the blind asylum, and is conceded to be one of the most accomplished organists of the country. Among the early founders of the institution may be mentioned the names of Robert Vaux, J. Francis Fisher, Franklin Peale, Hon. Judge Kane, Judge Parsons, Friedlander, John Vaughan, Doctor Physic and the celebrated Nathan Dunn.

BLINDNESS.

A DARKNESS, like the midnight skies,
 The sorrows of the blind prolong;
 Where he, with his dim, palsied eyes,
 In silence gropes his way along.
 He hears the gay and sprightly song
 Of spring bird on the sunny air,
 But cannot see the warbling throng;
 The helpless blind—can only hear.

Where, cheerless and in lone retreat,
 He spends his days in endless night;
 Where gathering storms around him beat,
 Of sorrow and despair and blight;

Where darkness has usurped the light,
 The sunshine of the cheerful skies,
 And every pleasure and delight
 Before his soul in sadness lies.

Lonely and dark—oh ! hapless child !
 How drear the world must be to you,
 On whom the sun has never smiled
 To gladden thy beclouded view.
 The green earth and the sky of blue,
 Unheeded, hears thy mournful plea ;
 Where morning pours her rosy hue
 Upon the earth—but not for thee.

To have a home, yet not to know
 The hallowed joys it does impart ;
 Where love's pure, choicest blessings flow
 And linger deep in every heart ;
 Where every man can bear a part
 In all the purest sweets of life.
 Home cancels grief and every dart
 Of sorrow and of anxious strife.

Tho' youth may breathe a trembling plea,
 And sing of hopes and fairer flowers ;
 Of brighter days and dreams of glee ;
 Of tender years and childhood hours ;
 But yet a silent gloom devours
 Sunshine and joy—with base alloy—
 Where they mourn in this world of ours
 The priceless boon that we enjoy.

Dreadful ! when want and poverty
 Is added to their wretched days ;

When she, uncheered adversity,
 In bitterness upon them preys ;
 Tho' mercy, with her soothing lays,
 Sings sweet to them her hymn, and kind;
 Where charity their lot surveys,
 To pity and to cheer the blind !

MY MOTHER'S LYRE.

WHO cultured me, and taught me how to sing
 In artless lays, and like her simple lyre.
 Oh ! where she did my careless heart inspire
 With boyish bliss, and in life's youthful Spring ;
 Where my sweet mother taught me to admire
 The Spring, the Summer and the Winter wild,
 Where she had on my early childhood smiled—
 Oh happy days ! wrapped in their blest attire.
 If I can meet her in the better land,
 Renew with her her prayer and melting lays—
 The hope shall cheer me all my earthy days ;
 If I can meet her on that golden strand
 Where all is peace, and on that quiet shore
 My sainted mother and to part no more.

REMORSE.

WITHIN the graveyard and too late for tears,
 Remorse has poured her plaint—a guilty thing;
 Where silent death has spread his sable wing
 In token of the grave's consuming fears;
 Where virtue sleeps that never told her wrong;
 Where coldness wraps the pillow of the blest,
 Tho' the deep pang yet lingers in the breast;
 Where slighted love has hushed her pensive song,
 And hapless youth, whose cheek no more reveals
 Its peerless beauty and its opening bloom,
 Sinks now beneath the weight of rankling gloom
 Where death its doom in endless sorrow seals.
 Oh! fell remorse, where thou hast ceased to lay
 A withering blight upon the heplless clay.

STREAMLET.

KISSING the zephyr as it lingers near,
 Sauntering through yonder solitary grove,
 I hear the bird perched in the tree above,
 Pouring his woodland music on the air;
 Where thou art wrapt in silent reverie,
 Meandering streamlet, near thy rustic bowers,
 Like to the poet, and his musing hours,
 Gliding along, unfettered and so free;
 Dear to the past, and to those sunny years,
 Where thy romantic hills I now survey,
 I keep within my heart as yesterday
 The fond affection that remembrance bears;
 Beautiful scene, sequestered spot of old
 That charms the eye and does my heart enfold.

TO MARY.

SMOOTH be the pathway of thy earthly life,
 Where e'er thou art in this sad world of ours;
 Bright be the world to thee like smiling flowers,
 Thy youthful path with every blessing rife.
 Brief is our life, and fleeting is our bloom,
 We wither like a dying leaf away,
 But may bright hope sing on thy gladsome way
 Her sweetest songs to cheer a world of gloom.
 There is no grief but what is healed at last
 By the unfailing hope of better years;
 Some ling'ring joy, some sunshine yet appears,
 Even amid affliction's bitter blast;
 Some silver lining to the lowering cloud
 That does our prospects and our hopes enshroud.

TRUTH.

SHE blessed, chaste, unsullied and so pure,
 A stainless snowflake falling at our feet;
 Goddess of heavenly grace she does repeat
 Her golden precepts where she does endure.
 There is a perfume sweeter than the rose,
 Fadeless and lasting in eternal truth,
 Divinely blest within the days of youth,
 Where she her spotless ermine does disclose;
 Smiling beneath a canopy of flowers,
 Where they with her burst into richer birth,
 She holds dominion o'er this sinful earth,
 And does control our better, purer hours;
 Like the unspotted sinless star above,
 She fills the soul with purity and love.

SKIES OF CHILDHOOD.

OH! childhood let thy skies upon me shine,
 Thy brighter hopes, thy days of tranquil rest !
 When grief a stranger to my youthful breast,
 Could never mar my day of bloom and prime.
 Oh! let me feel as in my youth again,
 The fancies and the dreams and joys of youth !
 Wander again a path of purest truth,
 When life to me was like Spring's genial reign.
 I dream of some who sleep now all alone,
 Who made life once to me like smiling Spring;
 When Hope had waved for me her golden wing,
 And I her lay had loved once as my own.
 Hope's harp lies broken and the flowers die—
 Where darkness wraps for me the earth and sky.

MOSSY ROCK.

ONLY a mossy rock in woodland deep
 Skirting the brook, I hail with pensive eye;
 Smiling beneath the soft blue rolling sky—
 Yet dumb, unconscious and inert, asleep!
 But God created and as well as me
 Thy humbler being in the lonely wood;
 Companion now of deepest solitude,
 Where I a simpler converse hold with thee
 Part of the glory that I hail around,
 Hill, dell and stream clothed in their green attire
 Where meditation does the soul inspire,
 With joy unspeakable and peace profound;
 Where lovely nature in her beauty drest
 Exerts a charm on the poetic breast.

THE ROBIN.

THE night no longer veils the cheerful view
 With sable darkness and with sullen hue ;
 Where she obscures the soft and trembling light
 Of sunset, and that does the soul delight ;
 Hail, morning ! with thy soft and rosy beams,
 The clustering spangles that around me streams.
 I hear the robin where he softly sings
 And where he soars on dew bespangled wings,
 To cheer the earth, to glad the lonely hour,
 Companion of the grove and scented flower ;
 I hear him in the leafy woodland tree,
 He twittering his sweetest melody ;
 Melodious songster ! where I love to muse,
 With him whom peace and happiness pursues.

JOY.

A NYMPH of gladness ! where she has her birth,
 Stealing around us with her presence bright,
 She decks the world, and fills it with delight !
 Parent of peace and happiness and mirth ;
 Where sorrow fails, and no abiding place
 Can have with us, nor be of us a part
 Like brighter skies that stream upon the heart,
 Or dazzling sunshine in the realms of space.
 Tripping along the blooming fields of Spring,
 I felt her presence on the sunny air,
 Where she came, stealing like enchantment, near,
 And waved aloft her gay and blooming wing.

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

BEAUTEOUS of squares, time-honored and replete
 With memories that haunt thy charming scene;
 I hail again thy grassy beds of green.
 Oh, lovely spot! forever blest and sweet;
 Thy old ancestral trees have bloomed for years,
 Palsied with age and crumbling to decay;
 Where ruthless time, with his relentless sway,
 Usurps thy early reign that memory bears.
 Improved and cultured is thy green retreat,
 Where ornamental grace is viewed around;
 Where studied art thy lovely walks surround,
 And song and story does thy fame repeat;
 Where Randal, Reed and Binney loved to be,
 And the illustrious dead that cherished thee.

AFFECTION.

AFFECTIONATELY to our natures given
 A priceless gem—a jewel sent from heaven;
 Without it home is but a sterile wild
 And waste, where love has never on us smiled;
 But gild its portals with that heavenly flame,
 Where all else in the world is but a name,
 And peace and hope and joy and fairest flowers
 And sunshine is our lot, and brightest hours;
 Where mother, father, wife and children blest,
 Is the bright day star of the hopeful breast;
 Where they make home a blessed paradise
 With their sweet voice, and like the cheering skies.
 Oh, pure affection! like a spotless rose,
 No grief can blast, nor life's consuming woes.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

Dedicated to the Hon. Richard Vaux, Past Grand Master.

THE magnificent temple devoted to the secrets of Free Masonry is one of the most imposing structures to be seen in Philadelphia. The edifice is built of solid masonry and marble, and was erected by Mr. Windrim, the celebrated architect. With its grand entrance, formidable looking walls, and stately granite towers piercing the bright blue sky, the temple presents a proud and noble object to the eye of the beholder. The interior of the spacious edifice is handsomely furnished, and ornamented in the most beautiful manner. Such a building is worthy of the noble record that it bears, and where its present honored and distinguished sons throw a halo over the shades of its historic past. The principal object of attraction is the lodge rooms, the Grand Lodge room being the most conspicuous. The upholstery is exquisite, the handsomely curtained windows throwing a mellow light over the richly carpeted floors. Marble ornaments and superb walnut furniture add to the grandeur of the place. Shields and devices, mottoes and emblems are to be seen here and there throughout the temple, typical of the learned and ancient order. Very little is known of Free Masonry by the outside world. The book is forever sealed containing the secrets of that society, and can be read only by those who are closely identified with the mysteries of that fraternity. We can only look on and admire the profession, and applaud the noble deeds of that man, wherever he is, who is always willing to relieve, to the extent of his ability, the sufferings of his fellow-creatures. A marked feature of the place is the awe-inspiring impression that one feels upon entering the sanctuary—for sanc-

tuary it is—a shrine devoted to the Muses, to science and art, to the noblest and loftiest aspirations, and where sculpture—the most classic art—is the crowning grace of the beautiful temple. Speaking poetically, it is an amphitheatre where the soul is lost in the strains of divinest music, thought and fancy, and where the key of knowledge is hidden from human sight. Music does not appear to have been cultivated by the votaries of the magnificent order, but her voice is not silent. Her hymns are heard in noble acts of charity and in the amelioration of the woes of men. Sculptured figures ornament the corridors and halls, and throw a classic grandeur over the temple, principal among which is Rush's superb figure of "Silence," standing at the head of the grand staircase, and where the heavenly goddess is steeped in a flood of rosy light, stealing upon her from the stained glass windows. She has her finger upon her lip, enjoining the strictest silence. The graceful folds of her drapery hang loosely about her feet, where her votaries worship at her altar and obey her mandates. This fine work of art was executed by Rush, many years ago, for the old Masonic Hall, on Chestnut Street below Eighth. The old building was somewhat similar to the present edifice, but not so grand nor elaborate. The names of some of the most distinguished men of the country are enrolled among the honored brotherhood who belonged to the order, foremost among whom is Washington, the illustrious soldier and Father of his country. Within our own day, and in the city of Philadelphia, may be mentioned the name of George M. Dallas, Vice-President of the United States; also that of Reed, Page, Chandler and others, all brilliant lights in the constellation of Free Masonry. But they have all closed their earthly labors, and the silent canvass is the only memorial of their departed usefulness

and bloom. The portraits of these worthy dignitaries are to be seen upon the walls of the first floor of the building. Our faint hopes and lives soon wither away beneath the palsying touch of time, and like a fatal blight the grave soon sweeps away our fairest prospects. But not so with yon beautiful temple! A thousand years shall scatter the blossoms of fame and renown upon its outward form, and when we, ourselves, repose within the tomb, shall perpetuate the memory of its distinguished dead!

MASONIC TEMPLE.

MAJESTIC pile! whose stately towers
 Blend proudly with the morning hours;
 Where silvery day and lucid skies
 In streams of light before us lies;
 Where morn, she, smiling in the blue,
 Celestial arch, breaks on the view.

Within thy gayly decked retreat
 Time-honored and fair learning's seat;
 A pleasing charm, like blooming Spring,
 Lies scattered round on everything;
 Where silence is the chief command
 That she enjoins, august and grand;
 Where she, within thy corridors,
 Deep thought and silent prayer implores.

Queen-like and with imperial smile,
 To cheer the hall and cloistered isle;
 Symbol of strictest privacy,
 Emblem of purest liberty.

Where tyranny and bigots cease
 Beneath the flowers of lavished peace;
 Oh, gallant knights! where heroes bled
 And fell—dear freedom's martyred dead.

The greatest and the best have stood
 Within thy peaceful solitude,
 Secluded from the worldling throng,
 Discoursing there their secret song
 Where emblem, and device and grave
 Escutcheon tells us of the brave.

Temple of silence and of thought,
 With intellect and virtue fraught;
 Where love has laid her trophies near
 Thy altar, and in silent prayer;
 Where golden seal and signature,
 And graver mysteries endure.
 Oh! where the educated throng
 Have sung with thee their hallowed song;
 Where culture trims her lamp with thee,
 Ancient of days, majestic, free!

Where stained glass window pours its light
 In splendor all around and bright;
 Emblazoned with thy ancient fame,
 Thy great renown, and pride and name,
 Flooding the casement and the view
 With sunshine and with streaks of blue.

Oh! where thy goddess proudly stands,
 And peerless grace o'er her expands;
 Where sculptor with his art has given
 To her the lineaments of heaven;
 Queen-like, and where she does command
 The strictest silence with her hand.

So statuary is of thee
 The boast of all antiquity,
 The pride of classic Greece and Rome,
 Smiling beneath thy towering dome ;
 Where sculpture shall thy fame and thee
 Yet transmit to posterity—
 When we ourselves shall be cease to be
 Pale travelers to eternity.

Oh, Death ! implanting in the heart,
 Thy poisoned sting, thy deadly dart—
 Stealing away our sense and powers,
 Stealing upon our happiest hours.
 Oh ! scattering with thy awful fears
 A mildew on our brightest years,
 And steeping in despair and gloom
 Our souls, our beauty and our bloom.

None can unlock the secret springs
 Of knowledge and unknown things,
 Where wisdom is a part of thee
 And of unraveled mystery ;
 Where thy eternal mercy throws
 A blessing o'er a world of woes ;
 Thy doctrine is to soothe and cheer
 And to allay the falling tear.

Where sorrow in her dark retreat
 Does thy unfailing love repeat,
 And where thou art the friend of woe,
 The purest charity to know—
 Allaying the unhappy breast,
 And cheering those who cannot rest ;
 And where thy mission is to heal
 Another's bitter pang to feel.

Where patriots came in days of prime
 To lay their laurels at thy shrine,
 Emerging from the battle-field
 Where dearest freedom was their shield;
 Where hearthstone and paternal fires
 Yet tell us of our early sires.

Where Washington had bowed in prayer
 And knelt in adoration there;
 Loved leader of the brave and free!
 Dear child of sweetest liberty!
 Enrolled among the faithful brave,
 He sleeps within a laureled grave,
 So pure, so manly and so true,
 His life was like the sky of blue.

Within thy mystic halls of State,
 Statesmen have lingered, and the great
 With science and with culture fraught,
 Thy sons of intellectual thought;
 Where Dallas, Reed had bent the knee
 To worship at thy shrine and thee;
 Where they had felt poetic fire,
 And they had tuned a polished lyre—
 Theirs was the music of the lute,
 But all their harp strings now are mute.

Let thy historic dead repose
 Where peace and endless quiet flows,
 And centuries as they come and flee,
 Yet whisper of thy pedigree;
 A mellowing hue yet scatter on
 Thy noble and majestic form,
 And when a thousand years have cast
 Their shadows on thy glorious past.

INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.

MR. CHARLES S. KEYSER, of this city, the well-known counsellor at the Philadelphia Bar, has in his possession many valuable records of historical interest. He is familiar with the history of all the old families of the city, and is an antiquarian upon this subject. His library is ornamented with busts of eminent and distinguished men. A fine bust of Daniel Webster is placed over the cases, and a remarkable looking figure-head of Rivian Jove. The grandfather of Mr. Keyser was the President of the first tariff meeting held in Philadelphia; it took place on the 15th day of December, 1829, and its object was to have a duty imposed on barley and potatoes. This gentleman's name was Jacob Shearer, a Philadelphia county farmer and a soldier of the revolution. He, like all the rest of those noble men, has bequeathed to us the priceless boon of freedom, and where we look back over their patriotism, bravery and spirit with admiration and pride.

 NATIONAL HYMN.

A SOUND reverberated throughout the forest depths, echoed across the mountain top, wafted over the peaceful vale, and ejaculated over the waters of the most distant sea that precious, hallowed hymn of ours, sung by our gallant sires, and the symbol of our most sacred liberty—taught by the mother to her child—the cheer and comfort of the soldier on the battle-field and the dirge, also, of the dead statesman as he lay upon his couch in the immovability of death. The pride and boast of every American, and where, as the last alternative, our cannon is the sure, certain protection of the Republic, when all else has failed, and when the Bible, education and intelligence is of no avail.

NATIONAL HYMN.

SUNG in the battle by the free !
 Sung by the sons of liberty ;
 Where shot and shell bestrewed the ground,
 And martyred heroes fell around ;
 Where patriot mothers cried aloud
 For sons wrapped in their snowy shroud—
 Dying their native land to save,
 Dying for sires in the grave,
 Dying with the heroic brave.

Trembling on the inspired tongue
 Of minstrel in the choir sung ;
 Where sacred anthem did inspire
 The wrapt soul with celestial fire ;
 Where God has saved our native land
 And did its vile foes disband ;
 Where bowed the soul to God in prayer
 To him in supplication there,
 Who did the blest petition hear.

Ye gallant sons of liberty,
 Ye leaders of the brave and free !
 Oh ! let your bristling cannon bear
 Your glorious triumph far and near ;
 Commemorative of the past
 The shock of battle and the blast ;
 For the dear sake of honored sires,
 For mothers and fraternal fires,
 Whom earthly hope no more inspires.

Whisper it gently at the grave
 Of fallen comrades and the brave,

Sleeping beneath the peaceful skies
 Of freedom, and where hero lies.
 Let not a shadow nor a breath
 Fall on it like the pall of death ;
 Sing it your quiet homes within,
 Dear freedom's consecrated hymn,
 Without a blight, a spot, or sin.

Oh! let that sacred song arise,
 Echo through the remotest skies—
 The sweetest anthem ever sung
 By aged sire or the young ;
 Oh! sing that blessed hymn divine
 For country and for native clime,
 For home and its beloved shrine!

Sung on the land, and on the sea,
 The pilgrim's hope the wanderer's plea ;
 Divinely pure, and purely blest,
 Hymn of the friendless and oppressed,
 Inured within the dungeon vile,
 Where dreams of freedom on him smile ;
 Where soulless tyrants sink away,
 Beneath our country's thrilling lay,
 And we her proud precepts obey.

FIRST CITY TROOP, PHILADELPHIA.

THE First City Troop is the oldest military cavalry organization in the country. The company was famous in the days of the Revolution and among the first to offer their services to the country in the struggle with Great

Britain. They distinguished themselves for their patriotism and bravery in all the principal battles of the war, and have kept up and retained their proud and honored name ever since. The laurels that they won in the memorable siege continue with them, where these patriotic men and brave hearts can look back with pride upon their past record, where they stood so nobly by their country in its extremity, and covered Washington with the protection of their swords—who won his admiration and praise, and who lavished their money so freely and generously for the good of the whole country, and to make us free.

Historic Troop!—ye gallant knights of old,
 Covered with glory and with lustre bright!
 The battle field and the victorious fight
 Has to the world your fame and valor told.
 The Revolution and the storied past
 Comes breathing of your proud celebrity,
 Enrolled among the sons of chivalry,
 Foremost in battle, and the fray and blast.
 Lovers of freedom! where that flag of ours,
 Triumphant on the land and on the sea,
 Washed in the blood of martyrs and the free,
 Is waving o'er you like the graceful flowers.
 Famous of troops!—wrapped in your rich attire,
 I hail your armor with enraptured lyre.


REV. GEORGE D. BOARDMAN, D.D.

THIS reverend gentleman is pastor of the First Baptist Church, Philadelphia. Dr. Boardman is a general favorite among all denominations, a pleasant speaker, and a


thorough Bible student, and in this particular has no superior among his clerical brethren. Dr. Boardman has been a great traveler; he has visited the most celebrated localities identified with the times and doings of our Saviour, and is familiar with the habits and customs of the people of those times, all of which enrich his sermons with the gems of sacred literature, and throw around him a charm that few men possess. He is not only eminent as a divine and Christian minister, but is a scholar, author and writer. His late celebrated lectures in this city were the most learned ones ever delivered here, or before a Philadelphia audience. His erudition and knowledge of Holy Writ is equaled only by his pure Christian character. We contemplate with feelings of praise his virtues as a man, and believe in and admire his deep, fervent piety as a minister of the gospel.

Teacher of Holy Writ and reverend sire,
 Thy sermons please and charm my pensive lyre;
 Learned and gifted, where thy cultured mind
 Is storied, educated and refined;
 Where love, and truth, and meek humility
 Lie deep within the soul, and live with thee;
 Where God has blest you, and a brilliant wreath
 Lies scattered on thy path—his throne beneath,
 With intellectual grace and heavenly truth
 Like sunshine streaming on the path of youth,
 Or glittering stars within the vault of heaven
 To gild a world, to gloomy darkness given,
 Leading us on to more inspired thought
 To God, and by thy blessed counsel taught.

INSCRIBED TO EMMA.

 H, gentle lady!—chase that look away
 Of sadness from thy bright blue laughing eye;
 It ill becomes one like the radiant sky,
 For thou art nearly always blithe and gay;
 Think not of sorrow in thy youthful day.
 Go, cull the flowers of joy and sunny bloom,
 Let not the world with its untimely gloom
 Upon thy light and happy moments prey.
 A smiling path—oh! wander while you may—
 Wander a sky of sunny hope beneath,
 Where thou art decked with beauty's peerless wreath.
 Oh! let me weep and sorrow and deplore,
 But let thy feeling plaint be heard no more.

ENDLESS LIFE.

 IVE me the harp that tells of endless life,
 Freed from a world of blighted love and bliss;
 Where grief can never come, nor wretchedness,
 But peace outshines these scenes of woe and strife;
 There where the happy of departed hours
 Have found a rest within those golden spheres,
 Where the immortal, sinless soul appears
 Forever mingling with celestial flowers;
 Where, freed from earth and its laborious toil,
 We wander, too, in the eternal land
 With those who did our grateful love command,
 And meet our loved ones on the peaceful soil,
 Forever in that bright and better clime—
 Youthful and fair as in our day of prime.

FLYING CLOUDS.

DARTING about on furious pinions driven,
 The flying clouds obscure the sky of blue,
 Where yonder river wears a sullen hue,
 And they are piled up in the vault of heaven.
 A desolation seems to haunt the scene;
 And where the beating storm is heard to sigh,
 Lonely and sad, where the bewildered eye
 Looks on in fear, on nature's angry mien—
 So lowering clouds steal on our sunny way,
 Darken the prospect of our cheering skies,
 Tho' hope upon our path in promise lies,
 Gilding life's landscape with a brighter ray.
 'Tis but a moment with the cloud at last
 For life's bleak storm and tempest soon is past.

MAJOR-GENERAL MANSFIELD.

WE cannot refrain from heaving a tender sigh over the grave of the aged patriot Major-General Mansfield. Major-General George B. McClellan makes special mention of this venerable soldier, who was attached to his own staff. In one of his reports he says of Mansfield, that he was shot dead only a few yards from his own horse. The hero of Antietam and other celebrated battles feelingly alludes to the untimely death of this favorite officer. He says that it was with feeling of sorrow that he saw the aged veteran lay down his noble life upon the altar of freedom, and where the Stars and Stripes had been his well-earned funeral pall. We might refer to others who have emulated the glorious example of Mansfield, for they can be enumerated

by thousands, but he fell in declining years. His was unflinching patriotism and devotion to a beloved country in its extremity. There was Reno, the heroic, gallant chief of his troops, ever true and faithful and steadfast to the last, but who was shot away from his horse beneath a canopy of clustering beautiful flags. Then, again, the youthful McPherson, defiant and unconquered even in the hour of death, cheering his faltering troops and sinking at last at the very cannon's mouth into his boyish tomb; and last, though not least, the noble Reynolds, swept away by the fatal missile in the bright promise of his hopes!—the intrepid, the cultured, the refined and brilliantly gifted soldier—within sight of victory!

Let the flag of our fathers be his winding sheet. Let him rest in the blooming vale where Reynolds died, where he fell into the arms of his weeping comrades, and they lay him upon a rough couch overspread with rustic flowers, he sleeping on beneath a mantle of green ferns and leaves of forest trees.

Nearly a hundred winters had bestrewed
 His manly forehead with the snows of age,
 When he, his country's foeman did engage
 In mortal conflict and the battle viewed;
 Yet in an hour of anguish and of dread
 The bullet swept away his fleeting breath;
 Where he lay trembling in the grasp of death,
 A soldier, and the venerable dead,
 So pure, where he, in his declining years,
 Gave up his life for his sweet liberty!
 The aged patriot! yet the brave and free!
 For whom dear freedom sheds her grateful tears.
 Dear object of a wife's unfailing love—
 She rests him now within the quiet grove.

BEREAVEMENT.

I SAW a mother weeping o'er the dead,
 Complaining of the loss that she had met;
 Where lay a rosebud and a violet,
 Where funeral lilies her fond hand had spread;
 I saw her trembling at the couch of death,
 Bending around the dead that near her lay—
 An infant child—a cold and senseless clay
 Swept from her heart by the destroyer's breath.
 Benumbed and stricken by affliction's dart,
 She lay her golden treasure in the tomb,
 Where memory breathed of its brief fleeting bloom,
 She kept within her fond maternal heart;
 She learned, at last, submission's hymn to sing,
 And to a Saviour's promise learned to cling.

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER'S languid sky has come at last,
 The lonely winds I hear them all around,
 Reverberating with a mournful sound;
 And where I listen to the howling blast,
 The yellow sheaves of fodder in the field
 Sicken upon my melancholy view;
 Where I behold again the sickly hue
 Of earth that does a sadness to me yield—
 Emblem of my own death and my decay,
 When I must perish in the storm of life,
 Must feel the grave's cold touch and bear its strife,
 And pass forever from the earth away;
 There is a Springtime where November's blast
 Is never known but forever passed.

WASHINGTON.

THE purest patriot that ever stood
 Before the foe in any clime or land,
 Was Washington—for he was purely grand,
 Divinely blest, and pure and nobly good;
 A gallant leader whom his country blest,
 And loved him to his life's remotest day;
 Where history does his honored past display,
 And spreads his tomb with an immortal crest
 Of fadeless lustre; where his day of prime,
 Seems yet to blossom 'round us like a flower;
 Where fell oblivion never can devour
 His brilliant victories that 'round us shine;
 Affection has enshrined within the heart
 His manly nature, and of us a part.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE G. MEADE.

THE funeral procession of this distinguished soldier—
 buried as we all must be at last—was solemnized with
 more ceremony than is usual on such occasions. The hero
 of Gettysburg! The pageant was one of the most imposing
 ones ever witnessed in Philadelphia. The funeral ceremonies
 took place at noon, and the mournful cortege wended
 its way through some of the principal streets of the city.
 The solemn train rested at St. Mark's Episcopal Church,
 where the last sad rites of the burial service were performed
 over the dead. A beautiful impressive requiem was sung,
 followed by a few parting words appropriate upon such
 occasions. The procession reached the Green Street en-
 trance of Fairmount Park, where the remains of the beloved

soldier were placed upon a steamer and borne over the placid river to their last resting place at the Laurel Hill Cemetery. General Meade's funeral was attended by some of the most eminent men of the nation, principal among whom were General Grant, and other well-known officers of the army and navy.

Dedicated to the Meade Post.

Where Schuylkill with its rippling, gliding wave,
 Its gentle music pours upon the breeze;
 He sleeps! but never more the soul to please,
 Save where he slumbers in yon quiet grave;
 Where fragrant wreaths and flowers of opening bloom,
 Dispel the darkness of the dreary tomb—
 The bleeding breast and rent heart to appease.

On yon majestic bluff above the stream,
 Where Laurel Hill is filled with varied flowers
 To decorate his lonely funeral bowers;
 Where fond hearts linger near and of him dream,
 Where his illustrious departed past,
 A deathless halo has around us cast
 Of his heroic deeds, like blooming flowers.

But his domestic virtues, like the rose,
 Pouring its fragrance on his grassy tomb,
 Outlast the grave and its corroding gloom;
 Tho' memory's tear in silent sorrow flows,
 A gentle father and a husband blest,
 Enshrined within his children's grateful breast,
 And where he does in ceaseless memory bloom.

So, cultured, educated and refined,
 He culled the flowers of learning and of thought;
 Where virtue's purest ways were with him fraught,

Endowed by nature with a gifted mind;
 Where he had loved in his brief, fleeting hours
 The sweet song of the bird and blossomed flowers,
 That he in intellectual joy had sought.

He led our army on to victory!
 His fearless sword defied the boastful foe,
 When freedom nerved him in his country's woe,
 To meet with valiant heart the enemy;
 Where he had worshipped at the sacred shrine,
 Of Liberty within his native clime,
 And dealt the manly, honorable blow.

She, parting day, is rosy on his tomb!
 There where she leaves her golden, crimson trace,
 The grave's green coverlid has hid his face,
 Yet in our hearts he lives in endless bloom;
 The mournful owl begins her lonely cry,
 I hear her in the trees and bushes by
 Breathing her plaint in this sad, cheerless place.

The landscape wears a melancholy hue
 Where darkness has usurped the light of day;
 Where sunset with her golden, blushing ray
 Has disappeared and left the sky of blue;
 Where I repeat to thee, lone funeral scene—
 Farewell!—I wander from thy haunts of green,
 Thou solitary, sullen stream, away.

CHEERLESS NIGHT.

DARKNESS and gloom where cheerless night abounds,
 In silent horror broods upon our eyes;
 Nothing but uncheered gloom and viewless skies

Molest, and the desponding soul surrounds ;
 Peaceful within our homes and fireside,
 Where plenty smiles and want is never known,
 Not so with the poor, houseless, friendless one,
 Where life to him is but a gloomy void ;
 There is a night of sorrow and despair,
 Where he the homeless, hapless wretch is found,
 He wandering the wide, wide world around,
 Forsaken, and unblest his griefs to bear.
 'Tis hard enough to feel the chilling blast
 Of woe, and where the day of hope is past.

LAMENT OF THE DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL REYNOLDS.

Killed at the Battle of Gettysburg.

WHERE Gettysburg's blood-stained victorious field
 Had been to thee a bright and hopeful scene,
 Thy death had come, bleeding upon the green,
 Falling beneath dear freedom's glorious shield—
 Shot on thy horse and in the leafy grove
 That echoed with thy latest parting sigh ;
 Where plaintive bird in tones of sadness by
 Had breathed thy funeral chant in tender love,
 Leading a charge against the deadly foe ;
 And in the midst of bloom and promise bright
 Death came to thee, and with a mortal blight
 Blasted the brightest hopes that life can know.
 Yet o'er thy grave a grateful county weeps
 For her dear son, where he in silence sleeps.

LIEUTENANT GREBLE.

To the Greble Post.

THIS young officer was one of the earliest victims of the war. He enlisted at the commencement of the Rebellion, but never lived to see the victory gained, and the pride and boast of our nation preserved inviolate. Lieutenant Greble was shot in action at the battle of Great Bethel. In accordance with the wishes of his wife, his remains were quietly forwarded to Philadelphia, enclosed in a metallic coffin, and taken hence to the Woodland Cemetery, where they now repose.

Foremost amid the carnage and the fight,
 The deafening roar of cannon heard about,
 Thy brave young life expired and went out,
 Tho' all the world to thee was fair and bright.
 Thou wert that valiant, heroic child
 Of dearest freedom and of liberty,
 Dreaming of home, and flag and victory,
 On whom a proud but bleeding nation smiled ;
 Yet swept away in thy young morning days,
 Like a fair flower crushed in its early bloom,
 Too prematurely laid within the tomb,
 Where darkness now upon thy bosom preys ;
 Where she, the object of thy youthful life,
 Is laid with thee, thy fond, devoted wife.

LOVE.

OH, love! a sunbeam to the path of man,
 Falling upon him in his sadder hours,
 When most he needs thy soul enlivening powers,

And none but thee his woes can kindly scan;
 Then with thy healing in a tranquil hour,
 Soothing away affliction and despair,
 Breathing thy presence, like enchantment, near,
 Or like the sunshine to the opening flower;
 Where hope, with her bright promise, does elate
 The soul, steeped in tumultuous care and strife;
 Where home with peace and happiness is rife,
 And wedded bliss her story does relate;
 The sole companion of our earthly days:
 Pure love to us like music's soothing lays.

HYMN.

To Helen.

OH! the perpetual peace of heaven
 Is his upon that placid shore;
 Where endless hope is never riven,
 But loved ones meet to part no more.

Surely there is some happy goal,
 Some recompense beyond the tomb,
 Some brighter prospect for the soul
 Steeped here in bitterness and gloom.

Where blighted love and streaming tears
 Tell of our fleeting, flitting days;
 Where gathering cloud and storm appears,
 And death so soon upon us preys.

Oh, happy thought! forever blest!
 How lovely to my pensive lyre;
 To think of peace and hope and rest,
 Where pleasures never fail nor tire.

TO SKYE.

OH! Skye shall live where'er I go;
 If others die before I do,
 Their love for him I learned to know,
 For their dear sake I will renew.

Poor, friendless Skye—no other heart
 May care for him if left alone;
 Yet I will be of him a part,
 Feed him and love him as my own.

Because the blessed one that sleeps,
 Perhaps, in the untroubled tomb
 Had loved him, where affection weeps,
 And petted him in days of bloom.

Companion of the weary hours,
 When none but him her love had blest;
 Where lonely solitude devours
 The gayer pleasures of the breast.

So Skye shall be my special guest,
 If that shall ever be my lot;
 If such shall be the last request
 Of those who love, and hate him not.

Then, when at last he sleeps in death,
 His epitaph I will repeat,
 Or where, with my expiring breath,
 Will I weep at his lone retreat.

Oh! tell how faithful Skye had been
 To those who knew and loved him best,
 When he, in years of peace serene,
 Had loved them, and by them caress'd.

Then how he died with grief at last,
 Forgetting not the kindly hand
 That fed him—blest him in the past,
 And did his faithful love command.

How he despaired, and pined away,
 Unmindful of the world and me;
 Poor Skye! forgetful, where he lay,
 Of me and my fidelity!

TO AN EAGLE.

SOARING aloft through the unsullied skies—
 Majestic eagle! on thy winged way;
 What is thy course, or what frail thing thy prey,
 Where thou dost court the sun's bright, lucid dyes,
 Sailing along above the world so high?
 Oh! stately bird, where thy historic name,
 Still proudly whispers of thy ancient fame,
 Piercing the vault above and cloudless sky—
 Noblest of birds, our nation honors thee,
 For thou art no mean, cringing, craving thing,
 So stately raising thy imperial wing,
 In token of our country's liberty!
 Emblem of all that's truly noble—free,
 Unfettered and unchained by tyranny!

HOPE.

SHE whose beloved and endearing lay
 So often cheered me in my day of youth,
 Can never more conceal from me the truth,

With her false garb, nor my poor heart betray.
 I saw her smile, I listened to her song,
 Like music stealing on my ravished heart,
 Where she was of the happy past a part,
 And smiled in my young life my path along.
 But sunshine fled, joy faded, and the years
 Of early life pass'd like a dream away—
 Where she, vain, fleeting, like a summer day,
 As swiftly vanish'd, and in grief and tears.
 Oh, Hope! how flattering, how delusive given,
 To us poor mortals like a glimpse of Heaven.

THE BIBLE.

Dedicated to My Mother.

WITH golden precept and with blessed print,
 And sacred teaching is all Holy Writ;
 Crowned with the perfect and eternal love
 Of the Creator and of God above,
 Author of every good and perfect thing
 That does enrapture and around us cling;
 The sacred volume and a priceless gem,
 More purely bright than earthly diadem,
 Inspired Book! where thought immaculate
 Is nurtured, purified—inviolable.

Companion of the pure and of the good,
 Whether of life, in joy, or solitude!
 Scattering the flowers of promise at our feet,
 Of life to come, and of that blest retreat;
 A signal to these bleeding hearts of ours,
 Of peace triumphant and perennial bowers,
 Where angels in those never fading skies,
 Unclasp their seraph wings in Paradise.

Oh! if a Book is worthy of our praise,
 'Tis surely that—that tells of endless days;
 Pictures a land beyond the silent tomb,
 A land of promise and perpetual bloom,
 Where the immortal and celestial shore
 Is promised to us and forever more.

A Book of morals, and of virtue blest,
 Exalted and refined within the breast;
 The richest treasure literature can know,
 So purely chaste and where its blessings flow;
 Teacher of youth, and of those better years—
 Of blooming days and hope that mem'ry bears,
 Whose hallowed precepts to my youth were given,
 Engraved upon my soul by her in heaven,
 Where I shall yet my mother's love renew,
 Beyond life's joys, so fleeting and so few.

The purest language and sublimest thought
 Is with the Bible and the Scripture fraught;
 Take it away—and what are we but brutes,
 Without intelligence—but silent mutes;
 But with it we are cultured and refined,
 With nobler aspirations in the mind.
 Where grace and loveliness and virtue's plea
 Lives in the soul, and sinless purity;
 Where we with love, and music, and with song,
 The paths of truth tread happily along.

THE SABBATH DAY.

THE sweetest, holiest day man ever knew;
 Oh! day of rest, of tranquil peace and love,
 When prayer before the blessed throne above
 Ascends to Him who doth creation view;
 Toil ends—life's busy scene and anxious strife
 No longer vex the peaceful, quiet breast,
 Where the deep hush of holiness and rest
 Tell of the Sabbath day, and holier life!
 The anthem chanted from the holy choir,
 Swells out upon the isle the note of praise,
 Where the sublime outburst of sacred lays,
 The soul with speechless rapture does inspire.
 How sweet to me past Sabbaths to repeat,
 Fraught with the hallowed church, the blest retreat.

ADVERSITY.

ADVERSITY with ruthless march, and pale,
 That does the smiles of wealth and ease destroy,
 Where he, gay votary of earthly joy,
 In vain has listened to hope's syren tale.
 Smiling in plenty in serener days,
 A path of glittering fortune does he tread,
 Where earthly wealth her gifts around him spread,
 And she his busy cares and strife allays;
 But disappointment with appalling blight,
 Changes the scene and preys on him at last,
 Where he deplores and weeps upon the past,
 And Hope from him has winged away her flight.
 Adversity! like to a requiem lay,
 I, too, have felt thy desolating sway.

THE BATTLE.

THE roar of musketry is heard around,
 Where serried columns tread the battle plain,
 Where fall the wounded, and where lay the slain,
 Scattered like fallen leaves upon the ground;
 The stirring drum and fierce artillery,
 Shall never wake them from their endless sleep,
 'Twill take a sound more long, and loud, and deep,
 To call them from their dreamless lethargy.
 But din and clatter, and the shot and shell,
 Evince the fury of the awful fight,
 Where shouts of yelling soldiery affright
 The soul, and of the bloody battle tell,
 The last alternative, the bitter end
 Of worldly trouble, and of foe and friend.

TO THE SHADE OF LAFAYETTE.

A PATRIOT! clothed in a mantle bright,
 Espousing our just cause in days of gloom,
 Leaving thy hearthstone in a day of bloom,
 For us, and for a foreign land to fight.
 But no! 'twas liberty that nerved thy heart,
 Where Washington had led our armies on,
 Where thou hadst with thy gallant, fearless form
 Beat back the foeman with his shattered dart.
 Brave Lafayette! immortal fame be thine,
 Thou art a child of glory and renown;
 The stars and stripes in pride on thee look down,
 Kept in our hearts, and by a grateful clime—
 So long as love, or freedom shall endure,
 Sacred shall be thy name to us, and pure.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

AMONG the illustrious dead who swell the long catalogue of names that have shed a brilliant halo over our country, none is more glorious than that of Lafayette. History does not furnish a more beautiful example of friendship and patriotism on the part of a stranger than is developed in his case. This well-tried, skilful soldier and friend of freedom, left his home, friends and wife to identify himself with our troubles, and at a time when the success of our cause hung upon a slim basis. How brave, how noble, how generous! His motives were pure and unselfish, and his patriotism and love of liberty beyond a doubt. The faithful friend of Washington and the companion of our early fathers, he never faltered, but marched on with them to the bright goal of their hopes, and till the Stars and Stripes waved in triumphant glory over the whole land. His genius as a soldier was equaled only by the noble and generous impulses of his nature. He won the day, and shared the sufferings and the trials of noble sires who have bequeathed to us the priceless boon of freedom, and we look back upon their glorious past with feelings of admiration and praise. General Lafayette loved this country, and lived years here among those whom he honored and esteemed, and assisted in their struggle for liberty. He outlived many and saw many to whom he was deeply attached go down to the grave. His last farewell came amid the plaudits of a generous and grateful people as they bid him good-by, and the ocean bore him to the land of his fathers. Before he left our shores forever, he visited the grave of his honored friend, Washington, and shed a parting tear over the green sod and last resting place of the immortal dead. The stillness of that hour was broken only by the sigh of the zephyr as the de-

parting patriot recounted the pleasant hours he had spent with his buried friend. His heart beat in grateful sorrow at the recollection of the friendship that united their hearts together, and where he thought of the first days of battle—the scene of his fame and renown—and where he bore away with him the love and affection, not only of Washington, but the whole American people. Surely some suitable memorial should be erected to the memory of such a man as Lafayette! Not only to perpetuate his private virtues, but as a monument to his patriotism, and as a reward to him for the valuable services that he rendered this country.

CHRISTMAS.

RIGHT, happy, merry is the face of youth!
 'Tis Christmas, and the sound of mirth is near;
 All hearts are steeped in joy, and where they wear
 The garb of happiness and peace and truth.
 Auspicious morn!—a Saviour's hallowed birth
 It ushers in, in happiness and joy;
 Where we the fleeting moments now employ,
 Commemorate the bless'd event of earth.
 His resurrection and his birth and death
 Is filled with mystery and sublimer thought;
 Where with divinity and God is fraught
 The life of Christ, tho' fleeting be his breath;
 The Lamb of God, who for a fallen race
 Suffered and died, and with angelic grace.

MUSIC.

To Professor Hahn.

THERE'S music everywhere—the earth and sky
 Is filled with sounds of sweetest melody,
 From the great utterance of the Deity
 Down to the zephyr and its gentle sigh.
 Nature's great anthem is the roaring sea,
 Dashing in her tempestuous course along ;
 There is diviner music in her song,
 Terrific and as wild as she can be.
 Even the sea bird with the lay she sings,
 Has an alluring charm around us cast,
 Mingling her pensive notes amid the blast,
 Where darkness reigns and gloom around us clings ;
 There is a pleasure and a pleasing power
 Felt in the ocean and at such an hour.

THE MUSIC OF HOME.

To Tillie.

THE sweetest music ever heard on earth,
 Is heard where no discordant sound is known ;
 Where love, her heavenly smile has on us thrown,
 And we are steeped in dreams of joy and mirth ;
 Where wedded life asserts its tranquil sway,
 A little while within this world of ours,
 To dissipate our care and gloomy hours ;
 Where happiness and peace around us plays ;
 Where the sweet hymns of home forever blest,
 Linger around us like the dreams of sleep ;
 Where we within the soul our treasures keep,
 And clasp them closer to the languid breast.
 Oh, guard them, love them, keep them in your heart,
 Sacred to you, and of the soul a part !

TO A WILD ROSE.

FAIR rose that blossoms in the rugged bower,
 Uncared for and unsung and little known,
 I hail thy smiling tints around me thrown,
 Though thou art but a frail, brief, fleeting flower ;
 Thou'rt like the sons of worth that tread along
 A humbler path devoid of pride and show,
 Retired from the world's base haunts of woe,
 And where they sing home's happy, peaceful song ;
 The cheek may flush with riot and excess,
 And evil pleasure gild the worldling's way—
 But hapless is his doom, oh, wretched day !
 Bitter to him, at last, his fancied bliss.
 A virtuous life is like the stainless flower,
 Forever pure, and to life's latest hour.

 SORROW.

SORROW, sable mistress of uncheered despair !
 I, trembling, bow to thy decree and weep,
 Where I deplore the joys that memory keep
 When blooming youth and health were mine and near.
 Oh ! sorrow chills the genial warmth and glow
 That sheds a sunshine o'er the joyous heart,
 And where she bids our fairest hopes depart
 Sweeping away the peace that we may know ;
 Where wealth and ease come smiling like a rose,
 And where in bliss our careless moments roll—
 She throws a pall upon the buoyant soul
 And is the harbinger of ceaseless woes ;
 Deprived of fortune and her smiling ray
 We doubly feel affliction's keener sway.

TO LAURA.

GO in thy youth, beloved girl, to God,
 Now while the flowers of earliest bloom are thine,
 While thy bright stars unclouded on thee shine,
 And where thou hast a better pathway trod;
 Where they in earliest childhood life had been
 Nurtured amid the paths of piety,
 Where blest day-dreams of immortality
 Has made the world to thee a happy scene—
 So thou art fair, and like a blushing rose,
 Unsullied and untouched by cankering blight;
 Go then—go in thy years of promise bright
 To him, the healing of all earthy woes;
 There's not a sorrow that the heart can know,
 But what he cures, and every bitter woe.

THE THRUSH.

THE Thrush is one of the most melodious birds known
 to our latitude. He has a fine, clear, distinct, thrilling
 voice and is the sweetest warbler heard within the woods. To
 be once heard, he is never to be forgotten. The sprightly
 songster makes his appearance about the first of June. His
 favorite haunt is the lofty tree, where he can sing away to
 his heart's content, and make the welkin ring with his
 charming echo.

Melodious thrush!—the blooming season brings
 The pleasant sunshine back to you and me.
 Oh! where I hear thy echoed melody,
 And joy and gaiety is on the wing,

I seem to hear within thy tuneful lay
 The thrilling anthem of some blessed choir.
 Thou hast a charm for my desponding lyre,
 More doubly dear then feeble words can say.
 Hail, bird of promise to the woody grove!
 Where thou art perching in the giant tree—
 Oh! welcome now to summer and to me,
 Singing above the meadow and in love.
 Melodious thrush!—O let me hear again
 In ecstasy thy deep-toned echoed strain.

MARY.

MARY is one of the most famous names upon the page of history. It has been descanted on by the historian. The painter has delineated her loveliness and beauty upon the canvass. The inspired sculptor has given to her grace, animation and life, and the poet especially, above all others, has sung her charms. Mary was the mother of our Saviour, one of the best, purest and holiest of women; then Mary Queen of Scots; the two Mary's referred to in Holy Writ, and Burns' Highland Mary, so famous in song, and whom he loved so dearly and was devoted to; and then Byron. He, too, has paid homage at her shrine, and added his tribute of praise to her worth. Others have extolled the name, and where Mary has been their favorite heroine, where they have lavished their verse and song upon her, and given celebrity to the name after she passed down to the grave. Suffice it to add that the intellectual world has admired the name; and where Mary has been the recipient of the favor of all the Muses, of education, science and

genius. The most sublime, holy and sacred thoughts have been offered up to her, and the sweetest songs ever composed have been inscribed to Mary.

The intellectual world has spread
A halo o'er the storied dead,
Where Mary—name beloved of old—
Is now on history's page enrolled;
Wherever art or science bears
Us back to past historic years,
She glows with a peculiar grace
And has in fame a brilliant place,
On monumental stone inscribed,
In loveliness, renown and pride.

Antiquity repeats the name,
Allied to everlasting fame;
Where Mary—best of womankind—
Within the Christian soul enshrined,
Tells how a blessed Saviour came
To save a world from endless shame.
Oh, Mary!—ever pure and blest
A sacred name within the breast,
Eternal now, and part of thee,
Mary, is thy celebrity!

The well-earned meed of praise she owes
To sculptor, who around her throws
A glow of intellectual thought,
With his inspired chisel fraught;
Where he perpetuates her fame
In marble, and her deathless name
Eternal beauty to her gives,
Where she within his fancy lives.

Where poet does the name admire
 That fills him with poetic fire ;
 Oh ! where he showers at her feet
 His gifts, and does her praise repeat,
 He kneeling at fair beauty's shrine ;
 Where violets his soul entwine
 Of admiration and of love,
 And where he does his worship prove.

Where Burns' Highland Mary lies
 Beneath old Scotia's sunny skies,
 He sings of her illustrious name
 And whispers of her spotless fame ;
 Where she awoke his youthful lyre
 And did his soul with love inspire ;
 Where she in fields of blooming green
 His fond companion once had been.

His youthful choice, his early flame,
 He cherished to his death the same ;
 Where the distinguished bard bestowed
 On her his verse and flattering ode.

Music has echoed with the sound
 And breathed the heavenly name around ;
 Where strange romance and thrilling song
 Does to that ancient name belong ;
 Where legends, too, have to us told
 The fearful trials she bore of old ;
 Where Mary suffered in the past
 The dungeon and the block at last ;
 Where persecution had destroyed
 The few brief days that she enjoyed.

POVERTY.

OH, poverty! within thy gloomy cell
 No sunshine enters to enliven thee;
 Where Hope's bright traces can no longer be
 Thy welcome guest—no more with thee to dwell;
 Thy cheerless mien and thy dejected eye
 No flowery beds of ease can ever know;
 Thy heritage is sorrow, grief and woe.
 Lonely and sad, beneath an adverse sky,
 Tho' piety and meek content be thine,
 And purity an inmate of the breast—
 Tho' pure submission's sacred hymn, and blest,
 Ascends to God's bright, hallowed throne on high,
 Thy trembling brow and sunken cheek, so pale,
 Tells us again of thy unheeded tale.

HEAVEN.

To Ethel.

OH! blessed, courted, long desired place,
 Where peace is promised to the soul at last;
 Oh! heavenly goal, where life's dark view is pass'd,
 How sweet is God's forgiving smile and grace.
 Propitious nymph of poetry and blest,
 On me with all thy healing power descend;
 Let me, with fancy live, with her ascend
 To lands of endless joy and fadeless rest.

 I sing of a celestial home on high,
 Beyond these scenes of frail mortality;
 Tho' we know little of eternity—
 Frail, puny things, created but to die.

Yet let me breathe the praise of Deity,
 And sing of wreaths of never fading bloom,
 Promised to us beyond a world of gloom—
 Hope of the Christian and his dying plea.

We may not know, within this world of ours,
 The untold glory of the better land;
 Where angels rest upon that golden strand,
 Unclasp their wings and soar through sinless bowers;
 Yet we can dream of their unfading bliss,
 Of brighter seasons, of perennial bloom,
 Where, freed from earth and the unhallowed tomb,
 The sainted dead rest from a world like this.

Think of the happy and the good, who dwell
 Upon that peaceful and serener shore,
 Where endless summer smiles forever more,
 More lovely far than mortal tongue can tell.
 The mother and the father and the wife,
 The sister, brother and the little child,
 Freed from a world of bitter care and strife,
 Where God in mercy has upon them smiled.

The world may darken, and may frown away
 Our brighter prospects and our happier hours;
 But there there's no such thing as dying flowers,
 No darkling cloud, nor storm, nor wintry day.

FORGIVENESS.

To Ellen.

WE should forgive our bitterest enemy,
 If we expect forgiveness from on high,
 And ask for pardon when we come to die ;
 'Tis manly to forget an injury.
 None but the wicked and the base despise
 Another, tho' in wrong the heart may be.
 The golden rule springs from the Deity,
 The ever good and kind and ever wise,
 And Christ—his teachings whisper love and peace,
 That steal upon us in a better hour,
 Smiling about us like a blooming flower,
 Bidding our angry thoughts and passions cease ;
 His mandate, like a hallowed violet,
 Teaches us to forgive and to forget.

FAREWELL TO A LIBRARY.

FAREWELL, ye books, forever dear to me!
 I part with you, but with a pensive heart—
 My blest companions and of me a part ;
 Farewell to you ! accept a parting plea.
 The loved associates of exalted thought,
 Cheering my moments and my gloom away ;
 Soothing my heart within a blessed day,
 Where I your fond companionship had sought ;
 Charming a heart that in the grave is laid,
 Who valued you in his departed days—
 My father—and on whom the spoiler preys.
 Thy golden streams of wealth upon him play'd ;
 Like music, heard within a heavenly choir,
 Thy teachings did with joy his soul inspire.

LINES TO A GREEN STAR.

PALE, twinkling orb, scarce visible in heaven,
 Mantling in splendor the ethereal sky,
 I hail thy green light with poetic eye,
 And where thy glory to the earth is given.
 Why thou art green I know not, but the sky
 Is decorated by thy vaulted light
 Where it reflects thy color, pure and bright ;
 And thou art like a green leaf to the eye,
 Where thought and wisdom is allied to thee ;
 Beautiful star of God's sublimity !
 Replete with wonder and with mystery,
 Created by the power of Deity !
 Oh, wondrous star, a diamond in the sky,
 Glittering in splendor on my musing eye.

MEMORY OF AN AGED LADY.

SILVERED with age and in declining years,
 Beauty and youth forever passed away ;
 Death hovers near and falls upon his prey,
 Where she is laid beneath his chilling fears ;
 But beautiful in death her sinless brow,
 So pale and lovely like the spotless rose,
 Tells of her pure life in this world of woes,
 Where she has ceased to feel its pleasure now ;
 Life's joy and sorrow has the dead forgot
 The couch of endless peace is 'round her spread,
 For her the happy and the blessed dead ;
 Where earthly grief and care pursue her not,
 Where on that quiet and that calmer shore
 She meets her loved ones and to part no more.

POLITENESS.

SET none suppose that rudeness can outlast,
 A manly courtesy around us cast ;
 There's nothing in the world that men can love,
 Or value more that does their culture prove,
 Than true politeness, instinct of the breast,
 Innate in noble hearts, divinely blest.

Kings may command and set upon a throne,
 Their kingdom rule and subject as their own ;
 And golden wealth assert its lordly power,
 And luxury and pride bloom like a flower ;
 Yet what are these ? what is the boasted plea
 Of earthly greatness and supremacy ?

What is his learning, or his pedigree,
 Devoid of manners or of courtesy ?
 He who succeeds and wins an honored name
 Among his fellows and deserving fame,
 Is the true gentlemen, whose genial soul
 And graceful conduct does our praise control.

He who has won the most of friends, and been
 The most esteemed, and for his courtly mien,
 There's nothing lost by such a course ; a mind
 That is congenial and polite and kind
 Is always foremost to attract and please,
 Whether in poverty or wealth or ease.

MEMORY OF MAJOR-GENERAL B. BIRNEY.

To the Birney Post

THE lamented soldier and patriot, Major-General B. Birney, was among those stalwart, brave hearts who first responded to the call of their country. The distinguished veteran took part in some of the most famous battles of the war. His record is as brilliant as it is glorious. He was a soldier that the foeman feared. Ever true, ever steadfast to the cause, ever on the alert and watchful of the enemy, he cared little for his braggadocio, and thought only of home, country and liberty. He fought hard; he endured privation and suffering and laid down his very life upon the altar of freedom. But triumphant victory and a victorious flag is his reward. He was a brave, courageous leader, fearless of the foe, at the head of his troops at the cannon's mouth; but he sleeps well beneath the bright blue skies of the lovely woodlands, where a grateful country has rested the dead soldier and a devoted wife has decorated his tomb; a suitable obelisk has been erected over his remains, inscribed with the bloody battles he fought in; his struggles with the foe, his heroic deeds and where his sword and sash are cut in marble letters upon the face of the monument. Enshrined within the hearts of his countrymen shall he live forever, and his virtues blossom like the rose. Years have fled but the hand of affection has never forsaken his beloved resting place. Mrs. Birney, ever true to the instincts of the heart of kind and affectionate women, has been a faithful mourner for her husband ever since his death and has borne to his grave a bleeding heart. She has been conspicuous in her efforts to keep the spot forever green consecrated to his remembrance. Death has robbed her of her earthly treasure, but scarcely a day has transpired since she bore him

there but what she has visited his grave. The display of floral offerings at his tomb is worthy of special mention and praise, where lies the object of her youthful choice, her counsellor and friend, and who was so kind to her in life.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTY is fleeting and is but a name,
 Short-lived at best and like a dying flower;
 Where silent Time with his destructive power,
 Steals like a blight upon the trembling frame.
 The eye may sparkle and the blooming cheek
 May wear a rosy tinge and blushing hue,
 But palsyng death soon veils the smiling view,
 Where beauty lies in her eternal sleep;
 Where every trace of sparkling bloom decays
 Beneath the solemn pall and damps of death;
 Where the destroyer pours his poisonous breath,
 Breathing in lonely gloom her funeral lays;
 Only the beauty of celestial days
 Is worthy of the poet's Muse and praise.

CHARITY.

THERE is a virtue in the human breast,
 Implanted there by the great Deity,
 Falling like sunshine on humanity,
 Ennobling to the soul and purely blest;
 But narrow love of wealth can never know,
 The joy and rapture that she does impart;

She, Charity, a jewel in the heart,
 Smiling upon us with her genial glow ;
 Where she, spontaneous like a glimpse of heaven,
 Scattering her blessed gifts upon the soul,
 To soothe and cheer us with her sweet control,
 Where she her kindly smile to us has given ;
 Oh, Charity ! where thy rich mercies flow,
 To cheer the heart and suffering and woe.

HAPPINESS.

CHASING a phantom the deluded breast,
 Fancies amid the dreams of wealth and power,
 That happiness is man's birthright and dower
 And his forever and beloved guest ;
 Yet seldom found within a world like this,
 Seldom achieved amid life's glittering bowers
 Of pomp and show and vain delusive flowers—
 Where joy is but a name and fancied bliss.
 There never was a human being yet
 Without a sorrow or without a blight,
 Tho' wandering a path of promise bright,
 Of hope and pleasure that he may have met ;
 There never was a heart that ever knew
 Perpetual bliss, or sky of fadeless blue.

MOTHER.

SCATTERED with flowers and with wreaths of green,
 She sleeps in peace beneath their fragrant bloom—
 A buried mother, and within the tomb
 Where life has ceased and its unhallowed scene ;

Age blanched her cheek, declining years had shed
 Upon her path decrepitude and blight,
 Her tottering step foretold of coming night,
 Of hastening death, the venerable dead;
 Yet she a lovely violet had been,
 Faithful of mothers in her parted hours,
 Before she sunk beneath the leaden powers
 Of the destroyer, yet to rest serene.
 Oh, sainted mother! in thy blest abode,
 God's choicest blessing is on thee bestowed.

COLONEL HENRY BOYD McKEAN.

Woodland Cemetery.

A GRACEFUL shaft of marble and a few choice ever-green trees denote the spot where he is laid. Sacred to the memory of a youthful soldier! Colonel McKean was killed in action while leading a charge at the battle of Cold Harbor, Va. He was only twenty-two years old when he died, in the young summer of his life, but he swells the long catalogue of brilliant names of those too numerous to mention, who have gone to their reward. He sleeps in yonder sepulchre, but he has left behind him a military record that every free man is proud to refer to. His death came early in life, but he died for his country, and he sleeps in the flag that was the pall of our fathers. The flowers of remembrance that the hand of affection has placed on his boyish grave shall commemorate his virtues, breathe back to us his days of youthful bloom and sunshine within the heart—his course as a patriot and his bravery as a soldier.

THE GALLANT DEAD.

SOLDIER, the fight is done !
 The sword can rest forever more ;
 The cares of life have flown,
 Thy weary march and tramp is o'er.

Yet victory is thine,
 And thine a laurel'd trophied tomb ;
 Where a beloved clime
 Yet tells us of thy day of bloom.

The memorable past !
 Thy proud career seems to repeat
 Thy victory to the last,
 And tells us of the foe's retreat.

Only a youth at best,
 Yet killed upon the battle field ;
 Where o'er thy bleeding breast
 Dear freedom knelt, her dead to shield.

Love and affection weeps
 Upon thy grave in silent tears ;
 Where dearest freedom keeps
 Thy valor and thy prouder years.

Oh ! there is rest at last
 Within the quiet grave ;
 Where peace is thy repast,
 That does thy senseless soul enslave.

TO ALICE.

HOW dear to my bosom and me
 Is Alice, the symbol of love;
 Her grace, like the bright, flowing sea,
 I feel it wherever I rove.
 How oft, in the days of my youth,
 I wandered with Alice alone;
 Her friendship was founded in truth,
 Tho' all but affection is flown.

Affection and memory shall bring
 Her image still back to my heart;
 Tho' sad be the lay that I sing
 Of Alice and sorrow a part.
 Tho' hope has deserted my breast,
 And left me to mourn and to sigh,
 The past that I cherished and blest
 I love, dear to Alice and I.

LUNA.

To Jennie.

MERGING from the cloud, and pure and bright,
 She, Luna, gilds the silent, gloomy night;
 The cold, pale moon, above the quiet vale—
 And where she holds her nightly festival;
 She, scattering her silver sparks around,
 Sailing above the world in grace profound.

Luna to us is like a crystal cloud,
 And like the dead, wrapped in the paly shroud;

III

Pouring her floods of sparkling radiance down,
She does the world with heavenly beauty crown.
Where she has hung her lantern in the sky
To gild the world and deck the vault on high,
The placid orb breaks on my musing eyes,
Careering on through the eternal skies—
Emblem of purity and stainless love,
I hail her splendor in the sky above.

Oh ! who can tell us who has given birth
To that nocturnal sun above the earth ;
For what wise purpose did the Deity
Create the moon in its sublimity !
Pale queen of night and the celestial orb,
That does our meditative thought absorb ;
The nightly visitant that queenly throws
Her brilliant halo o'er a world of woes ;
Who can reveal the wise and wondrous ways
Of the Creator, whom the world obeys ;
Who solve the problem, or the mystery,
Or tell what that translucent orb can be ?

TO FANNIE.

THO' time may steal upon the faithful heart,
And scatter, like a leaf, its bloom away,
Till in the grave I sleep, a senseless clay,
Thy memory shall be of me a part ;
The pleasant years and days I spent with thee,
The happy intercourse and social hours,
To me like dew to the unconscious flowers,
Oblivion never shall estrange from me.

The loved associates of my youthful years,
 I yet may meet them on the golden shore—
 My earthly loved ones and whom I deplore ;
 Angels that weep and shed no parting tears ;
 Where I may meet them in serener bowers,
 Beyond this transitory world of ours.

TIME.

TIME is swifter than the eagle,
 Than its flight across the sea—
 Flying past us, then receding
 Into dread eternity.
 Swifter than the flash of lightning,
 Leaping in the inky sky ;
 Where the tempest steals around us,
 And the storm cloud on the eye.

The comet, the mysterious stranger,
 Traveling through immensity,
 Whispers, in its matchless splendor,
 How the centuries come and flee ;
 Whispers, as the lapse of ages
 Take their flight and pass away,
 How puny is our own duration,
 And life's little, fleeting day.

Sweeping onward, never backward,
 But relentless to the last ;
 Rolling onward, then departing
 With the ages of the past ;

Never stopping like the billows
 Of the ever restless sea—
 Like a momentary vision,
 Passing by as rapidly.

The acorn, planted in the forest,
 Reaches soon maturity ;
 Where the impress of a century
 Tells us of the ancient tree ;
 Where its aged, hoary branches
 Woo the breath that summer knows ;
 Towering on in silent beauty,
 And a charm around us throws.

Night no sooner comes, than morning
 Breaks upon the startled view ;
 Where Time, on his viewless pining,
 Does his rapid flight pursue ;
 Breathing of our precious moments
 And our stay upon the earth ;
 Waning—changing—and departing
 Even at the hour of birth.

LOVE.

To Louise.

NESTLING beneath the soft and downy wing
 Of the fond bird that does protect its young,
 Is that which has the poet's lyre strung,
 Attuned to sweetest sounds that poets sing ;
 The heart, in its pure, genial, wonted glow,
 Pledges its faith in blest fidelity,
 Kept in the heart, where guile can never be,
 Till life's faint pulse a throb has ceased to know ;

Mildew and blight, with no destructive powers,
 Can chill that fragrant blossom of the heart—
 Clinging about us, and of us a part—
 To us like heaven and its viewless flowers ;
 The skies may shine our narrow graves above,
 Yet lasting as eternity is love !

DECORATION DAY.

Mount Moriah Cemetery.

SEND me thy pleasing power again,
 Beloved Muse and soothing lyre ;
 Oh ! let me breathe a grateful strain,
 And steep me in poetic fire ;
 Let me, tho' years have fled,
 Breathe back the honored dead,
 The brave, the young, the free,
 Who died for liberty.

The low dirge of the Post I hear,
 The requiem and funeral lay,
 In mournful strains upon the air,
 Breathing of loved ones pass'd away ;
 Where comrade coldly lies
 Beneath the azure skies,
 Yet where, in endless peace,
 His earthly sorrows cease.

The music of the woodland bird,
 Too, blends with the unhappy scene ;
 Where soldier's manly sigh is heard,
 And plaint—the earth and sky between ;

Where rose and scented wreath—
 The summer sky beneath—
 Bedeck the lowly grave
 Of comrade and the brave.

Bidding a last and sad adieu
 To the heroic, gallant dead,
 I hasten from the solemn view,
 Where death a chilling gloom has spread;
 I, too, within the heart,
 Have felt the bitter dart,
 Where death's consuming powers
 Destroyed my earthly flowers.

VIRTUE.

OH! purest virtue, let me learn of thee
 Thy kindlier path to tread through earthly life;
 Where wisdom softens down the wrath and strife
 Rankling about us like the angry sea.
 Let love—pure, spotless flame that feeds the heart
 With thought ennobling, and with soothing flowers,
 Be mine, within this dreary world of ours;
 For love is virtue and of her a part.
 Sole source of every lasting, perfect good
 Is virtue, and a gem within the mind,
 Where she, her heavenly wreaths around us bind,
 And has our path with choicest gifts bestrewed;
 Mother and father at home's blessed shrine,
 Whispered of virtue, in our day of prime.

ODE TO QUIET.

LEFT all alone, steeped in her magic spell,
 I court her presence as I would a flower,
 Blooming in silence in the woody dell,
 And in its cloistered bower.

Blest quiet, known only to the few,
 Lend me thy healing aid and power again;
 Where I thy charms in solitude renew,
 And breathe the poet's strain.

I care not for the world's tumultuous joys,
 Where peace is seldom known, or virtue found,
 The noisy mirth our happiness destroys,
 That smiles our path around.

The intellectual flowers unconfined,
 Blossom above the jarring sounds of earth,
 To soothe and elevate, and cheer the mind,
 Where quiet has her birth.

Let me repose amid the simplest flowers
 Of intellectual culture and of thought,
 Where solitude, and her most secret bowers,
 Is with the lyre fraught.

Where Nature with a pleasing spell displays
 Her highest gifts, and like the sky of blue;
 And poet, he repeats his sweetest lays,
 And sings his songs anew.

Where the soft rose-bud, opening to the light,
 Breathing its fragrance on the sunny air;
 Attracts the eye and does the soul delight,
 Emblem of promise fair.

Oh! let me live amid the peaceful charms
 Of quietude—that is my earnest plea—
 Fly from the world and where its rude alarms
 Can never come to me.

In the society of birds and flowers,
 Fain would I wish to end my days at last,
 Where quiet soothes away affliction's hours,
 And death a sweet repast.

The more now in my lonely grief and strife,
 In my bereavement and a day of gloom;
 Since she, the day-star of my soul and life,
 Lies in her aged tomb.

TABERNACLE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. Geo. E. Rees, Pastor.

THIS sacred edifice is worthy of the neighborhood in which it is situated. The architecture is in keeping with the taste of modern times. The Church has been built some time, but is still youthful looking. It is built of brown stone, surmounted with a steeple and spire. From the belfry is heard the sound of the bell, stealing out upon the quiet Sabbath morning, reminding all religious classes of the holiness of the day, and where peace and prayer soothe the troubled heart. The congregation worshiping God beneath the shade of this holy sanctuary, are distinguished for their piety and zeal in the cause of Christ. A beautiful choir is added to this church, where the sacred hymn is discoursed with feeling and thrilling effect.

The Rev. George E. Rees is the loved Pastor of the congregation, who labors assiduously for the welfare of those whom God has placed under his ministry. The Church is in a flourishing condition, many revivals having taken place here from time to time, evincing the interest taken in the work of God, where scores of people, especially the young, have become converted—and where they have been led to reflect upon the reality of another world after this life, by the lasting and impressive sermons of Mr. Rees.

TO REV. GEORGE E. REES.

OH, sacred Church! whose thrilling Sabbath bell
 I hear so often on the quiet air,
 Come, carol, now, where holiness and prayer
 Abounds, and does all earthly sorrow quell;
 Where worshiper within the hallowed pew,
 The knee to God in supplication bends;
 Like perfume that upon the rose descends,
 He gives his soul to God, tho' hid from view.
 Where, from the Bible, with inspired thought,
 The Pastor whispers of eternal skies—
 Whispers of peace, and rest, and paradise,
 With holiness and golden lyre fraught,
 Where the immortal and untroubled soul,
 In sweet repose has reached that final goal.

TO JOSEPH A. HUDSON, Esq.

HAPPY the man whose life is spent
In virtue and her peaceful ways;
Where she on wings of love is sent
To cheer his latest days.

He wears a wreath of endless bliss,
No cankering care, no grief devours,
Where meek content and happiness,
Surround his earthly hours.

His heart is like a little child—
Pure, blameless, and devoid of art;
Where virtue has upon him smiled,
And on his manly heart.

As flowers drink in the dews of night,
He wanders on his sinless way,
Where innocence is his delight,
And with him does delay.

So virtue!—richest gem of earth—
Forever springs within his breast,
Where loving kindness has its birth,
By God divinely blest.

EVENING CHANT.

SUNG at our hallowed fires,
Where love the soul inspires—
Where family altar, with its sacred flowers,
Breathes of its purity,
Of virtue and of piety,
Like angel visits to ethereal bowers.

The hearthstone cannot be
 Estranged from you nor me;
 But where a mother in our tenderest age,
 Smiles on our happiest hours,
 Like dew to languid flowers,
 And where she does our infant grief assuage.

So we, with her, repeat
 Our evening chant and sweet,
 Our mother's hymn, in tones divine;
 Where we are taught to love,
 Wherever we may rove,
 Home's altar and its consecrated shrine.

MODESTY.

OH, modesty! whose chaste and heavenly mien
 Is with the bold and forward never seen;
 Where shrinking from the world's low, vulgar ways
 I hail thy presence with admiring lays.
 Thine is a path replete with purest flowers,
 Secluded and within thy peaceful bowers—
 Wearing a wreath of loveliness and bloom,
 Artless and lovely and devoid of gloom;
 No arrogance is thine, no empty boast,
 Parent of goodness and beloved the most.
 Oh, queenly maid! with whom I meditate
 Thy fame within me still perpetuate,
 Let me repair to thy calm, peaceful vale.
 Oh, modesty! sweet is thy pleasing tale.

SAINT LUKE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Dedicated to the Rev. C. D. Currie, D.D., Rector.

SAINTE Luke's Episcopal Church, on Thirteenth Street below Spruce, has somewhat of a quaint look, but is deserving of special mention on account of the vast concourse of persons attending divine worship there. The interior of the church is commodious, and is capable of seating several hundred persons. There is not the historic interest connected with Saint Luke's, perhaps, that may be found among some of the other churches, as Christ Church or Saint Peter's; but for old families, wealth, influence and culture, Saint Luke's stands alone. A visit paid to this church on any Sunday, will convince any one of the character of the audience assembled within its hallowed portals. For hallowed it is—and breathes around us an atmosphere filled with the love of God, awe-inspiring and impressive. It matters little what men are, so their lives are correct—their hearts pure and their hopes bright for the other world; for there is no distinction within that blessed land! No sorrow but what is healed, no tear but what is wiped away. The Rev. Dr. Currie is an eloquent divine and scholar, but excels in that which is paramount to everything else—a teacher of Holy Writ and leading the poor, troubled soul to the throne of peace. The congregation is not only well known for their piety, but conspicuous also for their benevolence, charity and kindness to the poor.

Good deeds and noble acts have blest
The people of Saint Luke's, and best,
Foremost in acts of charity;
Where mercy is their lenient plea,

Where they have dried the bitter tear
 Of sorrow and of keen despair ;
 Where poverty with haggard mien,
 And lonely plaint is heard and seen.
 There where the better hope is given
 Of peace and happiness in heaven,
 Where Holy Writ and sacred page
 Tells of life's fleeting pilgrimage,
 Whispers of those immortal bowers,
 Beyond these lurid scenes of ours.

HYMN TO THE ETERNAL ONE.

FATHER of every mercy given
 To all upon the earth,
 Creator of the world and heaven,
 And of immortal birth—

Accept a lowly votary's prayer,
 I breathe in humbler mood ;
 Comfort to my sad heart and cheer,
 Author of every good.

Oh! let me learn of Thee to tread
 A path of purity,
 To shun the world, where vice is spread,
 And draw more nearer Thee.

Teach me of the celestial shore,
 Prepare me for that world to come,
 Where loved ones meet when life is o'er,
 Within the brighter home.

Oh! blessed Book—inspired page,
 I loved it in my early youth;
 Companion of my youthful age—
 Of precious, golden truth.

I read it at my mother's knee,
 In happier years forever fled,
 'Twas her who taught my youth and me,
 Of God—my gentler dead.

She never ceased to lead me on
 Through virtue's purest ways;
 The bright star of life's sunny morn,
 And all my youthful days.

Oh! let me tread a path along
 To peace and to religion given;
 Fly from the world's base, wicked throng,
 And find rest yet in heaven.

DIRGE.

WHERE muffled bell has rent the air,
 In strains of sadness heard;
 Death breathing of its triumphs near,
 The soul to grief has stirred.
 The listless dead, whose limbs recline
 Beneath the grassy sod,
 Bids this poor trembling heart of mine
 Bow to the will of God.

The best, the fairest, youngest die,
 And pass from earth away,
 Tho' bright may be Hope's flattering sky,
 And sweet her cheering lay;
 The funeral requiem at last
 For us creeps on the breeze,
 Tho' bright may be our golden past,
 And earthly pleasures please.

The loved and lost of other years,
 Remind us of the truth;
 Sunbeams that love and memory bears,
 Companions of our youth;
 Inscribed on monumental stone,
 Their name and birth and age,
 Our early friends no longer known,
 Except on memory's page.

So death, forgetful of the bloom
 That plays on beauty's cheek,
 Comes breathing by her hapless doom,
 And her long, endless sleep;
 The eye grows dim, the touch beneath,
 Of the destroyer Death,
 Where he destroys the fairest wreath,
 Chilled by his icy breath.

The wisest and the best employ
 Their time on fadeless things,
 Beyond this world's unhallowed joy,
 Where heavenly pleasure springs;
 Oh! happy land, divinely given,
 'To us beyond the tomb;
 How sweet the recompense of heaven,
 A life of peace and bloom.

TO BLANCHE.

BE mine the hour with Blanche to spend,
 Oh! all my lyre to her I give—
 To her, my gay and lovely friend;
 With Blanche forever would I live.

The spring birds sing where she and I
 Have lingered in the rustic bowers;
 Where her poetic glance and eye
 To me were like the charming flowers.

We, wandering, sought the path along,
 Where rippling streamlet near us rolled,
 Where songster poured his evening song,
 In those sweet days and years of old.

Fair Blanche! fond girl of lofty mind—
 Worthy of all a poet's Muse;
 Where cultivated thought refined,
 Her careless path in life pursues.

A belle, too, and whose stately mien
 And loveliness, no rival knows—
 A graceful nymph, and heavenly queen,
 Herself a violet and rose.

FRAGMENT.

To the Rev. Dr. Stephen A. Dana.

BE sacred shades! where truth and peace is found,
 Where holiness and love and prayer abound;
 Suspend the world's tumultuous care and strife,
 And let me live, with you, a purer life;

Where meditation at the holy shrine
 Dreams of the better and the brighter clime;
 Where worlds of promise, and of endless bloom,
 Survive the blight and darkness of the tomb;
 Green fields and flowers—and that never die,
 Blooming in heaven and upon the eye;
 Smiling forever and of stainless birth,
 Beyond the confines of this clouded earth,
 Where music, swelling from Elysian choirs,
 The soul with speechless happiness inspires,
 The outburst of ethereal melody,
 Ecstatic strains, where grief and sorrow flee.

The Rev. Dr. Dana has charge of the Second Presbyterian Church, on Walnut Street, near Fortieth, West Philadelphia. Great interest is taken in the welfare of this Church by both Pastor and members. The place of worship is frequented also by many strangers, who repair hither to listen to the distinguished divine. His sermons are impressive, and his teachings tell us of the folly of this world, and leave upon the heart hope and comfort. We love to recollect his consoling words, for they have cheered our sadder hours. As the landscape reflects the beauty and glory of departing day, so he paints the picture of eternal life—draws the curtain over the shadows of this world, and whispers to the poor, trembling heart of the believing Christian, a land of perennial peace and rest.

This Church has a peculiar claim upon our affections, inasmuch as it is associated with precious memories.

THE CLOUD.

THE darkling cloud obscures the sky of blue,
 Shedding a darkness on these hearts of ours;
 A lowering mist falls on the joyous hours,
 Where the bright sun deserts the languid view;
 The whole face of creation wears a gloom,
 A gloomy tinge steals on the drooping flowers,
 Where they resign their wonted, magic powers,
 And seem to haunt us like the loathsome tomb.
 So such is life, when clouds of darkness steal
 Upon us in the hour of mirth and joy;
 When blighted hope and blasted dreams destroy
 Life's fairer prospects that we loved to feel.
 Clouds are the omen of approaching woe,
 Where we an adverse sky have learned to know.


THE KIND HEART.

Dedicated to my Friend, Mr. James Moore.

LIKE the green earth, or Spring's soft, genial showers,
 Is the kind heart that beats responsive to ours,
 When most we need the kindly sympathy
 Of feeling hearts—in life's adversity.
 Without the sunshine Summer could not be,
 Nor the green, blooming earth, nor cheer nor glee.
 Seared is the heart without the warmth and glow
 Of human kindness in another's woe;
 Without a gleam of sunshine in the breast,
 Devoid of feeling, and unsung—unblest,
 One cold, and dark, and lonely winter's day
 Is life to such, and to remorse a prey—
 Of miser souls—and of ignoble birth,
 Spurning their brother, and the griefs of earth.

A LAY

To the Shade of the venerable Bishop White.

RAVE, dignified, and of historic fame,
 We keep within our hearts his spotless name;
 The honored White—he led the van along
 Of holiest piety; the noble throng
 Eager to hear from his inspired breast,
 The teachings of the word of God and blest.

A counselor! and of immortal truth,
 Lovely and pure as is the day of youth;
 His counsel fell like dew upon the flowers,
 Upon the sad heart in his palmy hours,
 When foremost in the ranks of lore and art,
 He did his precept to the soul impart.
 Of lofty mien, and of a manly breast,
 His image is upon the mind impressed,
 Where gentlest manners and a polished mind,
 Breathe of his culture and a soul refined.
 Teacher of peace, and piety, and heaven—
 Oh! last bright hope to earthly mortals given,
 He taught man of that ever quiet shore,
 Where none can sorrow, and where none deplore,
 He breathing of the peace of paradise,
 The heavenly country and serener skies;
 Cheering the dying in his day of prime,
 A dweller now of that unfading clime.

The Revolution blest his honored life,
 Aiding his country in her day of strife;
 Where he again his counsel did repeat,
 To calm the storm that did around us beat,

In darker times, when our heroic sires
 Had fought and bled for their paternal fires,
 For freedom, and for home, and liberty,
 The noble and the good, the brave and free.

The patriot White, the friend of Washington,
 He cheered and soothed him when the war begun;
 His sympathies were with our native clime,
 Intelligent, and gifted, and divine;
 Where he had whispered to the throne above
 A prayer for freedom in diviner love.

Hail to the flag! for their dear sakes and blest,
 Flag of our country! and the sweetest—best.
 Go where you will, no other flag like ours,
 Such priceless gifts upon a nation showers,
 For we are free, intelligent and brave—
 And where we spurn the fetters of the slave;
 No glittering sceptre, and no queenly brow
 In meek humility can make us bow—
 No cringing slaves, no servile race are we,
 Too sweet to us our blessed liberty.

SUNLIGHT.

PILLOWED upon the soft and damask rose,
 Falling in splendor from resplendent skies,
 Eternal sunlight bursting on our eyes,
 Gilding the landscape that around us glows;
 Flooding the world with universal light,
 Like streaks of liquid silver from above,
 Bright, radiant sparks of everlasting love,
 Piercing the darkness and the gloomy night.

Where the green earth a blooming mantle wears,
 The sunlight paints the beauty of the flowers;
 Paints the deep forest hues and woody bowers,
 Where in the sky the golden orb appears,
 Offspring of Him who to the world has given
 The lamp of day!—the glitt'ring Sun of Heaven.

SHIPWRECK.

OCEAN laments!—the sea-bird's piercing cry
 Bewails the dead; the gallant ship is gone
 To fragments, and to pieces in the storm,
 Where streaks of lightning flash along the sky.
 The hapless ship resigns its precious freight,
 Its golden treasure to the ruthless deep;
 Oh! lost at sea, in surging wave to sleep,
 None left to tell of their untimely fate.
 Rosy with youth and loveliness o'erspread,
 Beauty lies down and with enameled cheek,
 Where none beside her viewless grave can weep,
 Consigned to slumber with the shroudless dead;
 Where the deep roar of the tumultuous wave,
 Is beauty's requiem, heard at her grave.

TRIBUTARY LINES,

To the Memory of Thomas Marshall, Esq.

LIGHT goes out that lit up for a few, brief, fleeting
 years, a beloved home circle—a sunshine stealing
 over the pathway of his wife and youthful children. A la-

mented father, he lavished upon them during his earthly life, his unfaltering care and love—the participation of joy and happiness unalloyed; a devoted parent, but now he sleeps the long eternal slumber of the tomb. His story, too, is sad enough, for, in the heyday of domestic felicity, and the vigor of manhood, he passed away to the lonely grave. Day dreams of peace and everlasting life were the glorious sunset hues of his life's evening close, gilding for him the dark valley and shadow of death. The pang is deep that rankles in the breast of his fatherless children. But they have the promise of the world to come, and the hope of meeting their sainted father in heaven. They looked upon his dying couch—saw him wither away—languish like a rose of Summer, but they bowed submissive to the will of God. The crushed flower will rise and bloom again, in the day of the resurrection. The grave may obscure his earthly loveliness, but his immortal and intellectual nature can never perish. Memory, too, gathers up every morsel and trace of his departed presence. Every look, every kind word and smile of his, she enshrines within the grateful soul. He died too early for those who loved him, but his life and manly character is written in our hearts. His record is on high, as lasting as the evergreen hills of eternity. His earthly life was one of fidelity and truth—and whose sincere piety and trust in God were beyond a doubt. Home loses a kind and affectionate father, counselor and friend, but Heaven gains an immortal spirit, where he is hymning the praises of God, and his soul passes away to the joys and peace of endless morning.

ODE.

OH! ye have shed your bitter tears
 Where a beloved father sleeps;
 The loved and lost of other years,
 Whom love and faithful memory keeps.

Where ye have felt the rankling dart,
 To see him laid within the ground,
 Where sorrow smites the wounded heart,
 And sad and lonely all around.

The warbling, chirping, merry bird,
 Discoursing by its tuneful lays,
 Shall never more by him be heard,
 Save where the grave upon him preys.

Tread softly where that father lies—
 His fleet, untimely doom deplore,
 Till ye in those perennial skies,
 Shall meet him and to part no more.

Within the happy, better clime,
 Beyond these lowering skies of ours,
 Where, in that holier land divine,
 His soul lives in its spotless powers.

Farewell! the day is hastening on—
 The shades of night begin to fall;
 Where river guards thy buried form,
 And I deplore thy funeral pall.

The rosy clouds piled in the West,
 O'er canopy thy peaceful grave,
 Where evening gilds thy place of rest,
 For night is stealing on the wave.

CROSSING THE OCEAN.

To my Friend, Mr. Charles C. Jennings.

CROSSING the ocean, pathless sea,
 Crossing the fierce tumultuous wave—
 The matchless work of Deity;
 A sepulchre to some, and grave.

Crossing where angry billows roar,
 The tempest and the beating storm;
 Drifting away from home and shore—
 From genial heart and kindly form.

Crossing where the ingenious skill
 Of man controls and curbs the sea;
 Subservient to the Maker's will,
 Obedient to his decree.

Crossing where tidings never come
 Of absent ones, and valued friends
 On love's sweet pinions, sent from home,
 On whom fond memory's tear descends.

Crossing to grasp the friendly hand—
 To meet in fellowship again,
 The friends that dwell in foreign land,
 The kindred soul across the main.

The wanderer and the sailor weeps,
 Where ocean rolls the sky beneath,
 To think of those whom mem'ry keeps
 Sleeping beneath a cypress wreath.

Blanched cheek, and sterner heart will not
 Efface the joy that mem'ry bears—
 Loved ones, and home, the dearest spot
 In life—dear to departed years.

Nature's great anthem is the sea,
 Where billows roar and breakers rave;
 There is sublimest melody
 Heard in the surging, roaring wave.

A speechless charm she does prolong—
 Ocean! in her sublimity,
 Where stately ship careers along,
 Majestic, o'er the dark blue sea.

August when the tempestuous storm,
 Obscures the sea, and sky of blue;
 The vivid lightning's glaring form,
 That leaps on the bewildered view—

Leaps on the ship. A pleasing fear
 Is with the mighty ocean fraught;
 Where God, the soul, and spirit there,
 Leads on to more exalted thought.

A DIRGE,

*Respectfully dedicated to the Memory of the late Bishop Matthew Simpson,
 D.D., LL.D., buried at Laurel Hill Cemetery.*

WHERE June's bright, placid, liquid skies
 O'er canopy the solemn scene,
 He sleeps!—in yonder grave he lies,
 Upon a couch of peace serene,
 Where Summer wears a mantle green.

Where the sweet music of the bird,
 In all its thrilling melody,
 In scented dell and grove is heard,
 Or twittering in joy and glee,
 Is heard in the majestic tree.

Where blooming bank and green hillside,
 With blue-bells and with roses throng;
 Where river pours its silver tide,
 Meandering the shore along,
 Allied to story and to song.

But he who sleeps in yonder tomb—
 Oh! what to him the dirge or wail,
 Or garlands that around him bloom;
 Oh! what to him so cold and pale,
 Whose coverlid I pensive hail?

Eternal, fadeless, stainless flowers,
 May blossom on that peaceful shore,
 For him in those celestial bowers,
 To wither and to die no more,
 Tho' our poor, bleeding hearts deplore.

Sunshine and hope, and endless Spring
 Is there, and everlasting peace;
 Where ceaseless joy is on the wing,
 Where care and earthly sorrow cease,
 And pure love does the soul appease.

REMEMBER ME.

WHEN stars are shining in the vault of heaven,
 And glistening on in praise of Deity,
 When meditation to the soul is given,
 Then think of me.

When the soft dew is on the rose or flower,
 Blooming beneath the old ancestral tree,
 At the calm vesper-time—at sunset hour—
 Then think of me.

When the pale moon careers along the sky,
 And spreads her sheen so proudly over thee,
 As memory lingers near or prompts the sigh,
 Then think of me.

When other friends are ling'ring where thou art,
 Like flowers blooming on thy path in glee,
 Tho' they may claim a place within thy heart,
 Then think of me.

When the last moment, and when life is done,
 And thou art hastening to eternity;
 With one last, lingering thought, ere life is flown—
 Remember me.

TENTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

To the Rev. W. B. Greene, Pastor.

THE Church at Twelfth and Walnut, crowded in its palmy days with the old residents of the city, is fast crumbling to decay. The celebrated Dr. Boardman was the Pastor of this Church in its more youthful career.

Nearly a century has passed over its perishing walls. Its venerable dead have gone to their quiet graves, and he who breathed his words of cheer and comfort over the hearts of his listening hearers, has also passed away, and sleeps within his narrow cell.

Strange faces and new scenes have taken the places of the old familiar forms, who wandered along the aisles to their accustomed pews. So, too, with those who stood within the sacred desk, whom we once loved to hear as we wended our quiet way along the sanctuary with our beloved

mother—who, too, has crossed the silent sea, and got her golden harp. There is not a single minister left in this city who was eminent in the days of our childhood, and noted for his talent and piety. Time has swept every one away. The lonely pulpit is the only memorial of the sainted dead. But we listen yet to the kind words and soothing advice, uttered from the lips of others, who, though not quite as familiar to us as the brilliant lights of the past, are still as pure and good, and quite as useful and honored, as their lamented predecessors. We go away from the hallowed Church, but their precepts and sermons follow us, and linger near us, like perfume of fragrant flowers.

The present Pastor of this Church is the Rev. W. B. Greene, one of the most useful and efficient ministers that the holy sanctuary has ever had. His kindly words fall about us like streams of sunlight. He has the power to cheer away the dark clouds of affliction that beset us, for there is peace and happiness to be derived from the companionship and sympathy of such a man.

The altar of peace and of rest,
 The refuge from sorrow and woe,
 Consoling and soothing the breast,
 That none but the Christian can know;
 A blessed—a welcome release,
 From anguish, and tumult, and strife,
 Where we, and in heavenly peace,
 Can dream of a happier life.

Where tempest and storm cannot beat,
 In darkness our pathway around;
 Oh! happy—oh, cheering retreat,
 Where rest for the weary is found.

The Bible, and precept, and prayer,
 Illume the dark valley of death,
 Like flowers that pour on the air
 Their fragrant and odorous breath.

The Sabbath—the precept, and plea—
 It steals like a charm on the heart,
 And whispers of heaven to me,
 And is of the spirit a part;
 Where he in the pulpit is heard,
 Assuaging the griefs of the soul,
 Where sorrow the bosom has stirred,
 And he does our sadness control.

The chant as it steals from the choir,
 Consoling, and cheering, and blest,
 With rapture the soul does inspire,
 And calms the tumult of the breast;
 I loved it—I heard it in youth,
 When joy to my childhood was given;
 And she, the sweet teacher of youth,
 Had taught me and told me of heaven.

COMMODORE DAVID PORTER.

AN eagle, surmounting a tall marble shaft, with the word
 "PORTER" inscribed upon the obelisk, denotes the
 last resting place of the distinguished naval hero, Commo-
 dore David Porter, of the Revolution. It is scarcely neces-
 sary to eulogize the life and character of the patriot and
 gallant sailor. Suffice it to say that he was one of the
 oldest and most honored naval commanders of the Revolu-

tion. He early espoused the cause dear to the heart of every American, and offered his sword to his country in the hour of her woe. If courage, fortitude, and patriotism belonged to any man, they were surely his. At the battlements of Tripoli he covered himself with immortal fame, and distinguished himself for his bravery and coolness, where history has bequeathed to him a well-earned wreath of chivalry; but it was not for mere empty fame and glory that he enrolled himself among the brave defenders of his country. A nobler object had aroused his nature—the freedom of his native land, and the blessings of home and liberty. He never faltered in the performance of his manly duty, but ever true to the trust confided in him. His sword flashed beneath our honored flag—and in utter abhorrence of its tyrannic foes. His hopes of success were bright; his ambition pure, and his warm and generous sympathies with the unhappy and oppressed. Commodore Porter was not only conspicuous for his noble character as a patriot, but was eminent also as an explorer. Science and education have lavished upon him the well-earned meed of praise; and where, in the achievement of success, he realized his most sanguine hopes.

After a career of remarkably brilliant exploits, he sleeps well in his woodland tomb, where the choicest laurels overshadow the buried hero, and where freedom has erected over his remains a frail but sincere memorial of his departed worth.

A son, Admiral Porter, and worthy of all the distinction of his illustrious father, is still living. His services in the late war are familiar to almost every one; where his past record reflects credit and honor upon our nation, and where he is the recipient of his country's love and gratitude.

Traces of the old paternal home are still to be seen at

Chester, Delaware County, and upon the shores of the Delaware River, a few miles below the city.

Where Autumn leaves bestrew the ground,
And I, a lonely guest, and pale,
Linger around his narrow mound,
And Summer's faded bloom bewail.

I view his grave; a laurel'd wreath
Festoons the spot where he is laid;
He, slumbering the sky beneath,
A patriot—dear, parted shade.

His lip is mute—his cheek is cold!
The bloom has faded from his brow;
Yet where the Stars and Stripes enfold
The grave of that dead hero now.

Dear freedom's child—the noble, brave,
Brave in his country's darker hours,
He, sleeping in the peaceful grave,
Beneath a wreath of fairest flowers.

Where floats above his placid breast,
As in the day that memory keeps,
The starry flag he loved the best—
And where that gallant spirit sleeps.

Where fame, like an eternal flower,
His noble deeds come breathing near;
For he, in a victorious hour,
Beat back the foe in wild despair.

For him the poet's grateful lyre
Shall gently breathe a requiem lay,
Oh! mighty dead—departed sire!
Proud of thy honored, blooming day.

A sunlight gilds thy silent tomb!
 Where thou art wrapt in endless sleep;
 Where she, in silence and in gloom—
 Sweet liberty—is seen to weep!

The flowers of love, and liberty,
 Now blooming on that grave of thine;
 Loved leader of the brave and free,
 Shall tell us of thy day of prime.

WOODLAND CEMETERY.


THE site occupied by this secluded but beautiful spot was the early home of William Hamilton, the founder of Hamilton Village, now West Philadelphia. The old homestead is a landmark of Colonial times—the lovely woodlands, the country seat of Mr. Hamilton, who was a gentleman of education and culture. This charming spot at that time was the resort of some of the most celebrated men of the nation, such as Washington, and other heroes of the Revolution. The halls of the stately and beautiful mansion once echoed with the sound and gay laugh of courtly belles, but are now deserted, and the grand old pile is fast hastening to decay. He, too, the companion of brave men and fair women, lies down to his last sleep, nor listens to the spring bird singing amid the giant trees of his secluded home.

The old mansion house is still to be seen, confronting a magnificent lawn, sloping gracefully down to the banks of the River Schuylkill, and where the view extends still onward, stretching for miles away, and within sight of the distant Delaware River.

But now a change broods over the departed splendor of this historic spot. The only memorial of those palmy, blooming days, is the monument, obelisk, and funeral urn. The poor dust, sleeping and mouldering away in the chambers of death, tells a mournful tale, and has for us a solemn lesson of mortality, breathing of the brief duration and the folly and vanity of all earthly schemes and dreams.

The fragrance of the rose, and the low, soft note of the bird, as he twitters in the tree, mingles with the sound of the tolling bell, as it swells out upon the breeze—the funeral dirge of some earthly loved one, going to the silent land.

HAMILTON MANSION.

RUMBLING to ruin and decay,
Proud relic of a brighter day,
I hail thy old, ancestral scene,
Blooming the earth and sky between;
I hail thy old, decrepit walls—
Thy desolated, silent halls,
Where Time has scattered over thee
A tinge of sad solemnity.

Where Hamilton had spent his years,
Freed from the world's turmoil and fears,
Within thy ever blest retreat,
That does his past career repeat;
And where thy hallowed spot had been,
Beloved by him, oh, happy scene!
Where heroes in an early day,
Had wandered ere they passed away;

The sires of the glorious past,
 Who fought for freedom to the last—
 Shouted for life and liberty—
 Their motto, and their creed, and plea.

Even amid thy solemn scene,
 There is a pensive joy serene,
 Where quietude is found and rest,
 Within thy peaceful shades and blest;
 Where awe-inspiring thought and prayer,
 A welcome guest comes stealing near,
 Where, with her magic wand and power,
 She, peace, allays our saddest hour,
 And lulls to the eternal sleep
 Our trembling hearts, that mourn and weep.

Only the cold and senseless clay,
 Lies mouldering with thee away;
 The better part is past the tomb,
 And blossoms in perpetual bloom;
 Prayer tells us of perennial skies,
 And of yon heavenly paradise;
 Prayer tells us of the better land,
 And tells us of the golden strand;
 Prayer tells us of the promised goal
 Of peace—sweet haven of the soul!

Thy towering trees of fading green,
 O'er-canopy the solemn scene,
 Like sentinels watching at the grave,
 Companions of the sauntering wave;
 Where Summer, with her waving form,
 Comes breathing of the Autumn storm;
 Where bright October pours around
 Her glories, and begems the ground;

The gorgeous dyes—the scarlet leaves—
 The golden, yellow, bronzen trees,
 Where they, with their enchanting powers,
 Fire the woodland's lonely bowers,
 A panoramic view and grand,
 That does my ardent praise command.

Farewell! thy beautiful ravine,
 Dotted with glist'ning evergreen,
 Conspicuous for its grace and bloom,
 Allays thy scene of death and gloom.
 Oh, mournful spot, forever sad!
 Where joy the soul can never glad,
 There where the falling leaves bestrew
 The grave, that does salute the view;
 Where Death, with his destructive powers,
 Has lowly laid our lovely flowers—
 Beauty and youth forever past—
 The banquet of the grave at last.

Adieu! this doleful scene of death,
 Where I deplore his ruthless breath,
 Where thy seclusion is to me
 As sweet as thy tranquility;
 Memory and love I leave with thee,
 Beloved spot, endeared to me—
 Romantic—where a lover's heart
 Might be of thy repose a part,
 Or trembling at the shrine of one
 He loved and worshiped as his own.

PEACE.

OH! peace, that lulls us with serener smile,
 Curbing the anger of the restless sea—
 Symbol of rest, thou art tranquility;
 Eager to soothe—the lone heart to beguile;
 Thy heavenly power sent on the wings of sleep,
 Where she her visit makes to calm the brow,
 Thou art to the rent heart as lenient now,
 Steep'd in affliction, and in anguish deep.
 No pleasing garb art thou constrained to wear,
 Disguising truth like a fictitious flower,
 But where we feel thy mild, persuasive power,
 Like strains of music creeping on the air.
 Oh! blessed peace, base passion to allay,
 Lulling the tempest as it dies away.

MEDITATIONS WITH A SPIDER.

OH! wondrous insect, part of the great plan
 Of the Almighty, who created thee,
 Thou hast a lesson given to me and man,
 Complexed, and of unraveled mystery;
 Not made by chance, created to perform
 Some useful work thou art depending on.
 Thou hast a mission to fulfil, and great,
 In the grand scheme of all created things;
 Where God, who could the world annihilate
 Controls all knowledge and its secret springs;
 Where thou art fraught with wisdom and with power,
 Such as is with the tree, or tiny flower.

Weaving thy silken web the live-long night,
 When man is slumb'ring in his quiet bed;
 Inured within thy cell, without the light,
 Save where the stars illumine thy lonely shed—
 The crystal gems that deck the vault of night,
 And fill the soul with rapture and delight.

Where the unwary fly thou hast misled,
 By the illusive meshes of thy net,
 And where thou dost for thy poor victim spread
 A vile snare in secret ambush set,
 He, unsuspecting of his woeful fate,
 With thee his execution does await.

Frail as thy fabric to the fly may be,
 'Tis his lone prison house and grave at last;
 His fatal foe and mortal enemy,
 Once in thy trap he is thy sure repast;
 In vain he struggles for his liberty,
 Implores in vain with his unheeded plea.

A piece of mechanism so complete,
 Breathing of all thy toil and industry,
 An architect, and builder, and replete
 With matchless skill and ingenuity;
 Man could not weave a net so delicate,
 So perfect, graceful, and so intricate.

As lowly as thy origin may be,
 As little noticed by the sons of earth,
 There is intelligence divine in thee,
 And mind, denoting a superior birth,
 Toiling and spinning as the quiet skies
 O'er canopy the web of one so wise.

Bathed in the sunlight of approaching day,
 Companion of the dawn and blushing flower,
 I saw the pearly dewdrop as it lay
 On the soft texture of thy crystal bower,
 Compelled by hunger in a wondrous way
 Remorselessly to feed upon thy prey.

Time wasted never can return again;
 Then learn of the poor spider how to live;
 Weave well the web of life, nor live in vain;
 Soon to the dust our trembling forms we give;
 Improve the time before the soul has fled,
 And we are numbered with the speechless dead.

The golden opportunity improve,
 The precious moments that are to us given,
 Where God, in his philanthropy and love,
 Made us—and for a brighter life in heaven;
 These rankling griefs and cares soon will they cease,
 And sorrow, swallowed up in endless peace.

COMMODORE TRUXTON

WAS a citizen of Philadelphia, and was highly esteemed for his many qualities and private virtues. He belonged to that class of refined and cultivated people for which the city has been conspicuous since the days of Penn. He resided on Arch Street, above Eleventh, and was a member of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, where he spent his quiet Sabbaths; he lived and died in the hope of a blessed immortality. By his gentle and polite manners

and winning ways, he won the esteem and regard of his associates.

As regards his fighting qualities and exploits in defence of the flag, his record forms one of the brightest spots upon the page of history. The intrepid Truxton was an heroic son of liberty; he was fearless and undaunted before the foe. He was wounded, and was lost in the dim smoke that enveloped the guns of his victorious squadron.

The distinguished hero lies buried at Laurel Hill Cemetery, where he sleeps in the deep shadow of the trees, and on the river shore.

Sleep, Truxton, on thy couch of peace,
Where warfare and where battles cease,
Brave son of liberty!
Pointing thy guns upon the foe,
When in thy country's hour of woe,
You whipped him on the sea.

He sunk away abashed from thee,
Before a glorious victory,
Which thou hadst nobly won;
Oh, Truxton, where that flag of thine
Waves proudly o'er thy native clime,
You honored as your own.

Immortal fame is o'er thee thrown,
Where thou art sleeping now, alone,
Within thy tranquil grave;
Beneath the green, umbrageous trees,
But never more thy heart to please,
So gallant and so brave.

Where patriot found a welcome grave,
 And British foes could not enslave,
 The brave and gallant dead;
 Where freedom with a smiling sky,
 And priceless gifts came stealing by,
 And tyranny had fled.

COURTLAND SANDERS.

HE lies buried in the beautiful Woodland Cemetery, on the banks of the River Schuylkill. This brave young officer fell at the battle of Shepardstown Ford, September 22d, aged only twenty-two years. The death of one so young—so universally esteemed as he was by his associates, threw a deep gloom over the country. The news of his untimely death was received with sorrow by the nation. This noble youth did not only meet the foe—did not only die for the preservation of those glorious principles bequeathed to us by our illustrious sires—but he was a child of thought, poetry and culture. His intellectual attainments were well known, and were equaled only by his hope of peace and rest beyond the tomb—for he was a Christian. The last, dark, terrible battle of life he fought and won. His faith in Christ never forsook him, but that which was his cheer and comfort on the battle field, was his hope also that gilded the shadow of death—and led the way to the heavenly paradise, where we may all meet upon one common footing in Heaven.

His cold remains repose in yonder grave, but his immortal soul is with God. He won the day. He succeeded—at the head of his troops, and with artillery and cannon,

he beat the foeman back. His country was saved—his flag rescued from disgrace and shame, and at last everlasting peace and happiness in Heaven his reward.

Departed in his youthful days,
 Let me recount his fleeting bloom;
 Where he, tho' darkness on him preys,
 Is sleeping in his peaceful tomb;
 A hero, battling for the right,
 He fell upon the battle plain,
 Where morning, with her rosy light,
 Had never met his glance again.

The tramp of soldiers spread around,
 A scene of tumult wild and grave,
 Where, lifeless on the battle ground
 He lay—the youthful and the brave,
 Where he had died for liberty,
 Pierced by the shell—the brave and free.

His plume is trailing in the dust,
 Where coldly lies his pallid brow,
 Soldier! the grave's deep, cankering rust
 Thy glittering sword must tarnish now,
 The conflict and the bloody fight
 Shall never vex thy peaceful breast.
 Peace be thy sleep—and bayonet bright,
 Guard o'er thy couch of tranquil rest,
 The flag shall be thy canopy,
 To deck thy grassy, hallowed mound,
 Where beauty, love and liberty
 Shall shed for thee their tears around;
 Too prematurely reft away,
 In the young summer of thy day.

The Spring, with her rich, clustering flowers,
 Shall decorate thy boyish tomb,
 Fit emblem of thy blooming hours,
 Tripping along with smiles of bloom;
 With mantle and with vernal wreath,
 She shall begem thy rosy grave,
 Where thou art laid the sky beneath,
 Soldier! so valiant and so brave,
 Beneath the glistening bayonet,
 Tho' thy brief sun of life is set.

I plead to thee a sad adieu,
 And haste away from death and thee,
 Where yon deep winding avenue,
 Is studded with the solemn tree,
 Dotted with funereal rose and flower;
 I tread the lonely path along,
 Where owl hides in her secret bower,
 And grief has sung her pensive song.

And see! the evening shadows fall,
 Upon thy honored grave and thee,
 Where dark night is thy funeral pall,
 Sleeping in dread solemnity;
 Yet thou art blest compared to me—
 I, fruitless, mourn the happy past,
 Where I shall never cease to be
 Despair and keener griefs' repast.

COMMODORE JAMES BIDDLE.

Dedicated to Judge Craig Biddle.

THE Biddle family is one of the oldest and most respectable ones to be found in the State. They are not only distinguished in the professional walks of life, but date back to the earliest dawn of the Revolution—men found among the firmest friends of their country, battling for the right and the cause of liberty; heroes fighting on the sea—dismantling the guns of the enemy, and brandishing the sword of freedom in the very face of kings and queens; for what does freedom care for a coronet on the brow of a man, though it be set with precious jewels.

The immediate subject of this memoir is Commodore James Biddle, a Revolutionary patriot, who, by his brave and gallant deeds in defence of the flag, has won for himself immortal laurels. He occupies a place among those brilliant naval heroes, whom history has placed upon her page, and who live also untarnished upon the imperishable scroll of fame. Somebody has said, "the good that men do lives after them;" such can be truly said in the case of Commodore Biddle.

The funeral ceremonies of the distinguished dead took place at Christ Church, Second Street, above Market; a solemn pall rested upon the coffin of the dead sailor, and the coverlid bestrewed with the fairest flowers that freedom had gathered as a last sad tribute to his memory, and where she lavished them upon the bier of her departed son. He was taken hence to Christ Church burying ground, at Fifth and Arch Streets, where he was followed to the grave by the most prominent men of the nation. His remains have been subsequently removed to Laurel Hill Cemetery, near Philadelphia.

Christ Church burying ground was also the depository of the late Nicholas Biddle, Esq., and his father, Charles, and the Commodore.

Biddle, whose great celebrity
Is known on the land and sea—
Heroic dead! thy pedigree
Is that of immortality;
Thy heritage eternal fame,
For thine is a proud, honored name.

Foremost amid the deadly fight,
Battling for liberty and right,
Where heroes sunk beneath the wave,
To rise no more—the fallen brave—
Yet who, intrepid to the last,
Had fought the foe till life had passed;
Triumphant dead—the gallant free,
Who spurned the threats of tyranny.

Where the undaunted and the brave,
For freedom sought a welcome grave,
Beneath the sacred flag of old,
That did their dying forms enfold,
Speechless and pale, and where they lay
Within the surf—a senseless clay.

Where the heroic, gallant soul,
The hopes of millions did control,
And where the country looked to thee
At last, for hope and victory;
Where the oppressive foe, abhorred,
Against us drew the feeble sword,
But where thy guns upon the sea,
Beat back the cowering enemy,

Taught him with a victorious blow,
Our just and righteous cause to know.

So Biddle, in a day of woe,
Contending with thy country's foe,
Thou, too, hadst led the van along
Of freedom, and her valiant throng;
Where thou hadst with a fearless breast,
Fought for the flag—the dearest, best,
And where thy cannon, bristling, bright,
Told of the foe's defeat and flight,
Where doubt and gloom, forever flown,
Told of the brilliant victory won.

The flowers of peace are blooming on
Thy cold turf and thy buried form;
Green be the spot where thou art laid,
Beloved Chief! departed shade!
Memorial of a prouder day,
Where thou hadst swept the foe away,
And thy pure love of liberty,
Had moved thy noble heart and thee.

Sleeping beneath thy sod of green—
Sleeping beneath the sky serene,
Within thy martial cloak, and pale,
Where liberty has told her tale.

The blessed flag, so dear to thee,
Shall be thy starry canopy;
Breathing of the illustrious past,
And of thy valor to the last;
Breathing of many fights untold,
And of the Stars and Stripes of old,
Freighted with hope, and love, and peace,
And memories that never cease.

THE ORIOLE.

MY soul is charmed to hear thy melting strain,
 Enraptured with thy heavenly melody,
 To listen to thy music once again,
 Reverberating through the woodland tree;
 'Tis like a harp, or some soft lute of love,
 Divinely blest, and breathed upon the soul,
 Or sacred anthem, stealing from above,
 The raptured heart and spirit to control;
 Where thou art gayly decked with plume so bright,
 Soaring aloft and on thy wings so light,
 Where silver cloudlets roll.

Hasten along the festival of Spring,
 Breathe back the sunshine in her verdure drest;
 Sing sweetly on, unveil thy glossy wing,
 In joy—and where thou art my special guest,
 Fond bird of song—and where the balmy air
 Echoes with thy sweet music and with thee;
 Let blooming fields and blue skies smiling near,
 Awake thy notes of glee,
 Whilst thou art twittering in the quiet grove,
 Melodiously and in ecstatic love.

Warbling above the old ancestral dead,
 Where they repose beneath the placid skies,
 Where Spring her earliest gifts around us spread,
 And earth reveals her choice and hallowed dyes;
 Oh! where once in my youth and early years,
 I listened to thy thrilling, echoed lay,
 Before the tomb and its despoiling fears
 Had swept their bloom away;
 Where the bright hopes and dreams forever fled,
 Now steep the soul in darkness and in dread.


So, lovely bird ! the sweetest of thy kind,
 Woodland musician that I love so well,
 Suited to please the sad and troubled mind,
 Pouring thy music in the silent dell,
 Where thou art chirping, and thy tuneful song
 Is more than comfort to my pensive heart,
 Singing the leafy glade and path along,
 Where lovely nature is of thee a part ;
 Then let thy music swell,
 While the bright days of Spring are gliding on,
 And she reveals once more her blooming form.

DECEMBER.

THIS brief December—how the fleeting hours
 Fly past us, like a cloud within the sky,
 The darkness lowering on the languid eye,
 The brighter, radiant, sunny day devours.
 How long and tedious is the dreary night,
 Monotonous—the moments steal away,
 Where gloomy shadows on our feelings prey,
 Before the day has winged away its flight.
 Yet joyous, merry season of the year,
 When all hearts should rejoice in love and mirth,
 For happiness and peace fills all the earth,
 When Christmas does her trophies scatter near ;
 Even the poor may reap, with thankful heart,
 Something of Christmas joy—of it a part.

ON THE GRAVE OF DECATUR.

Saint Peter's Episcopal Church.

 HERE yonder sun has spread
 A sunbeam on thy grave,
 I hail thy lowly bed—
 The gallant—fallen brave;
 Where thou art lonely laid,
 In funeral pomp arrayed,
 And freedom weeps for thee, dear parted shade.

Where yonder ancient pile,
 In pride looks down on thee,
 Sleeping in peace the while,
 Dear child of liberty;
 The bravest of the brave,
 A hero of the wave,
 Where patriotism did thy soul enslave.

The Church still tells of thee,
 Dear to our native clime,
 Where thou hadst loved to be,
 Once in thy day of prime;
 A landmark of the past,
 Majestic to the last,
 Still blooming on, amid Time's withering blast.

August, antique and grand,
 Of noblest pedigree;
 Breathing on every hand,
 Decatur, still of thee!
 Sleeping among the dead,
 Where peace is o'er thee spread,
 And thy brief day of prime and bloom is fled.

Thou venerable sire,
 Thou'rt beautiful in age,
 Clothed in thy quaint attire,
 Inscribed on history's page;
 Where history does repeat
 Thy palmy days and sweet—
 Saint Peter's—where I hail thy sad retreat.

The mellowing hand of Time,
 A lustre pours on thee,
 And o'er thy hallowed shrine,
 Of blessed piety,
 Where youth and beauty came
 Within their day of fame,
 To breathe with thee God's pure and holy name.

COMMODORE STEPHEN DECATUR.

THE history of Commodore Stephen Decatur is one of thrilling interest, insomuch as his past record, as a great naval hero, is full of brilliant exploits, victories and successes. His engagements with the foe, and manœuvres in the art and tactics of naval warfare, together with his eminent ability, dexterity and skill, place Decatur in the front ranks of celebrated naval commanders. His presence at the head of a fleet was the sure precursor of victory; added to his genius as a patriot and hero. He was distinguished for his manly qualities and nobler virtues, that ornamented his character in the private walks of life. He was a gentleman of culture and taste, and in his personal appearance, of exceedingly handsome manners. He won the

esteem of his associates, lived in their favor and friendship, and died lamented.

The immediate cause of his death was a duel. The fatal encounter took place between him and Captain Barron, of our navy. The lamentable occurrence destroyed a noble life, and cut down in the flower of his days a patriot and brave defender of the flag. The distinguished veteran lies buried in the rear of Saint Peter's churchyard, near a drooping willow tree, the memorial of sorrow.

A monument has been erected over the remains of Decatur, consisting of a marble pillar, with an eagle perched upon the top. A fine portrait of Decatur is to be seen in the National Museum; the picture is handsomely gotten up, representing him in his more youthful days, and has about it the unmistakable signs of integrity and honor.

The church building is old-fashioned, but beautiful. The architecture is exquisite. The interior of the Church is also very plain and simple, with remarkable high-back pews. A noticeable feature is the spacious grounds around the sacred edifice, which have been appropriated as the last resting place of the dead.

The history of this Church dates back to the Revolution. Portraits of Bishop White and other eminent characters are to be seen within the hallowed enclosure. The original organ is in the gallery, surrounded by a group of cherubims, carved in wood; vases of various designs, richly painted, ornament the casement. There is also a recording angel tuning a harp or lute. There is attached also to this Church a chime of bells, that repeat their sacred music, and remind us of the blessed privilege that we have of attending divine worship, and seeking at the holy shrine, peace, rest and comfort—a solace in our bitter woes and griefs, when we are disconsolate and sad, and everything is stripped from

us, except the hope of another and better life. The shadows of a hundred years have dimmed the cupola and dome, but the ancient pile is replete with Revolutionary interest, where Washington was a frequent visitor to the house of God. Long may it stand in its old ancestral glory, with that chaste, graceful and dignified look that the Church possesses—where a grateful nation has scattered over the graves of its illustrious dead the laurels of enduring fame. Then let them rest—its founders and honored sires, who assembled here to praise God—who bowed the knee and breathed the prayer—but who sleep now in still tranquility, and beneath the shadows of the holy sanctuary.

LINES TO THE SHADE OF SHAKESPEARE.

OH! brilliant light of the immortal past,
 Unequaled, unsurpassed in wit and thought,
 Nature's great poet where thy teachings last
 Forever, and with truth and virtue fraught.

As beautiful—thy plays delight the heart—
 None ever read but with enraptured breast;
 Grand and sublime, and where they are a part
 Of feeling, and of love, and purely blest.

Teacher of wisdom and of purity,
 Where virtue lives and blossoms like a flower,
 Where vice is punished and abhorred by thee,
 Rising around us like a stately tower.

Suited to please and charm in every age,
 The drama and the tragedy of thine;
 Thy golden plays enacted on the stage,
 Hallow, instruct and elevate—refine.

ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

Dedicated to the Board of Directors.

THE handsome and substantial structure at the corner of Broad and Cherry streets, is a shrine erected and devoted to the Muses—such as Sculpture, Painting and Music. The building is fire-proof, and covers a large surface of ground. The architecture is of a peculiar device, and attracts considerable attention on account of its grotesque appearance. The front of the edifice is ornamented with quaint looking figures and designs, being sculptured in stone; the whole being surmounted by a headless figure, placed immediately over the doorway. The entrance to the Academy is on Broad Street, and is paved with blocks of marble, decorated with a rich marble staircase, heavy walnut furniture, and gilt lamps and brackets. This leads on to the halls, corridors and galleries, where the visitor is impressed with the taste, elegance and grandeur of the place. The temple of the Arts, where the spirits of the immortal dead live, where the intellectual beauty of the world has a resting place, and where one feels, while visiting the spot, that he is in the presence of sculptors and painters. There is, indeed, an atmosphere of intelligence within the cultivated shades of the Academy, that every intelligent man and woman loves to breathe. The works of the great masters of antiquity live and breathe there, as it were, bequeathing to the world the priceless riches of intellect and genius—the eminent dead. The profusion of rich and elegant paintings is superb. The collection is without an equal anywhere, and the contributions of citizens towards the noble object is generous and liberal. The beautiful works of art in the way of painting need only to be seen to be admired and appreciated.

Valuable contributions have been presented by James L. Claghorn, President; Henry D. Gilpin, former President, and by William B. Bement, and the following named gentlemen, who are the Directors: Mr. Fairman Rogers, Mr. Joseph W. Bates, and others; all these gentlemen are men of wealth, refinement and culture. The last named Directors being Edward H. Coates, Treasurer; William S. Baker, Atherton Blight, James S. Martin, E. Burgess Warren, Charles Henry Hart, George S. Pepper, Henry C. Gibson, Clarence H. Clark,

There are on exhibition specimens also from the gallery of Mr. George Whitney, Mr. Henry C. Carey, Mr. S. B. Fales, and J. Gillingham Fell, Esq.

A life-size portrait of Charles Wilson Peale, the distinguished artist, was presented to the Academy by Mr. Joseph S. Harrison. Mrs. G. A. Rubicam, is also another donor, her gift being a portrait of Jonathan Ruban. A picture by Rothermel, entitled "Original Study for the Painting of Paul before Agrippa," presented by Mr. Claghorn. "Death on the Pale Horse," one of the sublimest productions ever achieved in the art, is perhaps the greatest object of attraction there. The painting covers an immense sheet of canvas, where West, the immortal artist, has delineated Death with all his appalling terrors.

Thomas Sully, the eminent and noted painter, is also conspicuous among the intelligent group—a star in the constellation of genius and intellect—for his works of intense study and thought. The rich clusters of taste and fancy falling from his pencil are rare and beautiful. Sully was an eminent portrait painter, and perhaps without ever an equal in this country.

Portraits of the well-known Cope family are to be seen; Thomas P. Cope and other brothers, executed by Waugh.

Mr. Caleb Cope was a late President of the Academy, and has also on exhibition a fine picture of himself by Henry Inman; one also of the late Edward L. Carey, by Sully; one also of Robert Morris, by Charles Wilson Peale, and which is a valuable acquisition to these splendid galleries of art and culture.

A thrilling picture is the Duke of Arno meditating the death of his wife, and preparing himself for the awful tragedy.

Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore is also deserving of mention, inasmuch as she swells the catalogue of generous contributors; the subject being game and fruit of H. Moore, painted by S. Singers. Another gift of Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore, is the "Delivery to the Secular Arm," an incident of the Spanish Inquisition in the Netherlands.

A moonlight scene—French coast—presented by Ather-ton Blight.

Mr. Joseph E. Temple, recently elected Director, and who generously gave a large amount of money to the Academy upon certain conditions, has also there many fine specimens of paintings; they are to be seen in the Temple Galleries.

Sculpture, too, is there—the heavenly goddess—and has her claims upon the minds of the truly learned and cultivated. Blest be the art that can immortalize, perpetuate and continue to all time, not only the blessed face—the lineaments and sweet expression of the departed dead—but that can preserve the very trace, as it were, of the affections and intellectual qualities of the soul, and all the associated loveliness, sweetness of mind and body, of the dear object that we valued and so loved in life. So Sculpture is there—the sublime art—and where the works of the great masters take their place in the main corridors and transepts.

Some of the most noticeable specimens are: a bust of Benjamin Franklin, by Broome; of Lafayette, by H. Greenough; also of Abraham Lincoln, by Randolph Rodgers; of Nicholas Biddle, by H. Cannon; a colossal head of Napoleon, after Canova; a bust of Henry Clay, by H. Cannon; of Robert Burns, the distinguished Scottish poet; of John Quincy Adams; and in the transept, the bust of Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Dr. Physick, of Dr. Wistar, of Captain Lawrence, executed by Rush; and a bust of the sculptor himself—William Rush—as well as of Commodore Bainbridge and Admiral Nelson, by the same artist.

Clymer, the distinguished patriot and signer of the Declaration of Independence, Rembrandt Peale, Hopkinson, Rush, and others of equal celebrity, were the first Directors of the Academy, and gave their time and services, and worked hard to advance the best interests of that noble institution.

The Academy is open to visitors at any time, and on certain occasions free of charge.

Temple of culture and of art,
 Of intellect and soul a part;
 Where genius has a halo thrown
 On thee, she hallows as her own;
 Where, breathing of the mighty dead,
 She has her golden treasures spread;
 The superb paintings hung around,
 With which the galleries abound.
 Painters and sculptors of the past,
 Whose glory shall forever last,
 Bequeathing to posterity
 The relics of antiquity;
 Where, too, thy landscape views impart
 A thrill of rapture to the heart,

Where painter on the canvas lives,
 And to the world his genius gives.
 Portraits of those who sleep in death,
 Who have resigned life's fleeting breath,
 And they who live, whose pictures grace
 Thy galleries—and have there a place;
 Claghorn and Cope, and where they rest
 In effigy—the good, the blest—
 Thy Presidents—whom change and time,
 Has added to that group of thine.

Where they, in their philanthropy,
 Have given their choicest gifts to thee;
 Where splendid works of art and skill,
 Tell of their taste and culture still;
 Where they thy galleries have drest
 With treasures—and forever blest;
 There cultured mind and kindly heart,
 Is of thy loveliness a part;
 The gems of thought and genius smile
 Within thy corridors and aisle.

Where sculpture, foremost in the art,
 Does to the soul a charm impart;
 Where he preserves a lingering trace
 Of life, youth, bloom, and beauty's face;
 Preserves from fell oblivion's power,
 The forms of earth, and earthly flower,
 Where he perpetuates the while,
 Even the fond caress and smile
 Of those we loved, and after death,
 Where he has poured his blighting breath.

The sculptor gives a deathless name
 To nations—and immortal fame;
 Where ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome,
 Their structures reared with lofty dome—
 Preserves the dead of ancient days,
 Who live in song and poet's lays.

The pyramids—gigantic piles—
 There, too, the sculptor lives and smiles;
 The catacombs are smiling by,
 Where kings and queens in silence lie,
 Embalmed within the sculptured tomb,
 The same as in their day of bloom;
 The sculptor does perpetuate,
 Language and tongues inviolate,
 Where centuries have round him cast
 There mellowing hues and shadows past,
 Where his exquisite art divine,
 Breathes of the ancient race and clime.

THE LATE SAMUEL WILLITS,

President of Swarthmore College.

LIKE stainless wreath upon the mountain's breast,
 Were his pure acts of heavenly charity,
 Whom learning honored and adored, and thee,
 For he thy sacred haunts had loved and blest;
 Advanced in life he saw thy glittering flowers,
 Of sweet instruction, wandering near to thee,
 Fragrant with love and early purity,
 Smiling beneath thy grand old granite towers;

Not like the shower of an April day,
 He did his generous gifts bestow to thee;
 He cared for thee in true fidelity,
 And loved thy scenes till life had passed away;
 The poet's harp all draped in silent gloom,
 And learning's self weeps at his aged tomb.

ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.

Dedicated to the President and Board of Directors.

THE Academy of Natural Sciences formerly occupied a spot of ground where the Lafayette Hotel now is. The present structure is situated at Nineteenth and Race, opposite Logan Square, and is built of green serpentine stone. The architecture is Gothic, and in appearance is imposing and attractive to the beholder. The interior of the building has been arranged in such a manner as to give ample room for the display of the curiosities.

The collection is immense, and the largest, perhaps, to be found in the world—comprising many thousand specimens of minerals, plants, birds, insects and fishes, whales, sharks, and rare and peculiar animals. The exhibition of birds is grand and beautiful, and embraces in the catalogue every species and variety known to the naturalist.

Snakes and reptiles, preserved in glass bottles, and vipers in cases, form great objects of attraction to the visitor.

There is also on exhibition human remains, skeletons, anatomical specimens, representing the races. Mummies taken from the pyramids of Egypt, excite considerable interest, and awaken grave reflections, to think how they, though thousands of years have passed away, still slumber

on in their quiet sleep—human beings—yet the silent dead—cold, senseless and inanimate—mummies, in the midst of busy toil and care.

The most interesting feature, perhaps, at the Academy, to the scientific student, and scholar, is the fossil remains, which are also extensive—full of wonder, contemplation and thought—and which belong to an antediluvian period. The range of thought, study and research in this direction is vast, and replete with the deepest interest, to the learned scholar, naturalist, and anatomist. But the achievements in every department of science, and the fruits of intellectual toil, is just simply exhaustless, as some new discovery is made in the arts and sciences every day, and bequeathing to the world the gifts of hard earned lore and study.

Among the early fathers of this institution, was the late Doctor Samuel George Morton, of Philadelphia, a member for many years, and the honored President also. Dr. Morton was one of the most learned men living in this country. The deep interest that he took in the Academy was the love of his early years, and the investigations of science and the pursuits of intellectual pleasure threw around his fleeting days a pleasing charm. His celebrated works upon this country and ancient Egypt, are fresh in the minds of the learned and educated, but are found only upon the shelves of choice and select libraries.

Dr. Morton, in speaking of the Indians of America, regarded them as a remarkable race—mysterious from beginning to end—the red man of the forest, attired in his grotesque garb. He says the anatomical structure of the Indian, and the general formation of his limbs and skull, as well as the color of his skin, differ vastly from any other people. The language, habits, customs and peculiarities of other races, have been followed up to the very pyramids

themselves, in Egypt, but all possible trace connecting him with any other people inhabiting the earth, appears to have been lost in the obscure shades of remote antiquity. The Indians were not a warlike people, nor savage, nor blood-thirsty. The most reliable historians have given them a good name. Prescott and other celebrated authorities, who have spent years among the aborigines, positively assert this to be the truth. Their mode of living was simple, their nature was wild and romantic, but endowed by God with refined sensations. When we contemplate them as they were in their native costumes and simplicity, and in all their grace and wonted dignity, they cannot fail to impress us with feelings of awe and admiration. Their love of liberty was proverbial, and in this respect we have nobly imitated that unfortunate race. They, too, were not behind us in their religious belief and code of morals, instructing their children to live a life of virtue and goodness, the marriage ceremony being one of their institutions. But they have reached the limit of their course, and fulfilled their mission upon this earth, so far as a whole entire race is concerned.

Where Science with her talisman has given,
 To thee the sunshine and the light of heaven,
 Expounding principles that clear away
 The shades belonging to a darker day,
 Where superstition had enthralled the mind,
 With ignorance and bigotry combined.
 Oh! where thou hast thy proudest trophies brought
 From chaos—fathers of intellect and thought,
 The explorations of antiquity.
 Secrets of races almost lost to thee,
 Searcher of minerals, where they have their birth,
 Imbedded in the bowels of the earth,

The sunlight never stealing where they lay,
 Nor breathing near the cheerful light of day;
 The green fields blooming, nor the singing bird,
 Discoursing his rich notes in gladness heard;
 Where knowledge has inscribed upon her page
 The secrets of the most remotest age;
 And where upon thy altar and with thee,
 The lamp of truth is burning pure and free,
 Incense ascending to the purest skies
 Of science and research, where wisdom lies.

Thou art a teacher in thyself and blest,
 Loved by thy votaries—the good and best;
 Oh! where thy sons have felt the blessed power
 Smiling upon them like Spring's blooming flower.

The world a speck to vast eternity—
 Revolving on its axis, is to thee
 Laden with wonder, and divinely fraught
 With science and with intellectual thought;
 A million years is but a grain of sand
 Or mite to thee—found on the ocean strand—
 The fossil hidden in the rock, and dead,
 The fish secreted in his granite bed,
 Tell where the waste of water and the sea,
 Had been in epochs of antiquity.

A gem of science, and for centuries laid
 Within the sea's obscurity and shade;
 Buried in ocean, and sublimely fair,
 Record of Nature, and her wonders there,
 Where the geologist tells us again,
 Of earth's great changes, and her ancient reign.

The naturalist, in his inspired mood,
 Tells us of earth and its vicissitude,
 How mountains rear their summits to the sky,
 Upheaved, then like the lowly valley lie;
 How oceans roll with a majestic sweep
 Across the dry land, and with billows deep,
 Submerging green fields and where rustic bowers
 Unveil their foliage and genial flowers.

Oh! who is there can fathom the decree,
 Or solve the mystery of the Deity?
 Or read the stars that shine out in the sky,
 Where we behold them with enchanted eye,
 And where the sun with his celestial fire,
 Does the poetic soul with thought inspire,
 Obedient, harmonious to the law
 Of Nature, and that fills the soul with awe.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH.

To the Rev. Wm. N. Neilson McVickar, D.D.


THE Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, at Nineteenth and Walnut Streets, is, perhaps, the largest Episcopal Church in the city. The handsome edifice is built of brown stone, and in its outward appearance is attractive and imposing. The interior is spacious, the auditorium being capable of seating an immense assembly. The galleries are commodious also, and are conspicuous for their ample dimensions. The sanctuary is richly painted and frescoed. The altar is in keeping with the rest of the church, and is embellished with appropriate mottoes. The

sacred structure is enclosed with stained glass windows, throwing a soft and beautiful light over the audience. The whole character of the place is impressive and awe-inspiring, where the beholder feels that he is in the presence of God, Holiness and Worship.

The Rector of the church is the Rev. Wm. N. Neilson McVickar, D.D., well known for his usefulness in the outside world, foremost in good, noble, charitable works, a pleasing speaker and a favorite with the congregation over which he presides.

The Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, was formerly Rector of Holy Trinity, a famous pulpit orator, and admired and distinguished in literary circles for his talents and scholarly attainments. The Rev. A. H. Vinton and the Rev. Thomas A. Jaggar are enrolled also among the group of clergymen who officiated here. There has been recently added to this sacred building a splendid chime of bells, manufactured in England at a cost of several thousand dollars. The chimes are melodious, subdued in tone, and are heard upon any Sabbath breathing of Divine worship, and lulling our thoughts away from the toilsome world.

CHIMES OF HOLY TRINITY.

HIMING from yonder belfry, there,
 Thy bells steal out upon the air,
 In liquid tones divine;
 Floating above thy hallowed pile,
 And where within the chancelled isle
 I hear their silvery chime.

Like hymns within thy sacred towers,
 Or vespers heard at evening hours,
 I hear their soothing plea ;
 Breathing of peace and brighter skies,
 Breathing of yonder paradise
 And immortality.

Where holiness has bowed in prayer,
 The soul in silent worship there,
 Lull'd by the pealing chime ;
 Wafting the weary soul away
 From worldly cares that on us prey,
 To heavenly things divine.

The holy calm, the Sabbath day,
 Is soothed by the exquisite lay
 Of thy melodious bells ;
 Where deep-toned music now is heard,
 Like low, soft carol of the bird,
 Where his sweet cadence dwells.

Where toil is hushed, thy dome beneath,
 And blest religion wears a wreath
 Of never fading flowers ;
 She breathing of the better land,
 And of the golden quiet strand,
 And of celestial bowers.

The fadeless hope to us is given,
 Of an eternal life in heaven,
 Where death can never come ;
 Beyond a world of grief and woe,
 And bitter tears that we must know,
 And bleeding hearts at home.

Then let me hear thy thrilling bells,
 Though sadness in my bosom dwells,
 So sweet to all and me ;
 Thy chiming bells ! where every lay,
 Yet tells me of the Sabbath day,
 Of thy blest scene and thee.

ODE TO ADVERSITY.

FORTUNE with all her smiles can never be,
 Freed from thy blighting touch, adversity,
 Tho' we a path of flowery ease pursue,
 And bask within a sky of sunny blue ;
 Tho' hope may flatter with fictitious smile,
 And love, like angel visits, us beguile.
 'Tis but a vision that we feel in sleep,
 Or like the rose hues upon beauty's cheek ;
 Tho' wealth and power, and that whispering sweet,
 Shower their choicest blessings at our feet,
 Yet like a mouldering blight upon us preys,
 Adversity ! and in our happiest days ;
 Where disappointment, like the tempest lowers
 Upon our sunshine with destructive powers ;
 Where checkered life, a plaintive story tells
 Of some vicissitudes and sad farewells ;
 Where misery ! oh, hapless child of thine,
 Adversity fills every heart and mine.

ADDRESS TO THE OWL.

MOST melancholy bird, I hear a strain
 Not like the carol of the feathery throng,
 Stealing through yon deserted grove again,
 Like funeral music or some doleful song;
 Sombre and dark nocturnal shades appear,
 Where day has winged his weary flight away,
 As sleep's soft downy pinions hovering near,
 The labors of the toiling swain allay;
 Grim phantoms haunt the soul in wild affright,
 As I hold converse with the gloom of night.

Save where the moon emerging from the cloud,
 Breaks like enchantment on the musing eye,
 Emblem of the untarnished, stainless shroud,
 Sailing in splendor in the vaulted sky.
 Where, too, the stars their festival repeat,
 Shining like diamonds on a regal brow,
 Where thou dost from thy lone obscure retreat,
 Make thy complaint and wail in sorrow now;
 Surely thou hast some cause for grief and pain,
 Else why dost thou so feelingly complain?

Bird of ill-omen, superstition lends
 A strange tradition to thy plaint and thee,
 A grave solemnity o'er thee extends,
 Storied of old and of antiquity;
 Frequenter places where the wail is heard,
 Of earthly sorrow at the couch of death;
 Where dire calamity the soul has stirred,
 And vanishes away the fleeting breath.

Where thou dost mope, and at the midnight hour,
 Eager to dart upon thy helpless prey,
 Inured within thy solitary bower,
 A sentinel watching till the break of day ;
 Departing with the gray streaks of the morn,
 Or rosy tremblings in the purple East,
 Sinking abashed before the radiant form,
 Of day's more glorious repast and feast,
 As the pure sun dipp'd in a sea of gold,
 Magnificently bright, does earth enfold.

Where creeps the ivy on the mouldering tower,
 There tottering and falling to decay,
 Thou hast a secret and mysterious power,
 Flapping thy wings o'er crumbling walls of grey ;
 Companion of the mournful monument,
 Frequenting graves, grim visitor of death,
 Where peace on wings of endless sleep is sent,
 And we resign our last expiring breath ;
 So thou art clothed in silence and in gloom,
 A lonely guest at sepulchre and tomb.

Not like the lark, with his wild, warbled strain,
 When Spring has kissed the daisied sod and green,
 When she breathes back her genial skies again,
 Walking abroad like an imperial queen ;
 No note of sadness, and no gloomy blight,
 To chill the spirit or the buoyant heart,
 Where night and darkness wing away their flight,
 And joy and gladness is of us a part ;
 Where woe is hid and banished from the soul,
 And bright translucent skies above us roll.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THIS well-known resort of the refined, cultivated classes of society, is situated at Broad and Locust Streets. There is nothing attractive in the architecture of the Academy, so far as the outside appearance is concerned, but the interior is impressive and beautiful; the auditorium is spacious, and has been arranged with a view to accommodate a large audience comfortably, and to afford every one an opportunity of seeing the performance. The house is calculated to seat about three thousand people. The decorations inside are superb. The balcony, dress circle, and amphitheatre are richly carved, and ornamented with gilt scroll work and devices. The seats are comfortable, and lined with red velvet. There is suspended from the ceiling or dome, immediately over the parquet circle, a magnificent chandelier, consisting of thousands of glittering jets of glass; when lighted up, and the Academy is in full blaze of operatic grandeur, the effect is charming and sublime. The dazzling lustre of the lights, the grace and beauty of fair women, and the culture of refined men, add to the intellectual charms of such a place. We speak simply of Music, now, and of the claims that the heavenly goddess has upon the minds of the most conscientious and religious.

The Academy, at opera seasons, is the chief attraction of Philadelphia society, and on such occasions is always crowded with a fashionable and intelligent audience.

Symbols representing Music are conspicuous, and similar figures are painted over the dome, emblazoned in a blue base of stars. Handsome Corinthian pillars, with their gilt cappings, decorate the proscenium boxes and support the roof. The effigy of the great poet of Nature is to be seen in bold relief, immediately over the stage—Shakespeare.

Angels painted on the ceiling, with harp and lute, and emblematical figures of Agriculture and Commerce, confront also the eye of the spectator.

The Academy of Music has had upon its boards the most distinguished persons of modern times—the most celebrated singers and actors, and accomplished orators.

The concerts and matinees given at the Academy, have been the innocent amusement of school children, and afforded them relaxation and pleasure, when they could go nowhere else.

The orchestra, and the sublime strains of stringed instruments, as well as song and hymn, subdue our groveling passions, and like a holy calm, awaken within the soul the loftiest susceptibilities.

The original intention of the Directors was to keep the Academy for opera purposes alone, but the Managers adopted other plans, and concluded to rent it for all kinds of respectable gatherings, so far as music is concerned.

This splendid temple, dedicated to the Muses, and science and arts of all kind, is a proud monument to Philadelphia's taste, culture and refinement. The godlike faculty of music is felt and appreciated even by the untutored savage of the forest, and Shakespeare tells us that "he who has no music in his soul, is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

Temple of Music, and divine,
Devoted to the tuneful Nine,
Erected to perpetuate
The virtues of the purely great,
Where song and purest melody,
Tells us of their celebrity.

Where Shakespeare, with poetic mien,
Looks down upon the splendid scene,

Where from aloft the Muses play
 Around him, and in fond delay,
 Painted upon the dome of blue,
 With angels hovering o'er the view;
 Where cherubims salute the eye,
 With wings and golden lyres by.

Where the great Masters of the past,
 Their richest gifts around us cast;
 Productions of divinest thought,
 The golden gems that they have wrought;
 Where intellectuality,
 Fires the soul, and melody
 Breathing of their immortal fame,
 And of their storied, brilliant name.

Foremost amid the learned throng,
 She, Music, does to thee belong,
 She glitters far above the rest,
 In grandeur, and divinely blest;
 Where melody to thee is given,
 Like music that is heard in Heaven,
 Ennobling everywhere and sweet,
 And loved within thy blest retreat.

There's nothing that delights the soul,
 Like music, and its sweet control,
 Where she exerts a magic spell
 Upon us, words can never tell,
 Nor poet's harp delineate,
 Her power, and her charm so great.

Yet where the opera swells around,
 And speechless joy with thee is found;

Bursting in cadence over thee,
 In low soft strains of melody,
 And over the inspired throng,
 Awakened by the soothing song,
 Waked by the soul-enraptured lay
 Of Music and her heavenly sway.

The orchestra in loftier strain,
 With rapture does the soul enchain;
 Where, like enchantment stealing near,
 Ecstatic sounds creep on the air,
 Where the outburst and flow divine,
 Of violin is wholly thine;
 Strain, soft and sweet, and purely blest,
 Like healing to the wounded breast;
 Where she, blest goddess, does inspire
 The soul with intellectual fire.

Oh! blessed queen of heavenly love,
 Thou'rt like an angel from above,
 Soothing away the cares of earth,
 Where bitter sorrows have their birth,
 Wafting away to peace and rest,
 The griefs that haunt and vex the breast.

So, here, within this troubled life,
 Where all at last is woe and strife,
 She, Music, like a queenly flower,
 Diverts the mind with pleasing power,
 Exalted, and refined, and blest,
 Where she is my especial guest;
 Where I deplore and mourn in vain,
 Some whom I cannot meet again,
 And weep the more, because the tear
 Is fruitless, and of keen despair.

BELLS OF SAINT MARK'S.

Easter Chimes.

MARK, how the music of those Sabbath bells
 Resound, and of the peaceful Sabbath tells;
 Where they discourse their blessed, thrilling lay
 Upon the air, and at the opening day;
 Where the blue heavens, with celestial hue,
 Creep on in splendor, and upon the view,
 Discolored clouds resign their gloomy sway,
 And fade before day's rosy trace away.

Oh! where those varied hymns, sublime and sweet,
 Tell us of Heaven and its blest retreat;
 Where sacred music and the chant is heard,
 In strains more lovely than melodious bird.

But you, ye hallowed, consecrated towers,
 Where belfry tells us of the tranquil hours,
 Oh! let your music float upon the air,
 Chiming aloft and at the hour of prayer;
 It is the Easter morn, the pealing bells,
 The notes of joy and gladness round us swells.

Auspicious morn! herald of peace serene,
 Laden with hope and promise—blessed scene,
 Where the glad tidings of a Saviour blest,
 Risen to Paradise, oh, happy rest!
 Triumphant o'er the world—yet crucified,
 To save a fallen race—for us He died,
 By cruel malefactors put to death,
 But past the tomb, and the destroyer's breath.

But hear in rapture those melodious bells
 Of Easter—and where holy quiet dwells;
 Chiming of worlds beyond this troubled life,
 Of anxious cares, and days and years of strife,
 Where Easter-day commemorates the birth
 Of Christ, and his pure life He spent on earth;
 A Saviour risen, to eternal skies!
 In fadeless glory, and in Paradise.

He lay within the confines of the tomb!
 But freed now from the agony and gloom
 Of ignominious death!—Eternity
 Unfolds the bliss of immortality;
 His stainless life of goodness and of love,
 Whispers of Him—the Lamb of God above;
 No other ransom could He pay but death
 To save a race—but with His dying breath.

We die like Him, and sleep within the tomb,
 And like Him steeped in death's mysterious gloom;
 So with the fairest of the earth, and best,
 A coldness wraps at last the palsied breast,
 But then the recompense—the promise given
 To us of that sweet home, and rest in Heaven.

Oh! happy day! that ends these griefs of ours,
 These blighted hopes, these dark and sadder hours,
 If those unfading and immortal skies
 Can be our lot, and joy that never dies,
 Promised to us when life's sad work is done;
 A blessed calm—where storm is never known—
 Where blooming summer and eternal flowers,
 Pervade those holy courts and calmer bowers—

Those golden years of loveliness, and fraught
 With holiness, and purity, and thought,
 Kissed by the sunlight of perpetual skies,
 Where we behold and feel with angel eyes.
 Melodious bells! peal on in peace and prayer,
 Reverberate upon the placid air,
 Mementoes of the sainted dead in heaven—
 What melody is to yon belfry given.

Creeping along the cloistered, chancelled aisle,
 Your music swells upon my soul the while,
 Where richest scented wreaths around me shine,
 In token of the better, brighter clime;
 Sparkling in beauty, the exquisite flowers,
 Lilies and ferns, and at the Sabbath hours
 Scenting the chancel; and where fragrant rose
 To charm the sense its beauty does disclose;
 Where rich camelia—violet divine,
 Display their tendrils, and the vase entwine,
 All redolent with Spring's delicious bloom,
 Forgetful of the Winter's lowering gloom.

So you, ye Easter bells, that creep around
 Where prayer and blest tranquility is found;
 Oh! let your music soothe the hallowed throng,
 And every breathing lay their joy prolong,
 Comfort the weeping one, his griefs assuage,
 Poor wanderer through life's lone pilgrimage,
 Resting awhile beneath your peaceful shade,
 Before his clay within the grave is laid.

THE PATRIOT'S TOMB.

A STAINLESS wreath lies on his hallowed tomb,
 Where death tells of life's vain and fleeting bloom;
 Where he, a patriotic hero, lies,
 In sweet repose beneath the quiet skies,
 Emblem of his pure life and honored name,
 Of nobler deeds, and his illustrious fame,
 For he was gallant and victorious—blest.
 Enshrined forever in the grateful breast—
 Life's work is done, no longer does he know
 The griefs that we endure and earthly woe;
 Nor wrapt in war cloak does he seek again,
 His rustic couch upon the battle plain;
 A funeral anthem is the plaintive sound,
 That swells his lonely, quiet grave around.

PRAYER.

LIKE the soft murmur of the tranquil sea
 Lull'd into silence and serenity,
 The hush of prayer is mingling with the sound
 Of holy chant, where angels dwell around;
 Oh! prayer that links us with the blest above,
 The soul's deep utterance of purest love,
 Wafted away to the serener skies
 Of immortality and paradise.
 Oh! hallowed is the pure and earnest prayer,
 Of humble hearts who bow in sorrow near,
 Where hope yet lingers and upon us showers
 Mercy and grace like the refreshing flowers;
 Oh! happy he who kneels in prayer to heaven,
 His sorrows solaced and his sins forgiven.

LAUREL HILL CEMETERY.

THIS celebrated and beautiful spot is said to be the oldest Cemetery in the United States, with the exception of Mount Vernon, in Boston, and can justly be considered the Westminster Abbey of our nation. Laurel Hill is a branch of the old graveyard at Christ Church, and also of the one at Fifth and Arch Streets. The original tract of ground set apart for the repose of the dead, belonged to Joseph Sims, Esq., a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia. A portion of it also belonged to the Pepper family, who lived here, and had upon the banks of the romantic river their beautiful suburban home. The Schuylkill River ploughs its way just at this point between two magnificent ranges of hills, making up the landscape, and where the natural scenery and picturesque character of the spot has often been referred to, and admired by the poet, sculptor, and painter. The majestic bluff is skirted by mossy rocks and cliffs, that tower up almost perpendicularly towards the blue sky, and where the very graves of the dead hang over the precipice, and resemble a rugged arbor or pavilion. Within the sad enclosure is laid the most distinguished men of our country.

Commodore Isaac Hull lies down to rest beneath his pavilion marble tomb, near the river; Commodore Alexander Maury close by, and General Hugh Mercer, of the Revolution, sleeping upon his funeral couch—a gallant soldier, whose life is full of brave deeds and noble acts. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Princeton. His remains were removed from Christ Church to their final resting-place. G. Gustus's Memoirs says of him: "When a grateful nation shall bid the trophied memorial rise to the martyrs who sealed with their blood the charter of an Empire, liberties

like these shall not be wanting to show how Washington had mourned the death of Mercer."

Admiral Dahlgren is enrolled, also, among the illustrious dead who slumber here.

John Fitch, the celebrated inventor of the earliest steam-boat, is also buried here; and Godfrey, the inventor of the mariner's quadrant.

The Blind Asylum has a monument to the memory of Julius H. Friedlander, one of the founders, and President of that Institution.

Frederick Graff, Esq., and Major Twiggs, killed in battle, and his son.

In peace sleeps Ellet, the famous wire-bridge builder—the author, poet and writer—the patriot and fearless soldier, who was distinguished during the late war as the constructor of a ram, and for valuable services which he rendered to his country in her emergency.

We have alluded to other eminent men in another part of this work, who sleep beneath the tranquil shades of Laurel Hill.

The tomb of the late Henry Disston occupies one of the most prominent sites within the burying-ground. The monument is impressive, and leaves upon the mind of the beholder a sad charm, as he contemplates the funeral decorations around this mausoleum. The tomb is built like a residence, with an iron door, leading to the vaults covered with marble floors, where lay scattered about the tokens of earthly remembrance, in the way of wreaths and flowers. The tomb is surmounted with a dome and marble figure in pensive attitude, watching and guarding over the slumber of the quiet dead.

The grave of the late Matthew W. Baldwin is immediately opposite to the Disston monument, and is a fitting

memorial to the memory of a good, noble and charitable man.

The landscape, taking in the river and the distance for miles beyond, is here charming, picturesque and romantic. The green hills, towering above the lovely vales, the golden sunlight stealing from above, and the dancing stream meandering through a labyrinth of trees, to cheer the heart of the disconsolate mourner.

A pensive looking figure marks the resting-place of the late General Robert Patterson, identified with the country in its earliest struggles for liberty—a wealthy manufacturer and exemplary citizen.

A testimonial of regard is to be seen over the grave of John Grigg, merchant, of Philadelphia, with his name inscribed in simple letters upon the tablet.

Worthy of mention is the grave of Alexander Robinson.

A chaste cross, and the word "May" engraved upon a little stone, denotes the spot where lies a beloved daughter.

Two magnificent sculptured figures grace the lot of W. J. Horstmann.

The lot of Joseph Singerly, Esq., has about it an air of taste and refined feeling. The design of the lot is novel and original.

Beautiful fresh wreaths and flowers, suspended from baskets of green wire, bend over the grave of an infant child, as the little innocent one lies upon its couch of peaceful slumber.

An imposing monument has been erected over the remains of Frederick Vanuxum, an old resident of Philadelphia.

The grave of Joseph Moore is decorated with a towering obelisk or shaft, sacred to his memory, and a tribute of affection from his bereaved family.

There is also laid to rest beneath his native skies, Captain Henry Biddle, who was killed in action, in the battle of Cross Roads, Virginia. The only thing left of him to perpetuate his memory, is his past, noble record, and sash and sword, cut upon his obelisk.

The family vaults of Dr. Benjamin Rush, Samuel Rush, Doctor James Rush and William Rush, lie clustering together, and where they sleep beneath their lowly slabs.

The family lot of the late Isaac Dunton, an eminent merchant of Philadelphia, and father of Doctor William Rush Dunton, of Germantown, has within it sad mementoes and emblems, sacred to the memory of a beloved father.

A memorial lingers at the grave of Major Rosengarten, whose past lives in the hearts of a grateful people, and who found, in exchange for a noble, manly life—a lowly, quiet tomb. He sleeps, but his fame shall be immortal.

“Father and Mother,” is the inscription upon the tablet bearing the name of “Seibert.”

The vaulted tombs of the Coleman family are there, full of historical interest. Great taste and culture has been displayed about these graves, from the traces still visible of what that old family had been when in their day of prime.

J. Wharton Fisher and Coleman Fisher rest in an adjoining lot, as well as Mary, wife of Wharton Fisher. The locality seems to have been selected as their last resting-place, for a more poetic, charming spot, could not have been chosen for the sad purpose. A secluded grotto, with a group of tall, stately pine trees, and with the sauntering river sparkling through the umbrageous leaves, is the sepulchre of this distinguished family. In such a place the saddest mourner can meditate and forget his griefs, and find, in the companionship of lovely nature, a lasting solace and a charm.

Over to the right, is a monument raised to the memory of a devoted wife, inscribed with the following lines:

"There's not an hour, or day, or dream by night—
 There's not a wind that whispers of thy name—
 There's not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon,
 But in its hue or fragrance tells of thee."

A marble canopy is placed over the grave of the late Dr. Samuel George Morton, the distinguished writer and physician, and late President of the Academy of Natural Sciences. A son, who was a soldier in the late war, and was killed in action, also lies buried with his honored father—a fond son of a tender parent, and a youth of promise and of hope.

Mrs. Bloomfield McIlvaine sleeps in close proximity to the grave of Thomas Biddle, Wm. Biddle, and Mary Meigs Helen Rush, daughter of General Lewis Rush, all sleeping in the calm serenity of the grave.

Matthew Baird has placed over his remains a noble obelisk, the fond tribute of affection and love to his remembrance. Inscribed upon the face of the monument are the words "Baird, aged fifty years." On the reverse side is also written the same name, and in gilt letters. The offering is chaste, neat and imposing. A vase of choice, rare flowers lay scattered upon the green sward, meek emblem of his earthly life—a just testimonial to the worth of a generous, good man, whose manly virtues are enshrined in the grateful hearts of thousands who loved him and knew him well.

A massive marble column designates the place of rest of the Riegel family, and where the inspired sculptor has not only beautified and adorned the lot by his art—but where the virtues, grace, loveliness and departed beauty of the jeweled dead, seem to live and breathe in the magnificent sculptured figures that he has placed over their remains.

Suffice it to add that the finest specimens of sculpture in this country, in the way of monuments and carved figures,

as tributes to the dead, are to be found at Laurel Hill—designs and symbols of every kind—exalted, grand—many of which have been executed in Italy. The grounds are extensive, and comprise about one hundred acres of land.

“Old Mortality” is to be seen at the main entrance, beneath the ancient lodge. This is a typical figure: an aged man, leaning on a coffin; another resting upon his staff; a horse with no rider, and a bust. The emblems are peculiar, full of meaning, and of deep interest to the thoughtful, wise and meditative man.

MUSIC.

OH! Music, like an angel born in Heaven—
 She does impart to us her soothing power,
 Allays our sorrow, and to us has given
 A pleasing charm, like some unfading flower.

Blessed she is—where the beloved dead
 Await in silence—the untimely grave,
 Even in death, tho’ every hope is fled,
 She does the soul with pensive joy enslave.

She does enrapture with her mild control,
 She lends her presence to the troubled heart,
 Lulling away the griefs that haunt the soul,
 And is of every better thought a part.

The tumult of the world she charms away,
 Bids busy care and angry passion cease;
 Oh! where we listen to the thrilling lay,
 She breathes around us—and in love and peace.

Music refines and elevates the mind—
 A blessed influence she sheds around,
 Where she her richest wreaths around us bind,
 And the pure gifts of intellect are found.

Within our home and its retreat she gives
 Her blessings to us like a potent spell,
 Where all is love, and she forever lives,
 And her ecstatic strains around us swell.

Where Music is, there is the happiest home—
 The family altar and its holy scene,
 The songs of loved ones that around us come,
 Attest the truth of all its peace serene.

She, sacred Music! has a magic charm,
 She scatters o'er us at the Sabbath hour;
 Where the sweet chant allays the world's alarm,
 And cheers and soothes us with her healing power.

Where Education wears a richer wreath;
 Smiling around us and our path along;
 The heart melts, and the lulling lay beneath,
 Where Music does our happiness prolong.

THE LATE JOHN H. WALLACE SMITH.

President of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

A TRANQUIL smile suffused his gentle face,
 Even in death's dark hours and its embrace;
 When life was flitting from his earthly view,
 And death had wrapt him in its sable hue;

A scholar, searcher of historic fame,
 He sleeps, but great is his distinguished name ;
 The votary of culture, science, art,
 Lover of antique things—of them a part ;
 Teacher of truth, of wisdom, knowledge blest,
 These were the virtues of his gentler breast ;
 Where thought and study did his path bestrew,
 With joy and sunshine the like sky of blue,
 Where love of books and peace and quiet led
 Him through the fields of thought, the learned dead.

THE LAMP OF DAY.

CLIMBING aloft through heaven's blue sapphire sea,
 Careering on through the etherial sky,
 Blushing in splendor on the ravished eye,
 And with the impress of the Deity ;
 The lamp of day, bright, glorious in the East,
 Painting the lanscape as it slips away,
 The hills and dells and streams with softer ray,
 A part of nature and her glorious feast ;
 Painting the rosebud and the violet,
 With stainless beauty and exquisite dyes,
 Glittering in glory in the morning skies,
 Sparkling above the dew's rich pearly jet ;
 The green earth lives and breathes beneath his power,
 The fiery orb of day at morning hour.

ODE TO HOPE.

ON wings of love and mercy sent,
 Our griefs and sorrows to allay,
 Where the poor bleeding heart is rent,
 And life seems like a wintry day ;
 Where stripped, forsaken and forlorn,
 The earth a garb of sadness wears,
 Where doubts and fears come creeping on
 The sunshine of our hopeful years ;
 Where darkling cloud is o'er us cast,
 And howls around the heating blast.

Hope lifts us up to purer skies,
 Succeeds the desolating storm ;
 Where Spring with her serener dyes
 And verdure does the earth adorn.
 The thought is nurtured in the breast,
 Of smiling woods and daisied fields,
 Where Spring is in her glory dressed,
 And silent rapture to us yields,
 Breathing away the cheerless gloom,
 With promises of joy and bloom.

Oh ! cheering Hope, whose placid form
 Is like the blooming Summer sky,
 Thy blessed trophies shower on
 My path to cheer the gloomy eye ;
 Come dwell within my languid breast,
 As in those rosy blossomed hours
 Of youthful joy, a queenly guest,
 When I had felt thy soothing powers.

Gilding the darkness of the earth,
 Breathing of better days to come ;
 Where peace and quiet have their birth,
 Sole mistress of our earthly home ;
 Outlasting grief, and where the tomb
 Has snatched away the lovely dead,
 Obscured the sunshine and the bloom
 Upon the cheek of beauty spread.

We wander on the happy way,
 Where childhood does around us smile,
 Woos to the soul her flattering lay,
 Enraptured with her tale the while ;
 We careless tread among the flowers,
 Where youth and childhood linger near ;
 In those sweet days and dreamy hours,
 Soothed by the voice of hope and prayer ;
 Dreaming of joys and halcyon years,
 That youthful life and fancy bears.

Yet Hope she is the feeble prey
 Of sorrow and despair at last,
 Where death sweeps every joy away,
 And we fade in the beating blast ;
 Who can retrace the years of youth,
 Regild the cheek with wonted bloom,
 Time whispers of the solemn truth,
 How brief is life, how soon the tomb ;
 Tho' Hope be bright, and she has blest
 And gladdened the despairing breast.

Hope gilds the portals of the tomb,
 Scatters her wreaths of promise there,

With visions of immortal bloom,
 To neutralize the soul's despair ;
 She spreads upon the rugged way
 Of earthly life, her pleasing powers ;
 She whispers of eternal day
 And never-fading, dying flowers.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THIS grand, old, ancestral pile, devoted to the healing art and medical science, and that awakens so many memories of Revolutionary interest, was formerly situated at Ninth and Chestnut Streets, where the New Post Office now is. The building was erected as a residence for Washington, the great soldier, patriot and statesman, but he never resided there. The present site is in West Philadelphia, on a rising slope of ground. The architecture is unique and beautiful ; built out of green stone, is varied, with graceful towers, spires, and is an ornament to the neighborhood. The interior is spacious, and is divided into departments consisting of a laboratory, lecture-room, dissecting-rooms, clinical hall and museum. With the University is identified the names of some of the most noted men of our country, foremost among whom is Professor William Shippen, the first eminent physician connected with that school, and teacher and professor of anatomy. Doctor Shippen followed his profession before the Revolution, taught medicine, and devoted his time and talents not only to the healing of the sick, but to the advancement and welfare of this celebrated old college. The other brilliant lights clustering around and pouring their lustre

even to this day upon its learned shades, and who have also a world-wide reputation, are Physic, Horner, Bond, Morgan, Rodgers, Hare, Parrish, Wood and Jackson, and last, though not least, Wistar and Rush, both of whom were not only distinguished for their skill in the science of medicine, but proverbial for their charity and kind hearts to the sick and poor. The fame and renown of the University is immortal, and extends all over the world. Some of the most eminent men that ever lived have received their education there, and in the literary department some of the greatest scholars, lawyers, statesmen and pulpit orators.

Historic pile ! I hail thy glittering towers,
 Proud and majestic is thy learned bowers ;
 Ancient of days, dear to my languid lyre,
 I love thy classic shades and grounds admire.

Oh ! stately temple of the healing art,
 I hail thy presence with ecstatic heart,
 Blooming aloft, piercing the sky of blue,
 With thy tall towers that burst upon the view.

The landscape wends away the rosy cloud
 That does thy old, ancestral shade enshroud,
 Where Summer lingers like a charm with thee,
 She breathing of thy great celebrity.

What thousands sleep within the lonely tomb,
 Identified with thy departed bloom ;
 More than a tedious, weary century,
 Numbers thy days and whispers yet of thee.

August thou art, and beautiful the plea
 Of thought and intellectuality ;

The flowers of education blossom near
 Thy classic shrine like vigils, or like prayer.

Where science, too, with her illuring song
 Of rapture does the student's joy prolong ;
 Where the soft harp strings of the Muse is heard,
 Too sweetly, like the notes of warbling bird.

What noble and illustrious men have been
 Nurtured within thy famous shades and scene ;
 Time-honored pile and whose unfading past,
 Does thy immortal bloom around us cast.

The early fathers of the country came
 To worship at thy shrine of brilliant fame,
 Who breathed with thee fair learning's loftier lays—
 Thy votaries and sons of prouder days.

Who sleep beneath thy shade, paternal sire,
 Whom I deplore and with a feeble lyre,
 Where the blue skies look down upon their tomb,
 Within the graveyard and in silent gloom.

Thy mission is to soothe and cancel pain,
 If not to bring to life the dead again ;
 Where thy eternal gifts around me steal,
 And I thy choicest, richest blessings feel.

The pale, emaciated, sunken cheek,
 Of wearied hearts that cannot rest nor sleep,
 Revive beneath the influence and power
 Of medicine, like dew to drooping flower.

LOST STARS.

ONE by one the lost stars of our earthly loving go way from our sight and are seen no more. A mother with her eternal love and tenderness. A father with his watchful care and solicitude, and where a sister and brother drop out of the firmament of our hearts and vanish away in the darkness of death. Their graves awaken precious memories. The hallowed associations of the past cluster about us like the flowers of blooming summer. Every kind word, every look and gentle action of theirs is treasured up in the book of memory; and where we seem to feel their presence in the flower and to hear their voice in the song of the bird, nothing but death can separate or estrange our hearts from theirs. There is a pleasure in dwelling upon their departed loveliness. Though they illumine no more our earthly paths, sunbeams of life faded away in the beating blast, we began with them the pilgrimage of youth. They shone over us. They poured down their soft, gentle lustre upon our hearts and enveloped us with joy and sunshine. Companions of our golden days, we wandered with them life's sunny banks, but lost them by the way. The charm is broken now. The sweet smile of mother, her prayer and precept, and father's counsel live only in our souls. The bright tear-drop confirms the truth. The grave is the only memorial of our faded jewels. We weep over our buried violets and sigh at the memory of their love that steals about us like sunshine falling upon dark and lonely places.

GIRARD COLLEGE.

EVERY one is familiar with this magnificent piece of Corinthian architecture, built to represent a Grecian temple. A monument to the memory of its generous founder and benefactor, Stephen Girard, where the friendless child, houseless and homeless, may find refuge, rise to eminence and cull the flowers that bright hope has scattered in the way of the most desolate and oppressed. Some of the most eminent men of the country have emerged already from its peaceful shades, and are well known in the various walks of life. The College is built of pure white marble, and cost nearly two millions of dollars. The floors and staircases are made of the same material. The roof is supported by a row of splendid marble columns encircling the College and ornamented with handsomely carved capitals. A faithful likeness of Stephen Girard is to be seen in the vestibule on entering the main entrance—a carved figure, executed by M. Gevolet, a French sculptor, taking three years to perform the work and receiving in payment for the statue nine thousand dollars.

The College is not only an ornament to the city—grand and imposing—but is a charity and a blessing to all who are brought hither to be educated beneath its fostering care.

The name of T. U. Walter is cut in marble over the doorway, the architect of the College, and who is still living. The outbuildings surrounding the main edifice are used for the professors and teachers. In the educational department is Professor Fetterolf, President, and Henry D. Gregory, Vice-President, and with a corps of teachers who are learned, educated and efficient. The former president was Professor William H. Allen, passed away long ago,

but the College is a monument to his usefulness, who loved its quiet haunts, and who once took a deep interest in the welfare of the friendless orphan child.

The tourist and traveler to this country never fails to visit the College—a spot that has become famous in history, and to wander a little while around its lovely, beautiful grounds; a handsome specimen of landscape gardening, studded with rare plants and choice flowers, where the bird lingers, and where one feels that he is in the midst of Arcadian loveliness and beauty.

The stone wall around the edifice obscures the grandeur and charm of the spot from view and prevents it from being as attractive as it might be. There is within the enclosure a parade ground, where the pupils are instructed in the art of warfare. Upon the grounds is erected also a monument to the memory of the young soldiers—former scholars of the College—who were killed in the late civil war. The design of the monument is simply a soldier standing upon a pedestal attired in his martial garb.

Home of the friendless, and the poor and sad,
 Where they find shelter in thy peaceful shades;
 Where education, with her smile, pervades
 Thy learned scene, the orphan's heart to glad;
 Hope cheers them as they seek thy hallowed shrine,
 To cull the flowers that instruction knows,
 Like sunlight streaming on the fragrant rose,
 To gladden and to soothe their youth and prime.
 Where science, art and intellectual thought
 Prepares them for a nobler, manly life;
 Sheltered from its unrest, turmoil and strife,
 Where virtue smiles and purity is taught;
 Where learning's sacred lamp burns pure and bright,
 And education does the soul delight.

MEMORY.

I LOOK back on the happy skies
 Of youth my heart no longer knows;
 Oh! memory, like a paradise
 Of pleasure, that around me flows.

Celestial queen, thou art to me
 Alternate joy and happiness;
 Oh! let the flowers bloom with thee,
 Of love, and of seraphic bliss.

Let me forget the painful past,
 Nor harbor thoughts of woe and gloom,
 Tho' yet a lingering look I cast
 Back on the dead within the tomb.

Oh! where the heart in sorrow weeps,
 And I deplore, a troubled mind;
 Where father and my mother sleeps,
 And I, an orphan left behind.

I trembling kiss their grassy grave,
 And plead to them my filial tears,
 Where leafy trees, and rippling wave,
 Bear back to me my better years.

I love the blest tranquility
 That haunts their place of peaceful rest,
 Who nurtured me and cherished me—
 To me the kindest and the best.

An altar in my heart I bear,
 That blossoms with eternal love;
 And where the ceaseless plea I hear,
 Of memory like a world above.

I linger in her rosy bowers,
 And seem her music sweet to hear—
 Like vespers heard at evening hours,
 And gently stealing on the air.

The songs that echo round me yet,
 I keep as in those vanished days,
 Where sunshine in my youth I met,
 Tho' sadness now upon me preys.

Even the green earth, memory seems
 To gild with smiling joy anew;
 Where she of by-gone pleasure dreams,
 And I the golden past renew.

Oh! let me muse with her alone,
 In silent dell, or rustic glade—
 Revisit scenes forever flown,
 Where my beloved childhood played.

Where memory gilds each lovely scene,
 And she a fadeless lustre wears;
 Painting with her indulgent mien,
 That which a desert waste appears.

HEALTH.

AH! let it once decay—
 Let blooming health desert the cheek,
 Then soon that long and endless sleep,
 And we a lifeless clay.

The choicest gift of heaven,
 Bequeathed to us upon the earth;
 Where joy can never have a birth,
 Nor smile, where health is riven.

The brightest hopes of life
 Are found within her sunny bower,
 Where all without that cheering flower,
 Is ceaseless gloom and strife.

A precious boon and blest—
 A recompense for sadder hours,
 When loneliness our mirth devours,
 And preys upon the breast.

Gilding the scenes of home,
 Where she, like to the sky of blue,
 Leaves on the cheek her rosy hue,
 Where sickness cannot come.

Breathing no sickly plaint,
 A cloudy, cheerless sky beneath,
 But where she wears her richest wreath,
 Nor languid—wan—nor faint.

Oh! pearl of price, and gem,
 If I can wear it on my brow,
 I'll ask no greater riches now,
 No richer diadem.

Then prize her kindly flowers—
 Without them all is cankering death,
 Where he with his pestiferous breath,
 Mildews these hearts of ours.

MEMORIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

BEAUTIFUL city, whose beloved past,
 Has thy eternal fame around me cast,
 Where early sires—and who once with thee
 Had loved to live—lovers of liberty;
 What sacred memories swell within the breast,
 Breathing of them—gone to their peaceful rest,
 The soldiers, statesmen, and the heroes great,
 Who did their lives to freedom consecrate;
 The shades of a departed century
 Hallow their graves and linger yet with thee.

A chosen spot of Penn, and they who sleep
 Forever in the tomb, in silence deep;
 City of beauty and to culture given,
 To art and science, and as fair as Heaven,
 Where purest love, and heavenly charity
 Is thine, and is thy noble pedigree.

Thy sons and daughters—they have gone at last,
 Where now I ponder on their fleeting past;
 Where memory gilds their day of faded bloom,
 And they repose within an honored tomb,
 Gilding the shadows that oblivion bears,
 Where history breathes of their historic years.

Where Dallas sleeps, within his storied grave,
 Where wreaths of endless fame around him wave;
 And Meredith—the learned, gifted sire,
 Sleeping beneath a broken, speechless lyre.

Where Rawle and Biddle, Binney, Sergeant, all,
 Are sleeping, too, beneath their funeral pall;

Thy ancient families and the cultured throng,
 Who wandered once thy graceful streets along,
 Listening awhile to Hope's alluring lay,
 Where she had smiled along their happy way,
 Thy sons of intellect, and like the rest,
 Of noble fame, enshrined within the breast ;
 Where Wharton, Cope and Logan loved with thee
 Thy chaste attire and thy simplicity.

MIDNIGHT.

BRIGHT, glistening, in the deep, dark vault of blue
 The twinkling stars burst on the startled view ;
 Hail to their placid and serener light,
 Where they illuminate the darkling night,
 And they their glorious festival renew.

Day ceases, and the toil and care of life
 No longer vex the breast with anxious strife ;
 Sleep soothes the pillow and the couch of rest,
 The weary heart, and the tumultuous breast,
 With dreams of peace, and tranquil slumber rife.

Blest is the soul who can repose and feel
 No lingering dart, or pain around him steal ;
 Where balmy sleep can lull the soul away
 To sweet repose, beneath her gentle sway,
 Yet where the heart its grief loves to conceal.

But midnight steeps the soul in silent prayer,
 Where meditation lends her presence near ;
 Where she, the goddess of the poet's lyre—
 Blest night—awakes him to poetic fire,
 Where silence haunts him with a pleasing fear.

He tunes his harp and sings while some recline,
 Upon the couch of ease, in sleep divine,
 As he holds converse with the lonely hour,
 And midnight does the hues of day devour,
 And night's pale silver stars upon him shine.

SCHUYLKILL RIVER.

To Fannie.

OH! noble river, with majestic mien,
 Lulled by the whisper of departing day;
 Through the deep greenwood, and thy shores between,
 Flow on forever, on thy sauntering way.

Dancing along, meandering near to me,
 And rippling gently on thy rugged shore,
 Again I muse and meditate with thee,
 As in those better days of sweet no more.

Where the soft music of the wave I heard,
 Like evening vespers, or the voice of prayer;
 Majestic river—where the tuneful bird,
 His music pours on the enchanted air.

Again I feel as in those better hours
 Of youthful pleasure—but forever riven,
 When first thy wild birds and thy velvet flowers
 Came stealing near me, with the blue of heaven.

Where Belmont, the poetic spot and blest,
 With precious memories of the golden past,
 Where sloping lawn, in vernal beauty drest,
 Is to the cultured mind a sweet repast.

So everywhere thy picturesque retreat—
 Breathing to me of thy historic past,
 In thy green valley does their fame repeat,
 Whose quiet shores once echoed with their tread.

Where Lafayette had loved thy proud domain,
 And lingered here when in his day of prime;
 A gallant soldier on the battle plain,
 Fighting for freedom and our native clime.

Decatur stood thy rocky cliffs beneath,
 And roved along thy avenues of trees—
 A patriot who had won a well-earned wreath—
 Alas! not long, dear freedom's child to please.

Where on thy mossy banks the poet Moore
 Had sung his verses to the lonely wood;
 Sung of thy flowers and the rugged shore,
 Where they had waked him to poetic mood.

Where Wissahickon, with romantic wave,
 Goes winding on to meet thy crystal flood;
 Famous of streams, sometimes sedate and grave,
 Then sparkling on in a more sprightly mood.

But time and change, and mildew of the tomb,
 Has robbed me of thy charms, forever fled;
 No longer now as in a day of bloom,
 Schuylkill! thy presence is around me spread.

Memory and love shall be the faithful flowers,
 Breathing to me of what I once had been;
 Within thy forest and thy rural bowers—
 Upon thy hill-tops and thy banks of green.

The River Schuylkill is celebrated on account of its being the place of residence of some of the oldest citizens of the city. The old families had built elegant and costly mansions along the margin of the river, till the erection of the Fairmount dam—when that stream became unpopular and unhealthy—fine country seats were neglected, mansions forsaken, and a dreary waste taking their place, pervading the gardens of rare plants and cultivated flowers, statuary and beautiful works of art, that studded the banks of the meandering river, in the way of splendid figures—ornamented the gardens of the owners of these handsome estates—but all gone now, save where the trace of some mutilated figure may be discovered by the antiquarian—here and there. The early proprietors of these rural homes have laid down to their last sleep long ago, and the only trace of them left is their last sad resting-place. The lovely stream yet glides along in romantic beauty, in unbroken silence and loveliness—but a lonely solitude tells us of its departed dead.

Some of the most beautiful and charming spots along the Schuylkill have been transformed into business localities, and even mills and factories have sprung up upon the cultivated lawns, and where lovers once wandered in the heyday of their bright hopes of future happiness, and attuned their youthful fancies to the song of the evening bird.

The scenery along the Schuylkill has been the object of admiration, and the theme of the poet, painter, and artist, from the earliest records of the country—but even this has changed. The busy hum of trade has hushed the music of the wild bird, and the wildwood flowers have disappeared. The city has crowded out to the very water's edge. So great has been the increase of population and the necessities of the people, that nearly every trace and romantic charac-

ter of this favorite stream has disappeared in the rapid march of improvement. The course of the river is between a range of two majestic hills, stretching far back over a section of fine, rolling country. The rugged cliffs towering above the stream, at times almost perpendicular, and in some instances projecting over the abyss below, as is the case at Laurel Hill Cemetery—where the very dead sleep in graves hewn out of the solid rock, and within sound of the murmuring waves.

The stream, sometimes, is like a placid silver lake, reposing in peaceful beauty, lulled by the soft sound of the zephyr, and sleeping in the shadow of the rocks.

If the Schuylkill is so entrancing and attractive to us, what must it have been in the days of Indian life, when the red man of the forest glided in light canoe upon its charming waters, or wandered over its secluded hills; where the Indian chief stood in all the freedom of his nature, upon the picturesque shore; held converse with the whispering wave, or breathed his prayer to the Great Spirit, attired in his fantastic garb; and where the fact of his ever having been seems but a mere myth, or some fairy tale, that exists only in poetry.

GERMANTOWN.

OLD sires of historic times
 Have lived and dwelt with thee,
 Where their renown around me shines,
 And their celebrity.
 I seem to hear like funeral chimes,
 The music of the dead,
 Where their unconscious clay reclines,
 Upon a lowly bed.

Memento of departed years,
 Proud relic of the past;
 Thy fame the page of history bears,
 Where roared the battle's blast;
 Where victory made the foeman bow,
 Submissive to the free,
 Where freedom's sons with valiant brow,
 Had died for liberty.

'Twas here that I first learned to know
 And prize the joys of youth;
 To feel the blessed, genial flow
 Of virtue and of truth;
 Obscured was earth's tumultuous woe,
 Life wore a heavenly smile,
 A fadeless charm I seemed to know,
 My young heart to beguile.

Oh! Germantown—a cherished scene
 Of rural beauty still,
 Hail to thy haunts of blooming green,
 And to thy stately hill!
 The green earth wears a smiling mien
 Of sunshine and of glee;
 Beloved spot, where I have been
 Identified with thee.

A storied spot of ancient days—
 Of culture and of grace,
 Within my heart and artless lays,
 Thou hast a welcome place,
 Where I behold the narrow bed,
 Of mother, child, and sire—
 Where sleeps thy venerable dead,
 And I their graves admire.

NAPOLEON.

IN the march of his splendor he came,
 Napoleon—a soldier of old,
 To dazzle the world with his fame,
 Where history his story has told.

The mountain and tempest, and storm,
 He spurned in the day of his prime;
 The eagles of France bore him on,
 To feats and achievements sublime.

He marched with his troops far away,
 O'er deserts, and clefts, and the snow;
 And laughed at the Alps in his day,
 Unconquered, unawed by the foe.

Where none but Napoleon had been,
 And soldiers, and heroes had bled,
 Where he, with his statelier mien,
 Dreamed not of disaster and dread.

Victorious at last is the foe,
 The star of his glory is fled;
 His soldiers lay down in the snow,
 Exhausted, and frozen, and dead.

Where Waterloo echoes the tale,
 To the world, of Napoleon's defeat;
 Where France hears the plaint and the wail,
 And his army is routed and beat.

He hastens! he flies from the field!
 He is stung with despair and regret;
 No power on earth can it shield
 Him now, from the doom he has met.

A prisoner of war he is sent,
 A captive from Paris and France;
 Ill omens that seem to lament,
 Around him in darkness advance.

The ocean, she wafts him away—
 St. Helena's his only retreat—
 Tho' stately and proud in his day,
 When France did his glory repeat.

The storm of the ocean is heard,
 He mingles his tear with the wave,
 Where the tempest his spirit has stirred
 With memories as sad as the grave.

The willow, it blooms at his door,
 To cheer and to gladden his breast,
 Where he weeps on the desolate shore,
 Uncared for, unnoticed, unblest.

His slumber is tranquil, serene;
 Napoleon! he sleeps in the tomb,
 Sepulchral and solemn the scene—
 How brief was his glory and bloom.

Yet bury his faults in the grave,
 Nor whisper too harshly his name,
 His virtues he had, though a slave
 To ambition, to glory, and fame.

St. Helena, his prison and tomb,
 How lonely his moments with thee,
 Where he dreamed of the day of his bloom,
 And pined, by the waves of the sea.

THE DEITY.

STERNAL One—of everlasting reign,
 Whom none can fathom, nor His laws explain,
 Author of life, and Sovereign of the earth,
 In whom we have our being and our birth,
 Who doth exist from all eternity,
 Dwelling in space, and all immensity,
 With no beginning, and who never ends,
 Though fell destruction on the world descends,
 With whom a million years is but a day,
 And all created things fear and obey.

The crystal stars that deck the sky above,
 They whisper of His everlasting love;
 The glittering lights that sparkle on the eye,
 Gilding in beautitude the vault on high,
 Decking the blue expanse with ray serene,
 Like silver spangles with diviner mien;
 Where suns and systems in their orbits roll,
 And breathe of God to the enraptured soul,
 Wielding their flight through trackless space afar,
 Beyond this world—beyond each twinkling star.

Magnificent is He who has arrayed
 The world in beauty, and His skill displayed,
 Cheering the earth with morn's soft, rosy light,
 And where the sun dispels the shades of night—
 The lamp of day, placed there by Deity,
 Shining in splendor and sublimity.

We cannot know, we cannot comprehend
 The power and might of God, who has no end;

So beautiful and perfect, and complete
 Is every work of His, with grace replete;
 His presence dwells within the blooming wood,
 In forest groves—in deepest solitude,
 And where the mountains in their glory tower,
 The Deity displays His matchless power;
 Where we acknowledge, and admire, and praise
 His love divine, and His sublimer ways.

The crowning lesson in the wondrous plan
 Of the Creator, is the birth of man;
 Made like the flower by the Deity,
 His life is, and of equal mystery;
 A vapor, and a shadow, and a dream,
 Soon passed away—an evanescent beam;
 Man has a soul of immortality—
 Not here, but in a blest eternity;
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast—
 Oh! happy thought, of peace and joy and rest.

There is a spark divine within us found,
 That creeps the earthly sense and soul around,
 Where we are part of God's sublimer power—
 Not made to fade, or wither like a flower—
 Where God has made us for celestial skies,
 Creatures of light, and life, and paradise.

Where intellect He has unto us given,
 Breathing of immortality and Heaven;
 Where we, with Him, within that blest retreat,
 Shall live where earthly storms can never beat—
 Repeat the hymns that hallowed angels sing,
 In brighter worlds, where all is endless Spring,

Exalted—purified, beyond the tomb—
Beyond these bitter griefs and days of gloom;
Even amid a world of care and strife,
We wear the signature of heavenly life.

REVENGE.

TIS never found within a noble breast—
Like deadly asp or blight upon the flower;
Oh! foul revenge—it seeking to devour,
A helpless victim, and with sting unblest;
Where the soft sounds of music never lull
The wretch away from his designing art,
Without a drop of mercy in his heart,
But where his soul with deep-dyed spleen is full;
'Tis like a viper in his guilty mind,
Where he pursues his unsuspecting prey,
Robs him of life, and steals from him away
His fleeting breath, and with a thrust unkind;
In such a case the word of God is plain,
Whoever slays, by man shall he be slain.

INDEPENDENCE HALL.

THE venerable old pile is familiar to, and beloved by
every American citizen. The stately edifice stands
as it did in primeval times, a quaint piece of old-fashioned
architecture—a landmark, but a sacred building, filled with
Revolutionary interest—in a word, the birthplace of our
country's liberty, and where the flag—the beautiful flag—

waving from its honored dome, tells us of the patriotism and courage of our early fathers. From the centre of the ceiling is suspended the identical chandelier that lit up the doings of the Continental Congress, when they were deliberating upon the momentous questions of the day, and where they assembled to declare their rights as men, to all the world. A prominent feature of the place is the very chair and tables used by those early patriots, and where John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, John Adams, and other notables of the Revolution, were conspicuous and unfaltering in their efforts to dissolve allegiance between us and the mother country. Upon entering the Hall we feel that we are in the presence of the immortal dead—in the society of those who imperilled their lives for the salvation of their country. A feeling of awe and solemnity steals over the visitor, as he lingers and meditates at the shrine of our freedom, and where the sacred precincts have enshrined the precious memories of the noble dead.

General Joseph Warren was the first officer of distinction who suffered death in the war of the Revolution for the cause of freedom, and a beloved country.

The portraits of the signers of the Declaration festoon the walls, and tell us of the patriotic course they pursued in those perilous times. A nobler band of men never gathered together, than these old Revolutionary sires. The ink was no sooner dried upon their pens, than the whole country responded to their verdict, and flew to the rescue—men of wealth, learning, art, culture, comfortable and happy homes, and who had everything to lose. To show how unselfish and pure their motives were—many of the soldiers entered the army influential and rich, and at the close of the war found themselves in straitened circumstances. They loved liberty—they loved their homes—they loved their flag!

We are their descendants, and we inherit their intelligence, their education and their pride. In these beloved soldiers, the people had trusted and confided, in whom Washington had placed his hope and confidence, yet nothing more than that gallant youth who stood upon the battle-field of the Rebellion, clasping the sword, wielding the cannon, and where, oh! where his bright hope and prayer was realized at last in the achievement of triumphant victory!

Washington wept at the grave of a fallen comrade. He sighed when a soldier fell, yet, like the heroes of the late war, he was never conquered nor hopelessly dismayed. His heart looked up to God. God heard the prayer, and smiled upon our just and righteous cause.

Independence Hall, besides being visited by the most distinguished travelers of the world, has had the honor, also, of receiving as guests—Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Jackson, Polk, Taylor, Lincoln, and Generals Scott and Lafayette—and where lay in state, alas! the lifeless form of Lincoln, Clay, John Quincy Adams, besides distinguished naval officers and soldiers.

The most notable feature of the Hall is the Old Liberty Bell, surrounded with deep interest, hallowed associations, and fond memories. The bell was authorized to be made in England, by an order from Isaac Norris, of historic fame, and these memorable words to be inscribed upon it:—"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." The Hall is also decorated with a superb gilt eagle.

OLD LIBERTY BELL.

SACRED of bells! whose thrilling lay
 Wafted in clarion tones away,
 Across the mountain and the sea,
 Glad tidings of our liberty!
 Proclaiming to the world abroad,
 Our freedom, purchased by the sword,
 The hope of Washington, and prayer
 Of patriots to their country dear,
 Where patriotic soldiers bled,
 For that dear flag!—the honored dead.

A glorious signal of the fight—
 Of battle, and the victory bright;
 Wrapping the buried hero's breast—
 The hallowed flag—beloved—the best;
 Where that old flag had nerved the free
 With hopes of brilliant victory;
 Calling them from the fireside—
 Calling them in their day of pride,
 From peaceful home and blooming field,
 Calling them on, their home to shield;
 Calling them in their youthful prime,
 Calling them from home's blessed shrine.

It echoes through the forest dells,
 And of a suffering nation tells;
 Where valley hears the thrilling sound,
 And mountain and the dale around,
 Where quiet toil and peace is heard,
 And the soft carol of the bird—

Where father's face a sadness wears,
 And silent falls a mother's tears;
 Yet where the hallowed, thrilling lay,
 Does not unheeded die away.

A sister hears it with a sigh,
 Reverberating through the sky,
 Yet on a heavenly mission sent,
 Though her sad heart in grief is rent,
 Where she resigns in streaming tears
 The loved and lost of other years,
 And she deplores a brother's grave,
 Killed in the battle—and the brave,
 Robbed of his presence and the peace,
 Where sorrow never seems to cease.

Historic bell, forever blest!
 Thou art enshrined within the breast,
 Breathing of the illustrious dead,
 Who for their country fought and bled;
 There was in thee, proud bell of old,
 A magic that of freedom told—
 A charm in the auspicious sound,
 Where heroes' blood had stained the ground;
 Forerunner of a brighter day,
 Where freedom beat the foe away,
 And where the patriotic breast
 Had dreamed of victory and blest;
 Memento of a glorious age,
 Deeply engraved on history's page.

DESPAIR.

IN thy dark haunts of woe and misery,
 Hapless and sad the wretch's lot is cast,
 Where darkness does Hope's cheering prospect blast,
 And joy and sunshine never come, nor glee;
 Despair destroys the buds of promise bright—
 Withers the blossoms of our brightest hours—
 Robs us of joy and her gay, smiling flowers,
 Where she the careless bosom does delight;
 Yet there is hope while the unhallowed tomb
 Is yet unknown to our earthly frame,
 While blooming health, no idle, empty name,
 Bestows upon us her rich wreath of bloom;
 All is not lost if but a single sky
 Yet smiles around us, and our moments by.

MY MOTHER.

MAIL to my mother! whose declining years,
 Whisper of time and its appalling fears,
 Where silvery age has scattered on her way,
 A cloud now, in the sunset of her day;
 Beautiful mother! where she is to me
 Symbol of loveliness and piety;
 Virtue and love, is my sweet mother's dower,
 For she to me is like the stainless flower.

Time, like a thief, has crept her path along,
 And youth no longer sings its pleasant song,
 Yet her endearing and unfading smile,
 I feel yet in this world of grief and guile;

Changeless and fadeless is her care for me
 She lavished on me in my infancy,
 Though adverse life and time, and change has shed
 A mildew on me like the mouldering dead;
 The bright star of my early youth, and yet
 Her sun of life is sinking—nearly set.
 Teacher of virtue and a cleanly heart,
 Where she her counsel to me did impart,
 When first I listened to my mother's prayer,
 Like healing, or the Spring bird on the air.

A flood of sunshine was the golden past,
 Streaming around my boyhood to the last,
 Where her companionship to me had been
 The harbinger of bliss and peace serene,
 Where memory has inscribed upon her page
 The joys and pleasures of a brighter age,
 Where her sweet voice, like Music's soothing lays,
 Had charmed and cheered me all my youthful days,
 Where her instruction, and her words of truth,
 Fell like a charm upon me, in my youth.

With her the green earth wore a blooming wreath
 Of vernal hue, the placid sky beneath,
 The landscape smiled and with ethereal dyes,
 Of changing beauty, and like paradise,
 Where songster wandered through the azure sky,
 Waving his golden plumes for her and I,
 Where he discoursed his echoed melody
 In woody dell, or in the giant tree.

As lasting as the skies that shine above,
 Deep in my heart I keep her tender love;

When in my youth I lingered at her knee,
 And my fond mother shed her tears with me,
 Where she awoke within my artless breast
 The choicest feelings and forever blest,
 Taught me and trained me, made me glad to know
 A path of peace, within a world of woe.

But never more will I with her renew
 Those pleasant days, so fleeting and so few,
 Save where affection, and my filial tears,
 Breathe back to me her glance of other years;
 My aged mother, where her gentle smile
 Did often cheer me and my heart beguile;
 Affectionate and kind, and never met
 But with a smile, I love, and cherish yet.

So long will I, till the untimely tomb
 Has swept away my mother's fleeting bloom,
 Honor and love her, and her will obey,
 As in my early life and youthful day,
 Till I have met her in serenest skies,
 My sainted parent, and in paradise,
 There to renew the joys that once were mine,
 With her—and in that never-fading clime,
 The last fond hope of my dejected breast,
 To meet her in that land of peaceful rest.

The only one I loved so, and had blest,
 And cherished and obeyed her sweet behest,
 To meet her yet in yon celestial bowers—
 To meet my mother in a land of flowers—
 The thought is joy—oh! come what may to me,
 To meet my mother in eternity.

CHESTNUT HILL.

WHERE thou art drest in green attire,
 Majestic Chestnut Hill,
 I tune again my plaintive lyre,
 In hours calm and still,
 Where wealth, and ease, and golden hours,
 And social pleasures throng,
 And where, amid thy happy bowers,
 Hope sings her brightest song.

There where thy towering hills are piled,
 Like mountain peaks of green,
 Above the Schuylkill's shore so wild,
 And its sequestered scene;
 Above the Wissahickon's wave,
 Traditionary stream,
 Where tourist, artist, and the brave,
 With her had loved to dream.

Where social circles while away,
 The quiet hour with thee,
 At early morn or close of day,
 In silent reverie;
 And where within thy aged tree
 I hear the robin sing—
 Sweet bird, he, perching near to me,
 Upon his buoyant wing.

The worldling and the cultured come
 To love thy peaceful charms,
 To thy secluded, sylvan home,
 Freed from the world's alarms—

Where sweet seclusion has the power
 To soothe the weary heart,
 And solitude—meek, heavenly flower,
 Allays affliction's dart.

There is within thy peaceful shade,
 A solace to the breast,
 Where youth smiles, and old age is laid,
 And failing health can rest;
 There is a lingering charm for me,
 Within thy woody grove,
 Where yonder ancient towering tree,
 Pierces the vault above.

The landscape breaking on the eye,
 The green hillside and vale,
 Smiling beneath the evening sky,
 Repeat their pleasing tale,
 Where sunset wears a golden hue,
 Gilding the stately tree,
 Where I thy rustic beauties view,
 And meditate with thee.

Let them—majestic Chestnut Hill—
 Who love thy green retreat,
 Be cheered by thy seclusion still,
 And home and country seat;
 While now, within a blissful day,
 Peace does around them cling,
 While Hope smiles on their sunny way,
 And health is on the wing.

CHAOS.

CHAOS—an empty, gloomy void—
 Of beauty and of shape devoid,
 Where sense and substance is destroyed.

A shapeless mass, an endless sea,
 And of untold immensity—
 Beginning with eternity.

Foremost amid the wondrous plan
 Of Nature, was the birth of man,
 Whom none alone but God can scan.

First came the sun with glorious light,
 To gild the gloom of ceaseless night—
 Of glory, and of promise bright.

Scattering through all immensity
 His golden floods of brilliancy,
 Ethereal lamp of cheer and glee.

Father of life and light divine,
 And from all everlasting time,
 Eternity itself is thine.

Time never did begin with thee—
 When there was nothing—empty plea;
 For if so, nothing still would be.

God has the gloom of chaos driven
 From us, before the smile of heaven;
 Where the green earth is to us given.

His will and purpose is obeyed,
 Where He all nature has arrayed
 In splendor, and His power displayed.

Wondrous and wise is every thing,
The green earth and the smiling Spring,
And bird upon his plumaged wing.

Who but a God so wise and great,
Could make a world, or us create?
Or all the world annihilate?

No chance could fashion you or me,
Or could create eternity,
And make God and the Deity!

The order and the harmony
Displayed in everything we see,
Whispers of God's sublimity!


Whisper of a superior mind—
Some intellect and Author kind,
And with intelligence combined.

LITERATURE.


WHEN searching for the books to feed the mind,
Select the pure, the choicest and the best,
Where literature in purity is drest,
And you the richest gems of thought can find.
Go strike the chords of a celestial lyre,
Where Holy Writ breathes an immortal lay;
A million years may wield their flight away,
But that inspired book will never tire.
So poetry, she elevates the soul,
With her rich treasures, and forever pure;
Untarnished by a baser literature,
Where worthless reading does the mind control;
Smooth be the verse and artless lay I sing,
Imperfect as we are, and everything.

DR. THOMAS G. MORTON.

Eminent Physician and Surgeon.

 EARNED of doctors of the healing art—
 Dispensing human kindness to the breast,
 Soothing the sorrows of a world distressed—
 Thou hast a place in every grateful heart.
 When fell disease has pierced the trembling frame,
 Poisoned the life-blood and appalled the soul,
 Such men, like you, can cancel and control
 The wasting fever, and frenzy can tame.
 Love spreads her trophies on thy happy way,
 Where learning sings for you her pleasant song,
 Where science does thy earthly peace prolong,
 And does thy anxious care and toil allay,
 Thy sweet reward shall be thy bliss in Heaven,
 To whom, my grateful verse and lay is given.

THE LATE ALEXANDER HENRY, ESQ.

 O, gentle traveler! to the far off Isle,
 Where seasons of eternal summer smile;
 Celestial, now, where angels have their birth,
 Beyond the world and groveling cares of earth.
 Honor and virtue was thy earthly dower—
 Thyself integrity's unblemished flower;
 Unsullied truth the world had proved in thee,
 Benevolence and deep humility.
 Truly sincere, and just, and ever kind—
 These were thy virtues—and a polished mind,
 Learned and cultured; where thy Christian life
 Had soothed thy heart amid death's awful strife.
 Departed shade! laid by the river's shore,
 Let us, thy praise repeat—thy loss deplore.

JULY.

JULY, she with her burning, lucid skies,
 Scatters the earth with her resplendent dyes,
 Waning towards the gloomy Autumn days,
 Where lowering clouds upon her beauty preys ;
 The waving harvest and the ripened grain
 Whisper of God's munificence again ;
 Like golden tassels tossed upon the air,
 Is the rich, graceful wheat and burnished spear.
 Hottest of months—the parched and withered flowers
 Drink in the dew at morn and evening hours,
 The sultry air steals o'er the feverish earth,
 Sent from above, where old Sol has his birth ;
 Even the night—the hour of peace and rest—
 Tires and wearies, and fatigues the breast.

 AFFECTION.

Dedicated to Jennie.

IF a fair rose of earth be blighted—
 Chilled by the rough, cold, wintry weather—
 Blossom and bud thus disunited
 Wither away and die together.

So with the heart's pure, best affection,
 Sunk in the pall of hapless sorrow,
 Dies like a rose—a sad reflection—
 Never to bloom again to-morrow.

Then, cast thou not affection from thee,
 But guard it well—the golden treasure ;
 A precious gem enshrined within thee,
 To thee a pure and lasting pleasure.

While youth and hope with thee is blended,
 Like healing sent on wings of slumber,
 Let love be thine till life is ended,
 And like the birds sweet heavenly number.

Long may you learn to love and cherish
 The boon within thy youthful bosom,
 And never live to see it perish,
 Like dead leaves or a wasted blossom.

No lingering woe, no earthly power,
 From thy young heart the jewel sever;
 If lost once, 'tis a faded flower,
 Forever gone and lost forever!

If love has from the soul departed,
 Lonely and sad these hearts of ours—
 If we have met and we have parted
 Forever with our earthly flowers.

The rent chords of thy broken lyre
 No longer heed thy touch but falter,
 If thou hast quenched the hallowed fire
 Burning upon Love's sacred altar.

MARY AND WILLIE.

MOST every one has acknowledged the season of childhood to be the happiest period of our lives. Nurtured by kind parents, and the object of their tender solicitude, we bask away in the sunshine, and forget the woes and disappointments of after years. Such is the life

of Mary and Willie—all sunshine and hope. No lowering clouds to mar their youthful sky. Life is in its earliest spring. Mere buds of promise and tender blossoming, golden links at the home circle, bright faces and warm, loving hearts, and where, in the innocence of their youth, they rove along and cull the flowers of happy childhood without a bramble or a thorn.

The sunbeams of beauty and youth,
 To me like the sunlight of heaven;
 The season of childhood and youth,
 To them like enchantment is given.
 They wander in pleasure and glee,
 Unconscious of sorrow and gloom,
 Where childhood is careless and free,
 The blossoms of joy and of bloom.

The life and the light of their home,
 The objects of virtue divine,
 Where sorrow and grief cannot come,
 Nor they in affliction repine;
 Where love, like the breath of the flowers,
 Makes home like an Eden of bliss,
 Without it—a mildew devours
 And chills the affectionate kiss.

THE LORDLY EAGLE.

Standard Bearer of the American Arms.

THE Academy of Natural Sciences has on exhibition some fine specimens of this noble bird. Too much cannot be said in his favor, as he appears to be destitute of

those low, mean, pilfering propensities belonging to some of the lower order of the species. Be sure he has to exist on something, but he does it in a very different way from those birds who occupy a station below his. His style is haughty and independent, and he is particular with whom he associates—companionless, as it were. His habits are peculiar, and he prefers to live alone rather than to keep company with the rest of the feathery kind—solitary and secluded in his taste. Very little is known about the eagle, and only to the naturalist. All that we do know is that we see a magnificent bird careering through the sky; and some few, meagre accounts we have derived from fables. Soaring upon his stately wings, he pursues his tedious journey through the air. There may not be anything traditional about the eagle, so far as our nation is concerned, but we have chosen him as a motto—or rather, a symbol of our liberty and independence. You will find him engraved upon the currency. He is also chosen as an ornament to flagstaves, and is found even in churches, as a sacred emblem of religion and virtue. In brief, he is inseparably identified with the earliest history of the country, and is a fit representative of those memorable words of the early fathers—"Virtue, Liberty and Independence."

THE LATE MAJOR GENERAL HUMPHREYS.

HIS fame is with the flag united—
 With liberty and freedom blended—
 Though his last lingering hope is blighted,
 And his brief, earthly life is ended.

A soldier of heroic valor!
 Forever crossed life's stormy river;
 Yet where he felt the piercing arrow,
 Sent to him from death's silent quiver.

His voice is hushed—his manly lyre
 Lies broken, near his lonely pillow;
 With him home's sweetest songs expire;
 He sleeps beneath the drooping willow.

Where he has to the grave descended,
 And lies now wrapt in endless slumber,
 Where he his funeral way has wended,
 To rest among death's solemn number.

Pale soldier! he has met the foeman,
 And lives now in song and story;
 He fought but for his country's freedom,
 And not for mere vain, empty glory.

Beyond a world of care and sadness,
 His soul shall rest in purer bowers,
 Arrayed in joy and endless gladness,
 And dwell with never-fading flowers.

A land of everlasting summer,
 Beautiful, fair, like blooming meadow;
 Though earthly hope be rent asunder,
 And lowly laid that gallant hero.

Perennial shores!—departing never,
 He treads in his immortal nature;
 Lives on in youth, and wears forever
 His bloom, and every youthful feature.

Immortal skies—of purest lustre,
 Does his eternal soul inspire,
 Where heavenly joys around him cluster,
 And waken his celestial lyre.

NEW CITY HALL.

TIME rolls on, and years speed away, and take their everlasting flight. A little while ago, and Philadelphia did not extend beyond Second or Front Street, and now the consolidated limits of the city stretch for miles along the Delaware River, and as far again beyond the Schuylkill. The growth of the city has witnessed, in the new Public Buildings, the greatest improvement Philadelphia has ever known. The site occupied by the structure was formerly the location of the old Water Works—known as Centre Square, and of later years laid out into public squares. Years have been spent already in the construction of this splendid edifice, and considerable more time will elapse before the work is completed. Marble and granite is the material used in this gigantic undertaking. The design of the architecture is superb, and reflects the highest credit upon the skill, taste, and talent of the architect—Mr. John McArthur, Jr. The buildings have been erected with a view to public convenience, and in such a manner as to facilitate business. Spacious corridors, hallways, and galleries, is a noticeable feature within the interior. The whole structure, outside, is ornamented with allegorical figures and designs of every kind. Marble staircases leading to the upper rooms, and where the upper stories are divided into compartments easy of access, and well venti-

lated. Fine, white blocks of pure marble confront the beholder, as he gazes upon the colossal pile. The sculptor has rendered it still more attractive. The emblematical figures placed over the windows and doorways, are conspicuous, imposing, and attract considerable attention. The Chestnut Street entrance is the most attractive. The word "Justice," cut in marble letters, immediately over the doorway, denotes the exalted character of the place. Higher up, and near the roof, is placed figures of wonderful design, and are remarkable for their peculiar appearance. It is said that the building will cost upwards of ten million dollars. When completed, a magnificent tower, over five hundred feet high, will embellish the grounds—and, besides this, a large and imposing figure of William Penn. In the model room is to be seen the designs and plans of the structure, and where Philadelphia is represented by symbolical figures: History, Botany, Commerce, Agriculture, Poetry, Literature, Music, as well as all the Sciences, and the Muses—and also the figures of Prayer, Meditation, and Thought. Besides these is the bust of Edward Shippen, Thomas P. Cope, Biddle, Binney, Rush, Oliver Evans, Rawle and Mifflin. This room has been under the charge of the sculptor employed by the City, to furnish designs of the most beautiful part of the work, Mr. Calder, a gentleman of taste and talent in his profession. Mr. Calder's office is situated at the Market Street entrance.

Philadelphians will be proud of this splendid building when completed, and well they may be, for it will not only adorn the city, but will be a proud monument to the workmanship of Philadelphia mechanics and artisans, and perpetuate the fair fame, learning, order, taste and culture of our beloved city.

FEED ME WELL, I'LL LIVE A HUNDRED
YEARS.

SUCH was the inscription over the cage of a magnificent living eagle which was to be seen many years ago in Independence Square. The eagle was placed there by a resolution of Councils. It was a great favorite with the old citizens of the City, many of whom never went to their places of business without first calling upon his lordship. The fact brings more vividly to our minds the memory of a richly carved gilt eagle which supported, for many years, the sounding-board over the pulpit of Saint John's Lutheran Church in this city.

The trustees of the church waited upon Mr. Rush, the sculptor, for the design of an eagle for that purpose, and he furnished them with one modeled from the very identical bird to which we have alluded.

The eagle was an object of veneration by the congregation, but after the church was improved in accordance with the taste of modern times, the eagle was taken down and presented to the city. It was placed in Independence Hall over the figure of Washington. This splendid work of art, which is not surpassed by any thing of the kind in the country, is to be seen now in the National Museum. Critics have acknowledged the bird to be natural and an admirable specimen of the sculptor's art, especially the wings and feathers. The eagles carved now-a-days and perched over flagstaffs and door windows, are no more like the living bird than a goose is like a swan ; but not so with this one, where the intellect and genius of the sculptor is beyond a doubt. The truth is, Rush was a practical man in his business, and derived his ideas from Nature herself. He was a great student of Nature ; listened to her teach-

ings, hence the taste, beauty and loveliness which is evidently displayed in this eagle, as well as all the traces of the art the sculptor has left behind him.

ODE TO WAR.

OH, battle! oh, tumultous war!
 Like an unfriendly evil star,
 Ill omen in the sky;
 Where blest tranquility has fled,
 And peace no longer, like the dead,
 Is sweetly stealing by.

Her garlands and her trophies die,
 And sicken on the languid eye,
 Where clamor holds her reign,
 And tumult, like the angry roar
 Of ocean heard upon the shore,
 Rules heaven and earth again.

Oh, war! thy fatal darts abound
 With blood, where they bestrew the ground,
 With the pale, listless dead;
 Where lay the dying and the brave,
 Cold sleepers of the lonely grave,
 Where earthly hope has fled.

Let peace the strife of war succeed,
 And noble hearts no longer bleed
 Upon the battle field;
 Oh! smiling peace—oh, queenly maid,
 In joy and loveliness arrayed,
 Let her creation shield.

SAINT STEPHEN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

To the Rev. S. D. McConnell.

AN ancient landmark is the old edifice on Tenth Street above Chestnut, and is filled with historic interest. Like a gray-haired sire, trembling with age, and in the midst of blooming, merry childhood. A mantle of venerable beauty, interspersed with hallowed memories, rest upon its outward form. The pedigree of the Church is dated back to the era of the Revolution—Old Christ Church on Second Street above Market being the great paternal ancestor, and where some of the forefathers of those who hold pews at Saint Stephen's repaired to hear the Word of God. The companions of Washington—Lafayette, Adams, Robert Morris and Franklin, and such men as Cadwalader, Biddle, Dale and Truxton—Revolutionary patriots themselves—all of whom took an active part in the great struggle for our freedom.

The shades of more than a century rest upon the dome of Saint Stephen's. The Church is remarkable on account of its peculiar architecture, which is beautiful, and is considered a grand specimen of the Gothic style. The Church is quaint and antique in its appearance, and was built by Haviland, the famous architect, a man of great taste in his profession, peculiar, but of original ideas, and very much admired as a builder in his day. The interior of this Church is richly decorated, and has recently been improved and made a great deal larger. A soft, subdued, mellow light throws a halo over the auditorium, which is noticeable upon entering the sanctuary. A tinge of grave solemnity, awe inspiring, is felt there and is in keeping with the feelings and ideas of that class of people who assemble there for divine worship. The hues of the rainbow play about

the windows, handsomely engrossed and painted with appropriate emblems—Bible characters delineated upon the page of Holy Writ. The sunshine falling from the sky is broken and obscured or rather tempered by the stained glass windows, which not only answer a substantial purpose, but ornamental and attractive. When the church is lit up and illuminated with the richly mounted silver lamps and burnished pulpit, the effect is imposing and grand. The ceiling of the church is painted a rich, blue color, studded with stars, and over the altar a large stained glass window, inscribed with symbols—a sheaf of wheat, an anchor, a dove and hour-glass. A memorial tablet has been placed upon the wall, in brass, sacred to the memory of the late William Rudder, D.D., a brilliant pulpit orator, a polite Christian gentleman, scholar, and bold and fearless speaker in the cause of Christ. A prominent feature of the place is the splendid carved figures of the Burd family, to be seen in the alcove of the northern isle of the church, the accomplished daughters of the late Edward Shippen Burd, Esq., and where he himself is laid upon a marble sarcophagus at the rear end of the edifice. The figures alluded to were executed in Italy, by the celebrated sculptor Steinhäuser, and cost ten thousand dollars. They are allegorical figures, representing angels wafting their flight heavenward. This family resided at the old-fashioned residence at Ninth and Chestnut Streets, but passed away rapidly; every one of them from the scene of their joys and sorrows.

Mrs. Burd was the last lingering trace of the happy home circle. She sought in the companionship of the beloved church a solace for her woes. She deplored the bitter loss of her gentle daughters. She shed for them her fruitless tears, but a hope lingered, and the griefs and sorrows of this life faded away before the bright realities of eternity.

Out of eight children, not a single one was left to cheer the poor mother in her declining years, but where she, only a little while previous to her own death, followed to the grave her last remaining child.

Mr. Burd was a gentleman of education and wealth, a benefactor, and contributed handsomely towards this Church. The chime of bells of St. Stephen's was presented to the Church by him, and the well-known Burd Orphan Asylum founded by both him and his wife. In its day of prime, Clay, Webster, Commodore Robert Field, Stockton, Pierce, Butler and Hon. George M. Dallas have been pew-holders and visitors to this Church. Of late years Biddle and Wharton have been added to the list of worshippers seated within the sacred portals, and the Hon. Edward Shippen, a descendant of William Shippen, first Mayor of Philadelphia.

There is attached to this Church one of the finest choirs to be found in the city, and under the direction of Professor David D. Wood, whose execution upon the organ is sublime and beautiful, and who has no superior as an organist in Philadelphia. Mr. Wood is blind, and was educated at the Pennsylvania Blind Asylum, under the instruction of Professor William Chapin, who was Mr. Wood's preceptor.

A NAIAD QUEEN.

THE famous historical figure of the naiad or swan, to be seen now at the Fairmount Water Works, is said to be the most exquisite piece of sculpture ever executed in this country. Professor Thomas Eakins, of the Academy of the Fine Arts, makes special mention in his criticisms of this fine figure.

The truth is, there never were any sculptors in this county of any great celebrity till Rush, the nation's favorite artist, made his appearance, the author of the naiad—no poetical myth or romantic fiction, but a reality—modeled from life, and where the sculptor has placed her airy form upon the mossy rock, bathed in the sunshine, with outstretched arm, and the drapery of her garments falling gracefully about her feet. Rush modeled the figure for the Academy of the Fine Arts, of which he was a Director. Considerable historical interest is attached to the same, the subject being Miss Louisa Vanuxem, a celebrated Philadelphia belle, and daughter of James Vanuxem, shipping merchant of the city, and connected with public affairs.

The figure ornamented the fountain for a long time at Centre Square, where the Public Buildings now are, and where many designs were taken from it. It remained there till after the completion of the new Fairmount Works, when it was removed to its present position upon the rocks of the forebay, and at the base of the reservoir. Romantic, fairylike, beautiful, a memento of historic times and a monument to perpetuate the name and fame of the distinguished belle, who lived and died within her native city; admired and loved by her associates, and an educated and accomplished woman.

Mr. Henry Vanuxem, of the firm of Vanuxem & Wharton, commission merchants on Chestnut Street, is a nephew of the celebrated heroine, and is a gentleman also of culture and taste. The Vanuxem family is one of oldest ones in the country, and related to other families who are well known and distinguished in the annals of American history.

Oh, hail ! a naiad queen !
 She decorates the Fairmount reservoir,
 Where her exquisite charms I now adore,
 And her poetic mien.

Arrayed in stainless white,
 She does the poet's ardent Muse control,
 And does inspire the intellectual soul
 With rapture and delight.

Shooting the spray afar,
 Like crystal gems upon the sunny air—
 A nymph of grace and more divinely fair
 Than the unsullied star.

The mysteries of the stream,
 She keeps them to herself, deep as the grave ;
 Queen of the Schuylkill and her native wave,
 Where they around her gleam.

Goddess of love and grace,
 Just risen from the lake and bay below,
 Where steams of sunlight that around her flow,
 Play on her queenly face.

Woody by the stirring breeze,
 She stands upon the rocks, majestic, grand,
 Like some enchantress from a fairy land,
 The musing soul to please.

Wrapt in her chaste attire,
 I plead to her this feeble lay of mine,
 Where with her grace and stateliness divine,
 Discordant tones expire.

Beautiful naiad queen,
 Let me with my imperfect Muse and lyre,
 Long! long! thy peerless loveliness admire,
 Decked with a wreath of green.

RUSH LIBRARY.

A fine specimen of Corinthian architecture is the Rush Library, a branch of the Philadelphia Library. It has a Grecian look and resembles Girard College. The building was erected by William Hutton, Esq., the well-known architect. The splendid work is a proof of his taste and talent, and is a monument to the memory of Mr. Hutton.

The profession he has chosen has given to us Latrobe, Strickland, Haviland, Kneass, all sleeping now within the tomb. Yet we have with us McArthur, Hutton, Walter, Windrim and Hale. The books of the Library are neatly arranged upon shelves along the walls, well kept, comprising thousands of volumes. Busts of the distinguished dead are placed upon pedestals here and there; and over the desk of the librarian in the gallery is a colossal figure of Minerva. In the centre of the main floor is a case containing rare curiosities, and is of deep interest to the antiquarian, in the way of manuscripts, books and ancient relics, some presented to the library by Benjamin Franklin. Superb statues belonging to Dr. Rush deck the corridors, emblems of art, knowledge and science. A marble tomb, containing his remains and those of his wife, is to be seen in the recess set apart as their sepulchre, relieved by a richly painted stained glass window placed over the dead. Alas!

a sad memorial of departed wealth, luxury and pride. He lies down to his last sleep, and though a son of a great Revolutionary patriot, will not wake, but all unheeded now, the vain pomp and glory of this world. They sleep in the solitude of the tomb, but the generous gift still remaining free to all, and where all may come and enjoy the free use of the library who would avail themselves of its golden treasures. Some portions of the furniture belonging to Dr. Rush are still to be seen there, also his figures and art gallery. Mr. Lloyd L. Smith, the efficient librarian, has control of this as well as the Philadelphia Library. Mr. Smith has had long years of experience as librarian, and was in charge of the old Philadelphia Library many years ago, at Fifth and Library Streets. He has a thorough knowledge of his profession, and is himself a gentleman of culture and education, as well as belonging to one of the oldest families of this country.

But the munificent founders of this temple of instruction and literary research, we draw the curtain over their departed lives and bid them rest in the perpetual land. No more appropriate monument could be erected to the memory of these good people than this flattering testimonial of their bounty and benevolence; for while it confers a lasting benefit on their fellow-creatures, it still rescues from oblivion and preserves in the urn of remembrance the intrinsic virtues of its generous donors.

READING.

THE silent medium of divinest thought,
 With intellect's pure, priceless riches fraught,
 Where the companionship of books repeat
 The joys we feel in study's blest retreat;

Streaming around us and like glittering flowers
 Of opening spring, is reading's sacred powers ;
 So like the strain of some melodious choir,
 That fills the soul with wrapt poetic fire ;
 Scatters the gifts of knowledge all around,
 Where wisdom and a learned mind is found,
 Soothing the soul, and where she lulls away
 The tedious moments that upon us prey ;
 Lulls the dull sense and where she does assuage
 Our sorrows with the golden lettered page.

FAIRMOUNT WATER WORKS.

THE site occupied by the Fairmount Water Works was originally one of the most romantic spots to be found upon the River Schuylkill, wild, rugged and picturesque. But science has softened down its wild scenic appearance, and landscape gardening has done the rest. The reservoir is the most prominent feature at Fairmount, and the turbine wheels which pump the water up into the basin. The wheels are of beautiful complexed machinery ; the movement and action of the wheels being grand, and of the greatest interest to the engineer. The dam, stretching across the Schuylkill from shore to shore, is deserving of special mention. This is a fine piece of engineering skill ; is gracefully built and attracts considerable notice from the visitor. The dam has been erected for the purpose of letting the water into the forebay, so that it can fall down upon the wheels and then be sent up by means of pipes into the basin. The grounds around the works are laid out handsomely. In the centre of the garden is a monument erected to the memory of Frederic Graff, Esq.,

Chief Engineer of the Works. Mr. Graff spent forty years in the service of the City, and was a faithful and esteemed officer acting in the discharge of his official duties till he died. Frederic Graff, Jr., took the place of his father as Chief Engineer, and was always the choice of the people, who ever felt themselves indebted to him and his father for their faithful devotion to the City, and for most of the improvements to be seen at Fairmount.

The City, however, has almost got ahead of the Fairmount Works, and it is scarcely able to keep up to the great demand for water, so great has been the increase of the population. Fairmount is the beginning of the Park, commencing at Callowhill Street and stretching for many miles back into the county, embracing in its course the picturesque Schuylkill, the Valley of the Wissahickon, the bloom-clad plains of Germantown, and the proud and lofty summits of Chestnut Hill, covered as they are with all their traditionary fame.

HYMN DEDICATED TO A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE Sabbath dawns, the hush of prayer
 Subdues our busy hours,
 The sweet hymn stealing on the air,
 Asserts its soothing powers.

Where youth bends at the hallowed shrine,
 To worship God once more,
 Where blooming days and years of prime,
 His kindly smile implore.

Breathing the young heart up to heaven,
 Beyond a world of woes,
 Where the blest Sabbath hours have given
 To them prayer and repose.

So youth and childhood bowed in prayer,
 Repeat a Saviour's name ;
 He does their plea in mercy hear,
 Beyond this earthly frame.

Then let them live for brighter skies,
 Their golden days improve,
 Live for that better Paradise,
 And of eternal love.

BELLS OF SAINT STEPHEN'S.

HAIL to your chimes, oh, silvery bells !
 Your melody around me swells,
 Like vespers heard at Sabbath hours,
 Or fragrance to the blushing flowers,
 Calling the troubled soul away,
 From earthly cares that on us prey.

So where the blessed hope is given
 Of endless love and peace in heaven ;
 Of regions of eternal spring,
 And joy forever on the wing ;
 Where angels of celestial birth,
 Repose beyond this sunless earth.

Like monastery bells to me,
 Yon church tells of antiquity ;
 Where ancient monks who worshipped God,
 Within their abbey gardens trod,
 Where fragrant rose and lovely flower,
 Had cheered their solitary hour.

Thou art of the historic past,
 Saint Stephen's—honored to the last ;
 Where our heroic sires bled
 For liberty—the noble dead ;
 And Washington had led the way
 To freedom in a prouder day,
 He cheering on the battle plain
 His soldiers—and where lay the slain.

So thy blest bells bring back to me,
 Thy votaries I met with thee ;
 And met them in their day of prime,
 The young, the beautiful, divine ;
 The votaries of cultured art,
 Of elegance and grace apart.

Oh! let me learn of those who sleep
 Within the grave, so cold and deep,
 The folly of this fleeting life,
 So perishing and full of strife.
 Pause at the lonely resting-place
 Of thy dead, wrapt in death's embrace ;
 Revoke their brief and flitting days,
 Where silent time upon them preys ;
 How lovely once, yet like a flower,
 Blighted and sered in wintry hour,
 Destroyed in all their earliest bloom,
 Cold sleepers of the quiet tomb.

FAIRMOUNT PARK.

THE lovely and picturesque resort—a valuable tract of land, originally composed of farms and country seats—is now the pride and boast of every Philadelphian, and

the delight and admiration of strangers visiting this country. The splendid country seats studded the shores of the meandering river, melodious and majestic with the soft, silvery notes of the woodland bird. What a wise choice, and how thoughtful on the part of the city, in selecting this noble and beautiful spot as a Park, for the masses of the citizens to go, as a shelter from the burning suns of Summer, and a place of health, amusement and recreation.

Stretching as it does over a broad expanse of territory, embracing both sides of the Schuylkill River, and running along over the green hills, taking in Laurel Hill Cemetery, and following the lovely Wissahickon till the majestic, stately Chestnut Hill, towering up like a mountain peak—where the eye beholds the magnificent valley below, the landscape still smiling farther on; dotted with the peaceful vale, the quiet farm, relieved by meadow and grassy plain, and till the eye is lost in the dim vista of the distant horizon.

The Park is divided by the river, and where two splendid ridges of hills tower up, and in some places almost form a canopy over the stream.

Fairmount Park is not only conspicuous for its wild, romantic scenery, but landscape gardening is one of its greatest features, where graceful grass plots and beds are noticeable, studded with the choicest plants and flowers.

A beautiful part of the Park is in the neighborhood of the Lincoln Monument, where the immortal patriot is in the act of signing the Emancipation Proclamation, seated upon a lofty chair, and granite or stone pedestal. He died for the liberties and freedom of the people, and fell a martyr to those principles that underlie the teachings of our illustrious sires, who believed that all men were born free and equal. But his virtues live in our most grateful

hearts. Just here, at this point, is a lovely, blooming plain, and winding vale, at the base of Lemon Hill, which is attractive and romantic, consisting of avenues or drives, shaded by rows of youthful maples, and where fountains pour their sparkling jets upon the breeze. Ascending the Hill the visitor is confronted by a view of the old home of Robert Morris, where he spent his last days, and sought, in the retirement of nature, a solace for his woes; the great financier of the Revolution—and who found in Washington a warm and generous friend. Mr. Morris, as well as Mr. Pratt, the last owner of Lemon Hill, were both men of taste and culture. We recollect, ourselves, in the days of our boyhood—the fountain of gold fish, and the conservatories of elegant choice exotics, but as Byron asserts:

“Glimmering through the dreams of things that were.”

The aged oak trees—the despoiled figures, and mutilated statuary, lingered for some time upon the premises, as a last trace of the palmy days of its departed splendor. So, such is of life: childhood, with its rosy cheek and blooming years, springs up into mature age, revels in the midst of joy and pleasure for a little while, and then passes away to the tomb, and is forgotten.

Fairmount Park is full of historic interest. Washington loved to spend hours upon the shores of the Schuylkill, and with his honored friend, Lafayette, where the green banks and sloping hills of the lovely spot were full of unspeakable joy to them, for they were both lovers of Nature, as well as freemen.

During the Revolutionary war, men of distinction would visit this spot for recreation, and to mature plans, also, for the coming battles—soldiers and officers of the army and

navy—and where they sought the quiet haunts along the river shore.

John Penn, grandson of William Penn, spent his happy days at Landsdowne, one of the most historic spots upon the Schuylkill. The distinguished owner, also, was Colonial Governor of Pennsylvania. But a hundred years have passed away, and he lives only in memory. There's not a trace left here, perhaps, to tell of Penn.

Eaglesfield and Sweet Briar—the scene of many social gatherings in their day, have their picturesque charms, where the glens and the shaded ravines add to the landscape, and help the painter's genius and his pencil,

Edward Shippen Burd, a wealthy merchant of this city, had, too, his celebrated country place here at one time—Armston.

Traces of old Fountain Green, famous in the early days of the City as a resort for picnic and excursion parties, are still to be seen, situated upon the line of the old Reading Railroad.

William Bingham, who married the daughter of the partner of Robert Morris, Thomas Willing, of Philadelphia, also lived here, beneath the shadow of his beautiful sylvan home, and moved in brilliant circles.

A peculiar feature of the Park is the stately looking and majestic beauty to be seen everywhere, and the graceful and colossal trees, spreading out their giant branches on the air. The fields below being varied—cultivated at times, then rude and wild, and falling back into their native simplicity, as they were in the days of Indian life. The graceful hills and sheltered vales are also attractive. The deep ravines, the woody dells, leafy groves, and the mossy, rugged rocks, skirting the water's edge.

A splendid acquisition to the Park, is the generous gift

of Mr. Jesse George and his sister, of a valuable tract of land, for the Park purposes—their farm and home, and where they lived and died, beneath its peaceful shades; the locality is known as George's Hill. Anxious that their earthly home should be kept and preserved as they loved it in life, they presented it to the City with that understanding.

Belmont, one of the most fashionable resorts on the river, was once the early home of Judge Peters. He, here, in the happiest hours of his life, like the rest, entertained his numerous guests, and was the recipient of their regard and favor. It was here, upon these sunny shores, that Thomas Moore, the famous poet, had his cottage, and, it is said, at this point he composed his songs and verses, as he held converse with the lovely stream—and that the poet himself alludes to it in some of his poems addressed to the Schuylkill. So those brilliant stars of historic fame glittered about each other for a while, and then set.

The Shippen family, and Wharton, Biddle, Cadwalader, Coleman, Blight, and others of note, were the guests as well as the proprietors of these splendid country seats, devastated and despoiled forever.

The lovely Wissahickon, gliding along through a peaceful vale, empties itself into the Schuylkill. The Wissahickon has always worn a grand, wild look. The soldier has admired it; the poet has meditated upon its picturesque charms; the painter, in admiration and joy, depicted it upon the canvas, and lover has rested beneath its umbrageous trees. The proud, high, rugged cliffs on each side tower up nearly reaching the sky, and throw their shadows down upon the bosom of the placid lake below. Fairy legends are identified with the Wissahickon, and tradition has given to the romantic stream a famous celebrity. The In-

dians have left it—it was their hunting grounds, and a beloved spot to them—but no more, for they have faded away to the far Pacific now, and relinquished their home to the white man. A sad spot within the enclosure of the Park is the Laurel Hill Cemetery. The whitened sepulchres loom up upon the eye, breathing of the peaceful dead who sleep upon the blooming shores of the Schuylkill—they who were once the owners of some portions of the Park, but who have passed from life into eternity.

The grandest feature of the Park was the erection of the Centennial Buildings, and where the City has had the honor of celebrating that event, upon the shores of the lovely river. Millions of dollars were spent in the erection of the structures, and nothing of the kind, so grand and imposing, ever took place in this country before, and never will in our time again.

COWPER.

IN early life, he shed his fruitless tears,
 That did in unavailing sorrow flow,
 Where a sweet mother was his joy and woe,
 Sunbeam that cheered him in his infant years;
 Misled by hope as to his mother's doom,
 He thought her traveling in a foreign land,
 Till his despair, and grief on every hand
 Told him at last of her within the tomb;
 Tho' he expected to renew again
 Her tender care and her maternal smile—
 Fallacious hope, he only nursed in vain;
 He never met her on these sunless shores,
 She whom he loved so—whom his lyre deploras

TO A CHOIR.

SUBLIME and thrilling is that sacred choir,
 Like music heard in blest eternity;
 I listen to its deep toned melody,
 Soothing to me and to my pensive lyre;
 I hear the anthem in the hallowed isle,
 That does the love and praise of God repeat,
 Where holiness pervades the blest retreat,
 And God's pure love and mercy on us smile.
 The choir tells us of eternal skies.
 Of youth, and bloom, and immortality,
 No idle dream!—but blest reality,
 Where we may meet our dead in paradise.
 Oh, blessed choir—with the soothing strain,
 Breathing of peace, and love, and rest again.

ARCH STREET.

ARCH Street has long been celebrated as a place of fashionable residence. In the palmy days of Philadelphia, when streets were scarce, and Walnut Street was yet unsung and unknown, Arch Street was in the hey-day of its glory and renown. Officers of the army and navy, and eminent lawyers and doctors resided upon the beautiful thoroughfare. The street was originally a Quaker settlement, where some of the descendants of men famous in the Society of Friends are still residing, and where the fathers and mothers of many families living in other localities once had their home. The descendants of the famous Doctor Wistar still reside here; and where lived the distinguished Doctor Parrish. The eminent Doctor Hartshorne

resided on Arch below Tenth Street, and was noted for his skill and success in the practice of medicine. Doctor Samuel George Morton and Doctor Wood, of the University of Pennsylvania, Professors Beesley and Bryan, at Tenth and Arch. Major-General George Cadwalader, who commanded the Pennsylvania Militia in the war of the Revolution, lived in retirement and died on Arch Street above Ninth Street, and was buried as he lived—in accordance with his wishes—without any show or parade. Thanks to the simplicity, equality, patriotism and virtue of our beloved country, and to the principles that underlie the teachings of our beautiful flag. Alexander Henry, father of the late Mayor Henry, also resided in this locality, in an old-fashioned brick mansion that stood a little back from the street. In the fine, old, substantial residence on Arch below Twelfth, lived Roberts Vaux, Esq, one of the most popular citizens of Philadelphia, and the ancestor of George Vaux, Jr., William Vaux, Thomas Vaux, Roberts Vaux and the Honorable Richard Vaux, the former Mayor of Philadelphia, and J. Waln Vaux. The heroic Truxtun had his home on Arch Street above Eleventh. Truxtun was one of the bravest officers of the Revolutionary navy, whose gallant deeds in defence of the flag form one of the brightest spots upon the page of history. He came home covered with laurels from the war, and lived and died a meek, humble, lowly, Christian man, in seclusion and retirement. Among the long list of names of good and eminent men living here, may be mentioned Messrs. Claghorn, Earp, Crothers, Rees, Grigg, Cornelius and Baker, Houston, and the late John B. Myers, Esq., the Roberts' family, and the honorary Vice-President of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Benjamin H. Coates, M.D. Of late years, Messrs. John O. James, Corlies, Frederic Graff, Biddle,

Fahnestock, Cope, Ogden and Wernwag. Arch Street has also the honor of enrolling among its distinguished residents the name of the late Bishop Simpson, head of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Pennsylvania. The daughters of Moses Cox, Esq., of Revolutionary times, still reside upon the street in their old-fashioned house. The Misses Erwin, the famous country seat of Thomas Jefferson, on the Schuylkill below Gray's Ferry, passed into the Erwin family, and where their ancestor was the associate of the distinguished patriot, and spent in his society many pleasant hours beneath the shadow of the paternal home, and on the shores of the sauntering river. Many other gentlemen well known in the professional walks of life, and the owners also of fine art galleries, have come here to live, foremost among whom is Mr. William S. Baker, a well-known Director of the Academy of the Fine Arts, and a gentleman of intellectual culture and taste. The lower part of Arch Street has sadly changed, and been transformed into business places. But still it remains a landmark of the past—a reminiscence sweet to dwell upon, mingled with the joys of childhood, the sound of the church-going bell, and the deep, thrilling, never-forgotten voice of a beloved mother, as we wandered along with her in the dreamy season of youth to the house of God, and where she taught our youthful hearts to bow in prayer.

JOHN SARTAIN, Esq.

THERE is no gentleman that ever lived in this country perhaps, that ever rose to such distinction in the art of engraving as Mr. John Sartain. Being alone in his

profession, and having no rival, he is eminently deserving of a place upon the page of any author. He was one of the most active Directors of the Academy of the Fine Arts. He was also the recipient of the most flattering testimonials of regard in the way of medals from abroad, and with the honor of knighthood conferred upon him by the King of Italy. He was the esteemed associate of the first men of the nation, who admired his work, and sought his acquaintance, because they admired his brilliant talents. As an evidence of Mr. Sartain's superiority over those of an inferior grade, Mr. Tupper, of Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, visited Mr. Sartain in reference to engravings for his celebrated works, and selected him in preference to any other artist that was then living. These engravings were Love, Thought, Meditation, Immortality, Hope, and others, but were nothing compared to the other magnificent specimens of his genius that are now to be seen in the best galleries of art, and that will hand their author's name down to the remotest posterity.

UNION LEAGUE.

Dedicated to George H. Boker, Esq.

REAR proudly to the sunlight and the breeze,
 The sacred emblem of our liberty;
 Fair Union League, where I inscribe to thee
 A feeble lay—my own lone heart to please;
 Then rear the flag, with its unsullied folds,
 Replete with precious memories of the dead,
 The soldier sleeping in his lowly bed,
 And where the grave the gallant hero holds.

The flowers that blossom at Thy grateful shrine,
Are not withheld from decent poverty,
But manly hearts have beat there for the free,
And for one common country—blessed clime;
Where I will honor my dear native sky,
And love no other flag until I die.

The Union League House occupies a space of ground on Broad Street below Chestnut.

The architecture presents a tasty and stylish appearance, and is a pleasing object to look upon. The Union League is no political organization, but has the whole good of the country at heart—one common land and freedom and liberty to all. If any organization ever had a brilliant record, it has. During the dark days of the Rebellion, the League was inaugurated, and proved itself ever true and faithful to the principles of Washington and our early fathers. They took their money and lavished it freely in the fitting out of regiments during the war, amounting to several thousand men, and assisted the government in other ways. For this generous and liberal spirit they displayed in their country's extremity and their patriotism, they most certainly have a special claim upon the gratitude of the nation.

Mr. George H. Boker, the well-known author and writer, is the President of the Union League. He, too, with his counsel and his means, stood by the country that he loved the best, and where, if we had been defeated in the late war, we would have been a by-word and a jeer.

PAINTING.

THE grandest thought or idea that the human mind can grasp, is the sublime art of painting. The landscape spreading out in its loveliness and beauty is the work of God, and replete with His skill and power. The painter, with his genius, depicts it on his canvas, and the gentleman of culture places it in his gallery. Beside the Academy of the Fine Arts, there are many other fine collections of paintings in the city. But there you will find, perhaps, the most valuable works of art, many of them being presented to the Academy by well-known gentlemen of this city: James L. Claghorn, Esq., Mr. Henry D. Gilpin, Mr. Borie and Mr. Gibson. Mr. William B. Bement, the extensive manufacturer and gentleman of culture, has also a splendid collection of paintings on exhibition at the Academy; there are also some pictures belonging to the gallery of Mr. J. W. Bates.

The extensive galleries of Mr. James S. Earle, on Chestnut Street above Eighth, have always been considered paramount in this respect. Some splendid specimens of the art have been placed here on exhibition. Mr. Earle's collection has embraced, from time to time, the works of the most eminent masters, and where they have been purchased and admired by the oldest and most respectable families of this city.

Some of the finest specimens of portrait painting anywhere, are to be seen in the studio of Miss Mary H. Whiteman, of this city, No. 212 South Fifteenth Street, and who is herself a descendant of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Miss Whiteman is a young lady of the most brilliant talents, and a single glance at any of her productions

is sufficient to convince any one of that fact. There is about her a style that belongs only to the man or woman of true genius—where the beholder can see something original, and where the picture upon the canvas seems to live, move and to have life itself. Among her latest productions are “Musidora,” taken from Thompson’s “Seasons,” “Independence,” “Deference; or, the Good Ground,” “Claudia,” “Beatrice,” “The Young Duke.” “The Convent Gate,” and other sketches. Miss Whiteman is the artist who painted the splendid portrait of Colonel Theodore E. Wiedersheim, of the First Regiment—her contribution to the armory, which is to be seen in the headquarters of the commandant. The painting is an admirable likeness of the commanding officer, where he is represented in full dress uniform of the regiment, showing in detail all parts of the equipment.

The works of Miss Whiteman have passed favorable criticism already, and have won admiration and praise in the art gallery of Boston, as well as in the Academy of the Fine Arts in this city.

WISSAHICKON.

RIPPLING along in meditative mood,
 Sweet Wissahickon, through the scented wood ;
 Skirted by hills, and by thy blest retreat,
 And quiet woods that does thy fame repeat ;
 Where Schuylkill pauses at the peaceful vale,
 And I thy lofty, woody summits hail ;
 Where happy childhood and my youth had been
 Nurtured amid thy rustic sylvan scene,
 Where wandering upon thy quiet shore,
 I spent my pleasant years, but now no more.

A blooming nymph and smiling queenly near,
 The opening Spring awakes the flowery year—
 Arrayed in loveliness and gaiety,
 She celebrates her festival with thee ;
 Where she revokes her genial sway again,
 Tripping the stately hills and verdant plain ;
 She breathing back the songster's tuneful lay,
 Where he sings sweetly at the break of day—
 And singing in the branches of the tree
 To his fond mate, in tones of ecstasy.

Nature, a cluster of exquisite flowers,
 Scatters around me and thy mossy bowers,
 Shining upon the painted vault of blue,
 Like carpets dotted with a richer hue ;
 Spring once again like a celestial maid,
 Pervades the woodland dell, the sheltered glade,
 Smiling around me like a peerless queen,
 She wears a mantle of exquisite green,
 With silvery step, and soothing to the breast,
 And where she is sweet Wissahickon's guest.

Meandering on, and on thy winding way,
 Thou art a relic of a by-gone day ;
 Memento of those years forever fled,
 I wandered here, with my beloved dead,
 Where sacred memory whispers back to me
 The days of sweet no more allied to thee ;
 And where I hear upon the listening air
 Thy murmuring waves, like music stealing near,
 Gliding along the placid sky beneath,
 Crowned with a blooming blossomed, vernal wreath.

A fairy legend is with thee allied,
 Where a young Indian girl had lived and died ;
 She crossed in love, oh ! bitter tale to hear,
 And where her lonely wail had rent the air ;
 Yet where, oh ! where she sought a welcome grave,
 Sad Wissahickon, in thy sombre wave,
 Remorseless stream, she found a tomb in thee,
 Unhappy in a day of joy and glee ;
 Leaping from yonder rock into the stream,
 She plunged headlong—freed from life's fevered dream ;
 There was no other hope to her but death,
 No other cure—but his consuming breath ;
 Poor child of sorrow, and of care and gloom,
 Like many others, who have craved the tomb.

The Indian chief, in all his grandeur stood,
 In the deep forest, in sublimest mood,
 Before the white man, from the soil had driven
 His hapless people, yet decreed by heaven,
 Majestic and so grave, peculiar race,
 Children of nature and of lofty grace ;
 He, fading, seeks the far Pacific's wave,
 His last retreat, asylum and his grave,
 Tho' in a prouder and a brighter day,
 He wandered here, and with imperial sway.

Where the blest residents of Germantown,
 Of ancient lineage and of fair renown,
 Have spent with thee their days and happy hours,
 Lingered within thy dells and rustic bowers—
 Where rosy childhood, youth and gray-haired sire,
 Have looked on thee, wrapped in thy green attire ;

Have loved to wander in thy peaceful vale
 That whispers of them and repeats their tale,
 Thy ancient dead, who live in memory still,
 Who climbed thy mossy banks and blooming hill.

ASSOCIATION HALL.

NEARING aloft thy proud, majestic towers,
 Where I behold thy consecrated bowers,
 Of culture and of deepest piety,
 And dedicated to the Deity ;
 Where we are taught of christianity,
 And of a blessed immortality,
 Of brighter seasons, of a land divine,
 The fadeless country and the better clime,
 Where placid skies and never-fading flowers
 Succeed the lonely tomb and world of ours.

Temple of culture and of purity,
 There is a pleasure that is fraught with thee,
 Where meditation, with her pleasing power,
 Allays the soul like dew-drop to the flower,
 Like music's thrilling sounds that echo near,
 And steal in melody upon the air.

Within the library where the mind is fed,
 And reading has its gifts around us spread,
 The priceless gifts of intellect and thought,
 Steep us in rapture and with thee are sought ;
 The priceless treasures to the thoughtful given,
 Showered upon us like the breath of heaven,
 Teachers of learning, and of science, art,
 Where cultivation dwells within the heart ;

Where the companionship of books allay,
Our pensive minds and with a soothing sway.

So, hallowed shrine and intellectual pile,
Where stainless purity and virtue smile ;
I love thy peaceful shades, thy blest retreat,
Where I with feeble Muse thy praise repeat ;
Where sacred music and the hymns so pure,
To holiest worship does the soul illure,
Where meditation and the power of prayer
Soothes every grief and cancels every tear ;
Where on the wings of fancy and of love,
We seem to soar to brighter worlds above.

EPIPHANY CHURCH.

To the Rev. G. H. Kinsolving.

THE old Epiphany Church, nearly opposite Association Hall, has with it many pleasant memories, inasmuch as we spent our childhood beneath its quiet shades. There is a solitary memorial slab in the isle of the Church to the memory of the Rev. James Henry Towers, a former and beloved Pastor. There is another granite monument and obelisk to be seen in the adjoining churchyard, erected to the memory of the Rev. James Fowler, a former Rector of the Church, who was venerated by the congregation, and who has also passed away from his earthly labors. The Rev. Dr. Rich. Newton was a former Pastor of the Church, who had a wonderful faculty in his day of pleasing children.

The Rector now is the Rev. Mr. George H. Kinsolving, a talented divine and scholar, and where the Church, under his ministry and labors, is in a flourishing condition. Rev. Mr. Howell is assistant Pastor.

The edifice has recently been improved and many alterations made more agreeable to the congregation—the upper galleries taken down, the steps lowered in front of the Church, and the old-fashioned iron railing removed. A new and beautiful organ has been introduced, and where, with the choir breathing out its soothing chants, one forgets his sorrow, and is reminded of the reward and peace and rest of Heaven.

DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM.

To the Board of Directors.

THE love of God rests upon this humane and benevolent institution. It is under the control of a board of directors, all of whom are well known and distinguished for their acts of love and charity. The late Judge Sharswood was a former President. The Principal is Joshua Foster, A.M. The institution is at Broad and Pine Streets. We can only say that these charitable and benign men have founded an asylum here where this poor, helpless class can find a shelter and a home. They are not unhappy, but on the contrary, lively and cheerful, and especially when compared to those who are tormented by disease and pain.

The rich landscape of Nature spreads out before their unclouded vision, and health, bright, blooming health, withholds not from their path her cheerful flowers. The deaf mute, as solitary as his life may seem, and the only language that he speaks being the silent motion of the hand, is blessed still with all the intellect and strength of mind that we enjoy. Not so with the blind, the sunshine never

streams for them nor paints the flower. He, hapless and bereft of sight, is lost in the darkness of eternal night. The deaf mute is happy compared to him, nor gropes his way along as the blind do, forsaken by joy and sunshine.

Not like the blind who live in endless night,
 Inured to darkness and deprived of sight,
 Who hapless tread their lonely way along,
 Through sorrow's sunless vale a cheerless throng.
 The deaf and dumb, tho' they may never hear
 The sounds of music creeping on the air,
 Behold the landscape as it glows around,
 In silent rapture and in joy profound;
 For them the birds sing sweet in every tree,
 The green earth blossoms and in gayety,
 Where they behold the bright and blooming hue,
 Of the embroidered earth and sky of blue;
 Where they have wandered and in joy have trod
 The meadow, and the green field and the sod.

AN OLD CHURCH.

THE former old edifice of Saint Augustine's, on Fourth Street below Vine, is familiar to every old citizen of Philadelphia. A new structure has taken the place of the one alluded to, which was destroyed by fire. The original edifice was cœval with our childhood. It possessed at that time a fine choir, and many valuable works of art, a grand organ, and rare sculpture. Rush's celebrated figure of Christ on the Cross was executed for the trustees of Saint Augustine's. The figure was very impressive and imposing

upon entering the Church, and struck the beholder with feelings of awe and solemnity, expressing, as it did, all the suffering, pain and agony of Christ. This elegant piece of statuary was destroyed at the time of the burning of the Church, together with a valuable library and other works of art. The services held here in the ancient edifice upon the Sabbath were imposing, the altar being richly decorated, and in conformity with the accustomed rites of the Catholic Church. Several men of note were members of St. Augustine's, principal among whom was Robert Morris, the well-known author, writer and poet, and the editor of the old *Pennsylvania Inquirer*. This Church has recently been renovated and improved, a conspicuous object of attraction outside being a tower rising from the roof, surmounted with an immense golden cross, sparkling in the sunshine of heaven, and a sacred emblem of the death and crucifixion of our Saviour.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THIS Society has its building on the grounds formerly belonging to the late General Robert Patterson, where they have made a handsome improvement, at Thirteenth and Locust Street. They have only recently removed to this locality, and from the grounds of the Pennsylvania Hospital.

The records are kept here of the City or State that may be of any special interest to the historian or public. It is very proper that it should be so, rather than to let some of the most interesting things be lost sight of and pass away into oblivion.

The Society is governed by a Board of Directors, who are all well-known gentlemen, and conspicuous for their education and refinement, the President being John William Wallace, LL.D., recently deceased. The Society has a splendid library, a spacious collection of books, which is under the charge of the accomplished librarian, Mr. Frederick Stone, who transacts this part of the business with efficiency and skill.

A LOST SOUL.

PICTURED upon the page of Holy Writ,
 Where wails and cries of anguish rend the air,
 Is a lost soul ; and where the sacred print
 Tells us of its deep horror and despair !

Inevitable gloom, and endless woe,
 Bereft of mercy, and the grace of Heaven,
 Sunk in the pall of deep despair below,
 Among the damned, to hell forever given.

A lost soul—one of the saddest things
 That we can meditate upon or know,
 Forsook by God, where mercy's heavenly wings
 Can never reach us—in eternal woe.

Sing, blessed Muse of God's redeeming grace,
 While mercy yet survives and can be found ;
 Beyond the grave hope never had a place,
 'Tis only in this world she smiles around.

Shut out from loved ones und the pure and blest,
 Denied the peace of those immortal bowers,
 Hapless and sad—and where the hopeless breast
 Looks up in vain to those eternal flowers.

DOCTOR JOSEPH PANCOAST,

Professor of Anatomy, Jefferson Medical College.

IN the arena of sublimest thought,
 Science to him research and knowledge brought,
 Where surgery displayed a loftier part,
 Famous of surgeons in the healing art,
 Where he, in his dexterity and skill,
 Could cut around the heart, yet never kill !
 Sever the arteries, bind them up again,
 Where lay the patient on the couch of pain,
 Remove the veins, and with a skilful mind—
 Probe for the ball, the fatal missile find ;
 Create a nose, a mouth, but not an eye ;
 None but a God can make—not him nor I.
 Oh, learned son ! thy earthly work is done ;
 Go to thy peaceful rest—tho' life is flown.

Professor William H. Pancoast takes the place of his distinguished father at the Jefferson College. He is quite as skilful as his parent, and has performed not only some of the most wonderful surgical operations, but effected cures where the case was looked upon as hopeless, and where it was thought that the patient could never recover.

 MEMORY OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THIS wonderful youth, the marvel of his time, and a problem to historians, was born in obscurity. Proud, haughty and high in his aspirations, he wanted to do something to immortalize his name.

His early youth was spent within the shadow of Saint Mary's, Redcliff, England, and where he loved to meditate in the old cloistered corridors of the ancient Church. A pensive child, he wandered about, gazing upon the portraits of the distinguished dead that hung upon the walls. He was disappointed in his poetical hopes, and by the treatment he received from men of learning and rank. His heart was broken, and the sequel was not far off. He expected sincerity and truth, but found nothing but deceit, wickedness and guile. His nature was sensitive, and not being able to realize his earthly dreams and to accomplish his plans, and seeing the flowers of his youthful fancy wither away and die, he sank beneath the weight of early sorrow and premature decay. The story of his life is sad to contemplate. Just in the young morning of his days, and when hope should have been bright, we are told he perished by his own hand.

Oh ! hapless youth, while thou wert in thy prime,
 And early spring-time of thy youthful life,
 How keen the dart, how bitter was the strife,
 Where death had swept away that form of thine.
 A pensive lad, where thy poetic lyre
 Won not the praises of thy hopeful heart,
 Yet where thou wert of intellect a part,
 That did with rapture thy young heart inspire ;
 Alas ! unconscious of eternity,
 Forgetful of the awful, lonely tomb,
 Where God decreed for thee an early doom,
 Silent in death, and in solemnity ;
 Yet lasting is thy story, and thy fame—
 If such was thy vain dream—a deathless name.

ROBERT MORRIS.

QUAPLESS fate, hid from thy manly heart—
 Full of despair and woe awaited thee,
 Son as thou wert of life and liberty ;
 Too prematurely fell the rankling dart,
 Upon the peace that nestled in thy breast ;
 Incarcerated in the jail's retreat,
 Tho' thy pure heart had for thy country beat,
 And thou wert by a grateful people blest ;
 A brighter day was dawning, but disgrace,
 To some, if living now, would weep in shame
 To think of thy unspotted, blameless name,
 That has in every patriot heart a place ;
 Deliverance came, and with it peace and rest,
 Where death soon tranquilized thy troubled breast.

HORACE BINNEY.

PHILADELPHIA'S honored lawyer and citizen. He was the peer of the fathers of the Republic. Horace Binney positively refused to have anything to do with politics. Office he did not seek and would not have. He was honored and respected by all classes of citizens and parties. We believe he did consent to go to Congress once when the nation was in great trouble, as the associate counsel with Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, George M. Dallas, John Sargent and Richard Rush.

His lofty patriotism, his sterling integrity, and noble, manly virtues won him the hearts and admiration of his friends and associates. He stood by himself, he was

not like any of the good and noble men of the last fifty years; for while they were true and devoted to their country, they still had in view some cherished plan or bright hope of wealth or power. Not so with Binney as a patriot. But in serving his country, his motives were as pure as snow. We can justly place him alongside of Jefferson and Washington, and the rest of the patriots of the Revolution.

Horace Binney was not only a statesman in whom the nation put the most implicit confidence, but was a lawyer of signal ability. He was employed by the Government as its counsel in the late war, and his opinion sought for and relied upon. Momentous questions involving the most important issues were submitted to him for arbitration and final adjustment.

A marble figure-head of this distinguished man has been placed in position over the doorway of the Chestnut Street entrance of the Public Buildings. The object has been not only to perpetuate the virtues of the honored dead, but where Philadelphia has selected, from the ranks of her eminent men, the most suitable and available lawyer to represent the legal profession in this City.

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Rest him upon the funeral bier,
 For all life's labor now is done ;
 He sleeps where he has ceased to hear,
 And earthly life and hope has flown.

Enshrined in every grateful breast,
 A model of blest purity,
 Where those who knew and loved him best,
 Can tell of his integrity.

A learned son of law and art,
 Without a rival in his day,
 Before the grave's despoiling dart,
 Had swept that manly form away.

The city mourned her aged dead,
 He sleeping in the peaceful tomb,
 His kindly voice forever fled,
 His counsel and his day of bloom.

Inscribed upon the golden page
 Of history shall his fame endure,
 And where a high and prouder age,
 Shall tell us of his life so pure.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER.

George W. Childs, Esq.

THE Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, clothed as it is in the garb of a free and independent journal, and inscribed with the principles of the immortal dead—virtue, liberty and independence, has been a special favorite with the masses of the people from the very earliest days of the City. Those who sleep, and those who wake, and those who live in marble houses, and those who sat down to rough fare and renew their humble toil, the *Public Ledger* places upon one common footing, recognizes no rank, and makes no distinction between the rich and the poor. Thanks to the heroism, courage and patriotism of the fathers of the Republic when they laid it down, from the commencement of the country, as a principle, that all men were born free

and equal. The *Ledger*, fifty years ago, and at its birth, maintained these views, and has stuck to them ever since. The neutral ground taken by the paper upon all questions concerning the interest and welfare of the people, has been the means of making it so popular, and where it has evinced a decent respect for the opinions of its humblest reader. It is scarcely necessary to say a word about its well-known and esteemed owner, Mr. George W. Childs, for his generous deeds and munificent acts are too well known to need any comment. Suffice it to say that Philadelphia has found in him a valued and substantial friend; but the only sad thing about it is, that such men die too early and are lost too soon. His benevolence, like the cheering rays of the sun, has been felt in the homes of want and sorrow. Yet, where the memory of that kind heart and generous man lingers deep in the minds of many who have been the recipient of his bounty, and to whom he has also been a kind and faithful friend.

The oldest journal that our childhood knew,
 The Public Ledger of celebrity;
 Sheet anchor of the people and the free,
 Enunciating views earnest and true;
 How many sleep within the quiet tomb,
 Since first it issued from the printing press,
 A little, tiny sheet in antique dress—
 When in its ancient days and day of bloom.
 Through drenching rains and summer heats and snows,
 The gray-haired carrier his burden bore,
 Faithful and prompt at the subscriber's door,
 Yet who lies down to his deep, long repose;
 A benefactor and forever kind,
 Is now the owner, with a liberal mind.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

MY mother's Bible, gift divine,
 A treasure to this heart of mine,
 Where she a lasting solace found,
 Within that blessed Book profound ;
 She—bowed with grief, and care, and age,
 Had read the print, and hallowed page—
 Her cheer and comfort, till the grave
 Did her poor, trembling frame enslave.

The lingering trace of one so dear,
 It does her earthly image wear,
 Her sweet smile, and her loving eyes,
 And tenderness that never dies ;
 Memento of departed years
 I dwell upon in silent tears ;
 The keepsake in my lonely breast,
 Of one gone to her heavenly rest.

Eternity will not efface
 The bright glance of her loving face,
 The sunshine of my mother's heart,
 Is of that sacred book a part,
 For she was like a smiling rose,
 That does its opening tints disclose.

Given to me—oh, welcome guest—
 The Book my mother loved the best ;
 Her guide through life, and chart to me,
 In life and in eternity.

Where I looked on with tearful eye,
 To see my gentle mother die ;

Where Death with his appalling fears,
 Awoke my unavailing tears;
 I could not think, I could not feel
 That Death could on my mother steal,
 Or ever steal from me away
 Her smile and form of yesterday.

Where now I seek but find her not—
 Yet never by my soul forgot;
 Though her pure love that once was mine,
 Has passed into the silent clime.

With fainting heart and trembling breath,
 I saw her in the grasp of Death,
 And saw the fleeting trace and glow,
 Where she had ceased to feel and know,
 Of ebbing life and where she lay—
 Alas! a cold and senseless clay.

Where I her dear name did repeat,
 And her fond heart had ceased to beat;
 Where Death with his mysterious trance,
 Had swept away her fleeting glance,
 Where he had wrapped in his embrace
 Her wonted smile and tranquil face,
 The form I loved—the glance I met,
 And love now, and would not forget,
 And where my gentle mother lay,
 In silence on her funeral day.

There where she gave that Book to me,
 That was my mother's constant plea,
 Where she had in my heart awoke
 The better thought, the brighter hope,

To meet her in the sky again,
 Beyond a world of grief and pain,
 Where she shall with immortal eyes,
 Yet know me, and in paradise.

My mother's gift and Bible lives,
 Though she no more her counsel gives
 To me as in my better hours,
 Like dew to Summer's languid flowers,
 Yet she upon its golden page,
 Shall live as in a brighter age,
 And never leave my troubled heart,
 Till I am of the grave a part—
 Till every earthly hope has fled,
 And I am with my hallowed dead.

I would not wish her back again,
 Though bitter is the stroke and pain,
 I feel in my dejected heart—
 The sorrow and the rankling dart;
 I would not if I could revoke,
 With her my days of youth and hope,
 No! not for all the joy and glee
 My mother's presence gave to me.
 No! for a better world than this
 Is hers, and never fading bliss;
 Within those pure and brighter skies,
 Where pleasure never fades nor dies;
 Where she wears in those purer bowers—
 A wreath of everlasting flowers.

I care not so I have her grave
 So near me—near the rippling wave,
 There, where all lovely nature wears
 Her image, and that memory bears;

Where I my mother's loss deplore,
 And weep upon the rugged shore,
 And meditate above the dead,
 Where my unbidden tear is shed.

Where Spring, with her returning bloom,
 Has come to deck my mother's tomb,
 And does her smiling reign repeat,
 Though that dear heart has ceased to beat,
 Yet where she sleeps within the soul,
 And Schuylkill's waves around me roll.

The bird sings sweet in every grove,
 And haunts me with my mother's love,
 Yet sadly seems to carol near—
 Her sweet voice stealing on the air.

Where sorrow and affliction flee,
 And leave me, at my mother's knee,
 Where she my early life had blest,
 And nursed me on her guileless breast,
 When none but her and God could know
 Her anxious care and secret woe;
 Yet where I felt her tender kiss
 Upon me in my days of bliss,
 Where she had, like the opening flower,
 Smiled on me, in my boyish hour.

FIRST REGIMENT, NATIONAL GUARDS PENNA.

SOLDIERS of freedom, let the Muse repeat,
 Your well-earned praise, and with an earnest plea,
 Where your proud guns the vilest foe can beat,
 That ever dared to strike at liberty.

Ye gallant veterans, and a noble band,
 God smiles upon you with approving love;
 Ye stalwart sons of a beloved land,
 Where waves the flag your proud ramparts above.

The bulwark of our homes and fireside,
 Where despotism dies upon our shore,
 Where men like you had for their country died,
 And slept within the flag that you adore.

Flag of our sires, and triumphant, proud,
 The dying martyr in his day had blest—
 The funeral pall and winding sheet and shroud
 Of men like Lincoln, Garfield, and the rest.

Then, soldiers, hail to that bright canopy!
 Of silken colors, and of stainless hue,
 The symbol of our blessed liberty,
 Waving aloft within the sky of blue.

The faithful guardians of our homes and fires,
 Victorious on the land and on the sea,
 The undegenerate sons of noble sires,
 Soldiers who led the way to victory.

Where education, with a wreath of flowers
 Before us, like the bloom of summer lies,
 Where love exerts upon these hearts of ours,
 A soothing influence that never dies.

Without your aid our land could never be
 The country that it is—the sweetest clime,
 So purely blest, so happy and so free,
 Where freedom's hallowed skies upon us shine.

The last fond hope, and plea of the oppressed,
 Where he the lash of tyranny deploras,
 Where you unloose the shackles of his breast,
 And bid him welcome to our peaceful shores.

Where the imprisoned, hapless wretch can dwell,
 Forget his sorrow and his bitter woes,
 Fly from his dungeon and his prison cell,
 And breathe the air that she, dear freedom, knows.

Emerging from your armory, and grand,
 Marching in solid ranks along the street,
 The musket clasped within a skilful hand,
 Your grace and proud manœuvre does repeat.

The sunlight streaming from the sky of blue,
 Falling upon you, and on armor bright,
 Soldiers reveal to the enraptured view,
 The glistening bayonet, as in the fight.

The blooming mountain, and the peaceful vale,
 Echo your fame, and pour it on the breeze,
 Waft back to you, dear freedom's stirring tale,
 Of her pure, priceless gifts the world to please.

So long, brave soldiers, and the chosen few,
 Lovers of freedom and of liberty,
 Protect the flag our fathers loved and knew,
 So long as life shall last, guard o'er the free.

The newly acquired armory of the First Regiment, National Guards of Pennsylvania, is deserving of especial praise, insomuch as the Regiment is not only identified with our own City, not only the protectors of our lives, property and State, but is the pride and admiration of the

country. Be sure we are not a warlike people, nor is the government kept up at the point of the bayonet, for when it comes to that, good-bye to our free institutions. No! in God we trust, and in the intelligence of the people. Our soldiers are not mere hired vassals to do the bidding of a King or Queen, but the lovers of peace, virtue and liberty. On a recent visit to their armory, which is just completed, we were peculiarly struck with its appropriate character. The architecture is solid and substantial. The base of the building is stone, the main portion brick and the roof surmounted with formidable looking towers, having some resemblance to a fortress. The inside is spacious, where every facility is given to the young soldier to acquire a good knowledge of military tactics. The upper floors contain the rooms belonging to the companies. We were shown to the room belonging to Company E, which was handsomely furnished in conformity to the taste of the present day. In this room or parlor is a magnificent portrait of Colonel Dale Benson, a former commander of the Regiment, and a member of an old Philadelphia family. There is hung upon the wall, also, in another room, the likeness of the present commanding officer, Colonel Theo. E. Wiedersheim, where we did not only admire the picture of a noble-looking soldier, but regarded him as a brave defender of our homes and liberties.

The greatest object of attraction to us, however, was the drill hall, which is grand and imposing, a principal feature being the fine, large, level and expansive floor that it has. At the rear end of this room is a long row of cases filled with the guns of the Regiment. Over the cases and in the centre, on the wall, is a blue vase inscribed in gilt letters with the coat of arms of the Regiment, two muskets crossed and a knapsack; over these is perched an eagle—

the national emblem—where he proclaims, with his unclasped wings, his freedom and his liberty.

Upon a side wall is a marble slab, a sad memorial erected to the memory of the fallen comrades and those who perished in the great struggle for the preservation of the Union. They never lived to see the completion of this beautiful armory, but their memory lives, and their noble record. 'Tis a man's virtues, after all, that perpetuates his good name after death, and not money, pomp nor power.

The citizens of Philadelphia can justly pride themselves on having in their midst this splendid military organization—the faithful sentinels watching at their door, and the brave defenders of their State and country. In our estimation, a more noble-looking, stately body of men never moved along our streets, with that majestic step of theirs, wielding and shifting their lines so gracefully at the word of command, with the sunlight streaming upon a sea of bayonets, and they mantled with the silky folds of their beloved flag.

MEMENTOES.

YEARS roll on, and time wings its rapid flight away. A silent gloom takes the place of bright faces and loving forms. But there is always some trifling memento to remind us of the absent or the dead, if it be but a single little book, ring, or tress of hair. It is not the value of a thing that we prize in such a case, but the gift. When it comes to the superb painting, delineating the features and form of the dead, it is next to having them with us all the time. Sculpture is still more exquisite and sublime.

Painting is perishable, but marble is enduring. This thought brings to mind a splendid work of art, shown to us recently by Professor Ellicott, the sculptor—who carved the bust of the young daughter of Mr. Willis G. Hale, of this city, the well-known architect—Miss Augusta C. Hale. The sculptor told us that it had been greatly admired by judges as a work of art, and was also a faithful likeness of Mr. Hale's little daughter. The contour of the face is exceedingly handsome and refined, and the expression indicative of a loving, amiable character. She has also a rich cluster of flowing ringlets around her brow, that fall gently and gracefully down upon her youthful neck. This is a fond memento, that the father can look at in after years, and behold in that sweet face the departed loveliness of his little child—perhaps when she is no more.

Mr. Hale is an architect of original taste and talent in his business, and as an evidence of this, we need only refer to a specimen of his work—the *Public Record* building, of which he was the architect. The dignified and graceful structure is one of the most attractive objects on Chestnut Street. The inside is novel and different in design from other buildings around the city. The whole work reflects the highest credit upon Mr. Hale, for having given Philadelphia something new and beautiful in the way of architecture, that cannot fail to attract the attention, and please the mind of every man of judgment and discriminating taste.

FIRST WEST PHILADELPHIA BAPTIST CHURCH.

To the Rev. W. H. Robinson.

THE Church alluded to is in one of the most desirable sections of West Philadelphia, on the brow of a

long sloping hill overlooking the Delaware River and commanding a view also of the lower part of the city. On any bright Sabbath morning in Summer, or in the beautiful June days there is a special charm attached to this Church, secluded and cloistered, where a dense cluster of ivy creeping upon the walls almost obscures the sacred edifice from view. Beneath the shadow of the holy sanctuary peace is found, toil is hushed, and the chant from the choir and sound of the preacher's voice allays our earthly griefs and steeps our soul in prayer. Mr. Robinson is the loved Pastor of this Church, and is an earnest and zealous worker in the sacred calling he has chosen.

BURIED INDIAN CHIEF, CHESTNUT HILL.

Dedicated to the Hon. M. Russell Thayer.

WRITTEN on a recent visit to Chestnut Hill, and meditating on a spot where an Indian Chief is said to have been buried at a remote day. The magnificent valley below, dotted with farms and villas, and stretching out to the most distant horizon, encircles his picturesque grave, where he lies down to his last rest, sleeping beneath the foliage of forest trees; the birds singing in the quiet grove, the hallowed wild flowers blooming over him, where his tomb is the last sad trace of the unfortunate Red Man. Tradition tells us that, while many of his tribe wandered away from the scene of their persecution and wrong, he refused to go, but preferred to stay on the spot he had loved all his days, and where he wanted to be buried with his dead ancestors of primeval times.

A glorious sunset, streaming where he lies,
 Paints hill and valley with its golden dyes;
 Where he is resting in a calmer mood—
 Yon Indian Chief, within the quiet wood;
 He lies down in the grove he loved so well,
 Within the valley and the silent dell.

A deep tranquility and calm at last
 Succeeds life's warfare and its beating blast;
 Where he no longer suffers wrong and woe,
 Nor longer fights with the inveterate foe;
 Where the rich landscape steals upon the view,
 He sleeps beneath its golden, blushing hue.

A traveler to eternity—the flowers
 No longer cheer him nor his earthly hours;
 Forsaken is the spot where he had been
 Nurtured and reared upon the blooming green;
 Where nature had upon his being smiled,
 And he had trod the hill and forest wild;
 Where he had learned to love the liberty
 God showered on him and his soul so free.

Romantic did he climb these hills of thine,
 Majestic spot! and in a day of prime;
 Where he, in his uncouth simplicity,
 Held converse with all nature and with thee;
 Where meditation, in his lonely hours,
 Led him, among thy wild sequestered bowers,
 Along the river, and where gliding wave
 With speechless joy his spirit did enslave;
 Where he, as hapless as his fate had been,
 Had loved to tread thy haunts of blooming green—
 A child of nature—where he lived and died,
 And loved to wander by the green hillside.

Even amid the quiet, bless'd retreat
 Tradition does his tale of wrong repeat ;
 No visionary dream, nor poetry,
 But fraught with truth and with reality ;
 Where the historian has a lustre thrown
 O'er his departed past—forever flown.
 Imperial monarch ! sovereign in his day,
 Where he asserted his triumphant sway ;
 Where history tells us of that antique race,
 And tells us of their dignity and grace.

A wondrous people—a lost race of the earth,
 Children of nature, where they had their birth ;
 Fantastic and grotesque in garb and dress,
 Conspicuous for their pride and stateliness.

At last he bids, with a dejected mien,
 A long farewell to the beloved scene,
 Bequeathed to him by his ancestral dead,
 Whose earthly glory has forever fled ;
 Land of his fathers, and the bless'd retreat
 That did the freedom of his soul repeat ;
 Where liberty, the sweetest ever known,
 A stately grandeur had around him thrown.

A sacred hush succeeds the bitter wail
 He sadly utters, but of no avail !
 Amid the birds and the romantic flowers,
 He sleeps—adieu to his beloved bowers ;
 Parting with them, where he so fondly trod
 In days of Indian joy—the grassy sod,
 Held converse with the wild rose in the dell,
 And lovely nature, that he loved so well,

Wandered the meadow and the stately hill,
 And, meditating by the limpid rill,
 Where his forefathers had the forest trod
 In ancient days, and had communed with God
 Where an eternal Sabbath took the place
 Of that downtrodden and forsaken race.

Driven away to the remotest sea,
 Where ocean rolls in her sublimity;
 Fit emblem of his proud, majestic soul,
 And of his liberty that spurns control ;
 Where, musing on the solitary shore,
 He listens to the sea's sublimest roar ;
 Communion holds with the tempestuous wave,
 That does his melancholy soul enslave ;
 Where the lone sea-bird does his fate repeat,
 She, hovering near him at his last retreat ;
 Where her wild cries lament his woeful doom,
 And ocean is his refuge and his tomb.

SKETCH OF THE OLD CENTRE SQUARE WATER WORKS.

WHERE Time, stern monarch of decay, devours
 The olden fabric of a former day,
 I proudly hail, with an enraptured lay,
 A spacious temple, with its marble towers ;
 Where the first City Water Works had been
 Constructed by the gifted engineer ;
 Where graceful fountains, glistening on the air,
 Scattered their jets around to cheer the scene ;

Where he, Latrobe, with his accomplished mind,
 First built the works upon the waste and wild ;
 Where science with her gifts upon him smiled,
 And he has left a noble name behind.

The old Philadelphia Water Works, formerly situated near Broad and Chestnut Streets, upon the site known as Centre Square, is a landmark now known only to the past, and has given place to the magnificent structure of the Public Buildings. The old water works referred to were constructed under the immediate supervision of Benjamin H. Latrobe, the then best engineer and architect of his time. The Centre Square Works were commenced in March, 1799. The motive power was steam, and arranged as follows: A basin was formed upon the Schuylkill River at Chestnut Street, the water being led down Chestnut Street by a brick tunnel, built under ground, to a reservoir at Centre Square, where it was conveyed to the residences of the citizens by means of wooden pipes. The enterprise was crowned with success, and the hopes of the engineer fulfilled in the completion of the first Philadelphia Water Works. Centre Square was at that time what Fairmount Park is now—a beautiful rural spot and the favorite resort of the citizens. It was, in fact, a park with cultivated lawn and well-kept grass-plots. Long rows or avenues of stately poplars shaded the walks and lent their shadows to the tired pedestrian. A fountain graced the old familiar spot, ornamented by the historic figure of Leda or the Swan, executed by Rush.

Mr. Benjamin H. Latrobe referred to was not only a gentleman who occupied the front ranks of his profession, but was a man of education and taste. He was original and the inventor of his own ideas and thoughts. He studied abroad

early in life, where he received a thorough classical education, and graduated with the highest honors at the University of Leipsic. He repaired to England to complete his studies. He was appointed here to the position of Chief Engineer of the City of London and to other posts of grave responsibility. In this country he shone with peculiar lustre owing to his brilliant accomplishments. He became a general favorite with the best educated circles. Mr. Latrobe was known as a linguist, scholar, orator and a soldier. His culture brought him into close companionship with the most eminent men of the nation, foremost among whom was Thomas Jefferson, who appointed Latrobe to the position of Chief Engineer and Architect of the Public Works in the City of Washington. This position he held under the National Government for eight or nine years. It was not surprising that he should have been so much loved and honored by his cotemporaries. The trusted and valued friend of men like Washington, his nature was refined and polished, his ambitions pure and lofty, and his virtues those of a noble, generous man.

Mr. Latrobe died September 3d, 1820, at New Orleans, where he was engaged in the construction of the water works for that city. Words are wanting to express his praise. He has gone to take his place among the silent dead, yet the historian has given him a bright spot upon the page of history. So long as "wood shall grow and water run," his name shall be graven deeply upon the hearts of the descendants of those who knew him well; where he, too, the learned and gifted orator, in some of his celebrated orations, has so beautifully referred to the genius of those who were his associates in life, and whom the historian has also enrolled among the annals of imperishable fame.

THE CHURCH BELL.

S WELLING aloft upon the quiet air,
 The church bell chimes upon the Sabbath day.
 Beloved scene! Where each soft stirring lay
 Reverberate, thy sacred portals near;
 He perching on thy ivied-covered walls,
 The warbling bird spreads out his feathery wings,
 Where he, a cheering solace to me brings,
 And his sweet music on my spirit falls,
 And where the chant in the melodious choir,
 Lulling the soul to thought and prayer profound,
 Steals on the soul, where endless peace is found,
 And has a charm to soothe my lonely lyre;
 Where pastor tells us, with imploring plea,
 Of brighter worlds and immortality.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO MY READERS.

Y E generous readers and forever kind,
 Learned and educated and refined,
 Who scan an author's works with lenient heart,
 A farewell thought with you before we part.
 I plead to you a humble, lowly lyre,
 Where fancy does my trembling Muse inspire,
 Making no brag, nor boast of what it knows.
 Where cultivated thought around me flows,
 I simply sing of bird's melodious lay,
 Yet boast of virtue and her heavenly sway;
 Where some good can be done and felt in life,
 Beyond the world's rough ways and vulgar strife.

No vain conceit is there within my breast,
 No egotism does my Muse molest;
 I simply sing of Spring's soft, sunny sky,
 Of fragrant roses that enchant the eye;
 The golden sunset stealing on the view,
 Or morn bright blushing in the sky of blue;
 And where I hail with my imperfect lyre
 The smiling earth, clad in its green attire,
 And where the sunlight, landscape and the sun,
 In humbler, simpler strains I dwell upon.

Imperfect is the greatest work of man,
 Tho' he in arts and arms may lead the van,
 A pigmy, when compared to Deity,
 Or God's own intellectuality;
 Tho' genius through the fields of science rolls,
 Controls the lightning and the storm controls,
 Tho' human skill and ingenuity
 Controls a part of electricity.

Yet what are these compared to Deity?
 Nothing at all, such is mortality;
 What do we know about eternity?
 About creation or its mystery?
 All that we know, or have or here can be,
 Is like a drop of water in the sea.

Volcanoes burst, seas roll and like a fire,
 The sun burns on wrapped in sublime attire;
 Rises in glory, sets within the west,
 And lies down on a golden couch of rest.

The gifted artist with a skilful mind,
 Painting the canvas with a brush refined;

Inspired is, but not immaculate,
 He can delineate, but not create;
 He lives in fancy and ideal dreams,
 Where Nature's loveliness around him streams;
 Nature's the teacher and none else beside
 Can teach an artist, or his pencil guide
 The landscape spreading out before his eye,
 He pictures, and the green earth and the sky.

And where he does the gorgeous tints disclose,
 Of blooming lily and the opening rose;
 Even the dead he rescues from the tomb;
 Preserves their features as in days of bloom,
 Where the sweet smile upon the canvas flows,
 Such is his art, yet no perfection knows.

Sculptor with his inspired chisel gives
 Grace to the marble where his genius lives;
 Where he perpetuates tho' they have fled,
 The lineaments of the beloved dead.
 Yet even he, as great as he may be,
 Is lacking something of reality;
 Lacks something that the soul would seem to crave,
 When the dear form lies slumbering in the grave.

It is perhaps because we cannot be
 With them as in a day of blooming glee;
 Life, animation and the sparkling eye
 He cannot make, nor make the dead reply,
 'Tis past the power of sublimest art
 To make the warm blood gush throughout the heart,
 Burst in the veins, or sparkle on the cheek,
 When once wrapt in that dreamless, leaden sleep.

So gentle reader with a grateful heart
 I plead to you a blessing—ere we part—
 Happy the world, and all the earth to thee
 Imperfect as my artless lay may be ;
 Farewells and partings is our doom at last
 Though bright may be the future or the past ;
 Yet he is happy who has lived the best,
 For noble aims, and with a manly breast,
 Without which all is lost, without the power
 Of rectitude, and like a heavenly flower,
 Where character outlives the base control
 Of earthly glory, and exalts the soul,
 Where virtue hallows and around us throws,
 A mantle purer than the stainless snows.





